POEMS, &c.

BY

JOHN DONNE,

late Dean of St. Pauls.

WITH

ELEGIES

ON THE

AUTHORS DEATH.

To which is added

Divers Copies under his own hand,

Never before Printed.

In the SAVOY,

Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman*, at the sign of the *Anchor*, in the lower-walk of the *New-Exchange.* 1669.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

The Right Honourable

WILLIAM

Lord *Craven* Baron of

Hamſted-Marſham.

My Lord,

MAny of theſe Poems have, for ſeveral impreſſions, wandred up and down truſting (as well they might) upon the Authours reputation; neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindneſs of the Printer, or the curteſy of the Reader; the one by adding ſomething too much, leſt any ſpark of this ſacred fire might periſh undiſcerned, the other by

putting ſuch an eſtimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to uſe it as their own: as if a man ſhould dig out the ſtones of a royal Amphitheatre to build a ſtage for a country ſhow. Amongſt all the monſters this unlucky age has teemed with, I finde none ſo prodigious, as the Poets of theſe later times, wherein men as if they would level underſtandings too as well as eſtates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and Judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of wit as to the Pulpit, and conceive themſelves no leſs inſpired with the ſpirit of Poetry than with that of Religion: ſo it is not onely the noiſe of Drums and Trumpets which have drowned the Muſes harmony, or the fear that the Churches ruin will deſtroy their Prieſts likewiſe, that now frights them from this Countrey, where they have been ſo ingeniouſly received, but theſe rude pretenders to excellencies they unjuſtly own who profanely ruſhing into *Minerva*'s Temple, with noiſom Airs blaſt the lawrel which thunder cannot hurt. In this ſad condition theſe learned ſiſters are fled over to beg your Lordſhips protection, who have been ſo certain a patron both to arts and arms, and who in this general confuſion have ſo intirely preſerved your Honour, that in your Lordſhip we may ſtill read a moſt perfect character of what *England* was in all her pomp and greatneſs, ſo that although theſe Poems were formerly written upon ſeveral occaſions to ſeveral perſons, they now unite themſelves

and

and are become one Pyramid to ſet your Lordſhips ſtatue upon, where you may ſtand like Armed *Apollo* the defendor of the Muſes, encouraging the Poets now alive to celebrate your great Acts by affording your countenance to his Poems that wanted only ſo noble a ſubject.

My Lord,

Your moſt humble ſervant

JOHN DONNE,

Hexaſti-

Hexasticon Bibliopolæ.

I See in his last preach't, and printed Book,
His Pitture in a sheet; in Pauls *I look,*
And see his stature in a sheet of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one:
Those sheets present him dead, these if you buy,
You have him living to Eternity.

28 MR 59

Jo Mar.

Hexasticon ad Bibliopolam. Incerti.

IN thy Impression of Donnes *Poems rare,*
For his Eternity thou hast ta'ne care:
'Twas well, and pious: And for ever may
He live: Yet shew I thee a better way;
Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,
He, We, and Thou shall live t' Eternity.

To JOHN DONNE.

DOnne, the delight of Phœbus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other braines refuse;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remain so, yet:
Longer a knowing, than most wits do live;
And which no'n affection praise enough can give!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and yet, I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

Ben. Johns.

SONGS

SONGS AND SONETS

The Flea.

MArk but this Flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deny'ſt me is;
Me it ſuck'd firſt, and now it ſucks thee,
And in this Flea, our two blouds mingled be;
Conſeſs it. This cannot be ſaid
A ſin, or ſhame, or loſs of Maidenhead,
Yet this enjoyes before it wooe,
And pamper'd ſwels with one bloud made of two,
And this, alas, is more then we could do.

Oh ſtay, three lives in one Flea ſpare,
Where we almoſt, nay, more then marry'd are.
This Flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though Parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And cloyſterd in theſe living walls of Jet.
Though uſe make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that, ſelf-murder added be,
And ſacriledge, three ſins in killing three.

Cruell

Cruel and ſodain, haſt thou ſince
Purpled thy Nayl in bloud of innocence?
Wherein could this Flea guilty be,
Except in that bloud which it ſuck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'ſt, and ſaiſt that thou
Find'ſt not thy ſelf, nor me the weaker now;
'Tis true; then learn how falſe, fears be;
Juſt ſo much honour, when thou yeeldſt to mee,
Will waſt, as this Flea's death took life from thee.

The Good-morrow.

I wonder, by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then,
But ſuck'd on childiſh pleaſures ſeelily?
Or ſlumbred we in the ſeven-ſleepers den?
'Twas ſo; but as all pleaſures fancies be,
If ever any beauty I did ſee,
Which I deſir'd, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking ſouls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other ſights controuls,
And makes one little room, an every where.
Let ſea-diſcoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let Maps to other worlds our world have ſhown,
Let us poſſeſs one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces reſt;
Where can we find two fitter hemiſphears
Without ſharp North, without declining Weſt?

What

What ever dies is not mixt equally;
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love juſt alike in all, none of theſe loves can die.

Song.

GOe, and catch a falling ſtarre,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times paſt are,
Or who cleft the devils foot.
Teach me to hear Mermaids ſinging,
Or to keep off envies ſtinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honeſt mind.

If thou be'ſt born to ſtrange ſights,
Things inviſible go ſee,
Ride ten thouſand dayes and nights,
Till age ſnow white hairs on thee.
Thou, when thou return'ſt, wilt tell me
All ſtrange wonders that befell thee,
And ſwear
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou find'ſt one, let me know,
Such a Pilgrimage were ſweet;
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet,
Though ſhe were true when you met her,
And laſt, till you write your letter,

Yet ſhe
Will be
Falſe, ere ſhe come to two or three.

Womans Conſtancy.

NOw thou haſt lov'd me one whole day,
To morrow when thou leav'ſt, what wilt thou ſay?
Wilt thou then Antidate ſome new made vow?
Or ſay that now
We are not juſt thoſe perſons which we were?
Or, that oaths made in reverential fear
Of love, and his wrath, any may forſwear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So Lovers contracts, images of thoſe,
Bind but till ſleep, deaths image, them unlooſe?
Or, your own end to juſtifie,
For having purpos'd change, and falſehood, you
Can have no way but falſehood to be true?
Vain lunatique, againſt theſe ſcapes I could
Diſpute, and conquer, if I would,
Which I abſtain to doe,
For by to morrow, I may think ſo too.

The Undertaking.

I Have done one braver thing
Than all the *Worthies* did;
And yet a braver thence doth ſpring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madneſs now t'impart
The skill of ſpecular ſtone,
When he, which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now ſhould utter this,
Others (becauſe no more
Such ſtuffe to work upon, there is,)
Would love but as before:

But he who lovelineſs within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and kin,
Loves but their oldeſt clothes.

If, as I have, you alſo do
Virtue in woman ſee,
And dare love that, and ſay ſo too,
And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placed ſo
From prophane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this beſtow,
Or, if they do, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing
Then all the *Worthies* did,
And a braver thence will ſpring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

The Sun Riſing.

BUſie old fool, unruly Sun,
Why doſt thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains look on us?
Muſt to thy motions Lovers ſeaſons run?
Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide
Late School-boyes, or ſowre prentices,
Go tell Court-huntſmen, that the King will ride,
Call Country Ants to harveſt offices;
Love, all alike, no ſeaſon knows nor clime,
Nor hours, dayes, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams ſo reverend, and ſtrong
Doſt thou not think
I could eclipſe and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not loſe her ſight ſo long?
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and to morrow late, tell me,
Whether both th'India's of ſpace and Myne
Be where thou left them, or lie here with me,
Ask for thoſe Kings whom thou ſaw'ſt yeſterday,
And thou ſhalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She's all States, and all Princes, I,
Nothing elſe is.
Princes do but play us; compar'd to this,
All honour's mimique; All wealth Alchymy;
Thou Sun art half as happy'as we,
In that the world's contracted thus.
Thine age asks eaſe, and ſince thy duties be
To warme the world, that's done in warming us,

Shine

Shine here to us, and thou art every where,
This bed thy center is, theſe walls thy ſphear.

The Indifferent.

I Can love both fair and brown, (trayes,
Her whom aboundance melts, and her whom want be-
Her who loves lovers beſt, and her who ſports and playes,
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the Town,
Her who believes, and her who tries;
Her who ſtill weeps with ſpungie eyes,
And her who is dry Cork, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you and you,
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not ſerve your turn to do, as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices worn, and now would find out o-
Or doth a fear, that men are true, torment you? (thers?
Oh we are not, be not you ſo,
Let me; and do you, twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go,
Muſt, I, who came to travel thorow you,
Grow your fixt ſubject, becauſe you are true?

Venus heard me ſing this ſong,
And by Loves ſweeteſt ſweet, Variety, ſhe ſwore,
She heard not this till now; it ſhould be ſo no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
And ſaid, alas, Some two or three
Poor Heretiques in love there be,
Which think to ſtabliſh dangerous conſtancy,

But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
You ſhall be true to them who're falſe to you.

Loves Uſury.

FOr every hour that thou wilt ſpare me now,
I will allow,
Uſurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown, my gray hairs equal be;
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
Me travail, ſojourn, ſnatch, plot, have, forget,
Reſume my laſt years relique: think that yet
We'had never met.

Let me think any rivals letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnights promiſe; miſtake by the way
The Maid, and tell the Lady of her delay;
Only let me love none, no not the ſport;
From Country graſs to comefitures of Court,
Or Cities Quelque-choſes, let report
My mind tranſport.

This bargain's good; if when I'am old, I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine own honour, or my ſhame or pain,
Thou covet moſt, at that age thou ſhalt gain;
Do thy will then, then ſubject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love I ſubmit to thee,
Spare me till then, I'le bear it, though ſhe be
One that loves me.

Canonization.

FOR Godſake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palſie, or my gout,
My five gray hairs, or ruin'd fortunes flout,
With wealth your ſtate, your mind with Arts improve,
Take you a courſe, get you a place,
Obſerve his honour or his grace,
Or the Kings real, or his ſtamped face
Contemplate; what you will approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who 's injur'd by my love;
What Merchants ſhips hâve my ſighs drown'd?
Who ſaies my tears have overflow'd his ground;
When did my colds a forward ſpring remove?
When did the heats which my reynes fill
Adde one man to the plaguy Bill?
Souldiers find wars, and Lawyers finde out ſtill
Litigious men, whom quarrels move,
While ſhe and I do love.

Call 's what you will, we are made ſuch by love;
Call her one, me another flie,
W' are Tapers too, and at our own coſt die,
And we in us find th' Eagle and the Dove,
The Phœnix riddle hath more wit
By us, we two being one, are it.
So to one neutral thing both ſexes fit.
We dye and riſe the ſame, and prove
Myſterious by this love.

We can dye by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tomb or hearſe
Our legend be, it will be fit for verſe;
And if no peece of Chronicle we prove,
Wee'l build in ſonets pretty roomes.
As well a well wrought urne becomes
The greateſt aſhes, as half-acre tombes,
And by thoſe hymnes all ſhall approve
Us *Canoniz'd* for love:

And thus invoke us; you whom reverend love
Made one anothers hermitage;
You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
Who did the whole worlds ſoul contract, and drove
Into the glaſſes of your eyes
So made ſuch mirrours, and ſuch ſpies,
That they did all to you epitomize,
Countries, Towns, Courts Beg from above
A patern of your love.

The Triple Fool.

I Am two fooles, I know,
For loving and for ſaying ſo
In whining Poetry,
But where's the wiſer man, That would not be I,
If ſhe would not deny?
Then as th' earths inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge ſea waters fretful ſalt away,
I thought, if I could draw my paines,
Through Rhimes vexation, I ſhould them allay.
Grief brought to number cannot be ſo fierce,
For, He tames it, that fetters it in verſe.

But when I have done ſo,
Some man his art or voice to ſhow,
Doth Set and ſing my pain,
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which Verſe did reſtain.
To love, and grief tribute of Verſe belongs,
But not of ſuch as pleaſes when 'tis read,
Both are increaſed by ſuch ſongs:
For both their triumphs ſo are publiſhed,
And I, which was two fools, do ſo grow three,
Who are a little wiſe, the beſt fools be.

Lovers Infiniteneſs.

IF yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I ſhall never have it all,
I cannot breath one other ſigh to move;
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treaſure which ſhould purchaſe thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have ſpent,
Yet no more can be due to me,
Then at the bargain made was ment:
If then thy gift of love was partial,
That ſome to me, ſome ſhould to others fall,
Dear, I ſhall never have it All.

Or, if then thou giveſt me All,
All was but All, which thou hadſt then:
But if in thy heart, ſince, there be or ſhall,
New love created be by other men,
Which have their ſtocks intire, and can in tears,
In ſighs, in oathes, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,

For

For this love was not vowed by thee.
And yet it was thy gift being general,
The ground, thy heart is mine, what ever ſhall
Grow there, dear, I ſhould have it all.

Yet, I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more,
And ſince my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou ſhouldſt have new rewards in ſtore;
Thou canſt not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canſt give it, then thou never gav'ſt it:
Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It ſtayes at home, and thou with loſing ſav'ſt it:
But we will love a way more liberal,
Then changing hearts, to joyn us, ſo we ſhall
Be one, and one anothers All.

Song.

SWeeteſt Love, I doe not goe,
For wearineſs of thee,
Nor in hope the world can ſhow
A fitter Love for me;
But ſince that I
Muſt dye at laſt, 'tis beſt,
Thus to uſe my ſelf in jeſt
By fained death to dye;

Yeſternight the Sun went hence,
And yet is here to day,
He hath no deſire nor ſenſe,
Nor half ſo ſhort a way:

Then

Then fear not me,
But believe that I ſhall make
Haſtier journeys, ſince I take
More wings and ſpurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another hower,
Nor a loſt hour recal?
But come bad chance,
And we joyn to 't our ſtrength,
And we teach it art and length,
It ſelf o'r us t'advance.

When thou ſigh'ſt, thou ſigh'ſt no wind,
But ſigh'ſt my ſoul away,
When thou weep'ſt, unkindly kind,
My lifes blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'ſt me as thou ſay'ſt,
If in thine my life thou waſte,
Which art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart,
Forethink me any ill,
Deſtiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil,
But think that we
Are but lai'd aſide to ſleep:
They who one another keep
Alive, ne're parted be.

The Legacy.

WHen laſt I dyed, and, Dear, I die
As often as from thee I goe,
Though it be but an hour agoe,
And lovers hours be full eternity,
I can remember yet, that I
Something did ſay, and ſomething did beſtow;
Though I be dead, which ſent me, I might be
Mine own executor, and legacy.

I heard me ſay, Tell her anon,
That my ſelf, that is you, not I,
Did kill me, and when I felt me dy,
I bid me ſend my heart, when I was gone,
But I alas could there finde none,
When I had ripp'd, and ſearch'd where hearts ſhould ly
It kill'd me again, that I who ſtill was true
In life, in my laſt Will ſhould cozen you.

Yet I found ſomething like a heart,
For colours it and corners had,
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was intire to none, and few had part:
As good as could be made by art
It ſeem'd, and therefore for our loſs be ſad,
I meant to ſend that heart in ſtead of mine,
But oh, no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

A Feaver.

OH do not die, for I ſhall hate
All women ſo, when thou art gone,
That thee I ſhall not celebrate,
When I remember thou waſt one.

But yet thou canſt not die, I know,
To leave this world behinde, is death,
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours in thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the worlds ſoul, goeſt,
It ſtay, 'tis but thy Carcaſs then,
The faireſt woman, but thy ghoſt,
But corrupt wormes, the worthieſt men.

O wrangling ſchools, that ſearch what fire
ſhall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aſpire,
That this her feaver might be it!

And yet ſhe cannot waſt by this
Nor long endure this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needful is
To fuel ſuch a feaver long.

Theſe burning fits but meteors be,
Whoſe matter in thee ſoon is ſpent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are an unchangeable firmament.

And here as my minde, ſeiſing thee,
Though it in thee cannot perſever.
Yet I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour, than all elſe ever.

Air and Angels.

TWice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, ſo in a ſhapeleſs flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worſhip'd be,
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I ſee,
But ſince, my ſoul, whoſe child love is,
Takes limbs of fleſh, and elſe could nothing do;
More ſubtil then the parent is,
Love muſt not be, but take a body too,
And therefore what thou wert, and who
I bid love ask, and now,
That it aſſume thy body, I allow,
And fix it ſelf in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilſt thus to ballaſt love, I thought,
And ſo more ſteddily to have gone,
With wares which would ſink admiration,
I ſaw, I had loves pinnace overfraught;
Thy Every hair for love to work upon
Is much too much, ſome fitter muſt be ſought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extream, and ſcattering bright, can love inhere;
Then as an Angel, face, and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my loves ſphear;

Juſt ſuch diſparitie
As is 'twixt Airs and Angels puritie,
'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever be.

Break of day.

STay, O ſweet, and do not riſe,
The light, that ſhines, comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Becauſe that you and I muſt part.
Stay, or elſe my joys will die,
And periſh in their infancie.

2.

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore riſe from me?
Why ſhould we riſe, becauſe 'tis light?
Did we lie down, becauſe 'twas night?
Love which in ſpight of darkneſs brought us hether,
Should in diſpight of light keep us together.

3.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye,
If it could ſpeak as well as ſpie.
This were the worſt that it could ſay,
That being well, I fain would ſtay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour ſo,
That I would not from her, that had them, goe.

4.

Muſt buſineſs thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worſt diſeaſe of love,
The poor, the foul, the falſe love can
Admit, but not the buſied man.
He which hath buſineſs, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong, as when a married man doth wooe.

The Anniverſary.

ALl Kings, and all their Favorites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The Sun it ſelf (which makes times, as they paſs)
Is elder by a year now, then it was
When thou and I firſt one another ſaw:
All other things to their deſtruction draw;
Only our love hath no decay:
This no to-morrow hath, nor yeſterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
but truly keeps his firſt-laſt-everlaſting day.

Two graves muſt hide thine and my coarſe;
If one might death were no divorce,
Alas, as well as other Princes, we,
(Who Prince enough in one another be,)
Muſt leave at laſt in death, theſe eyes, and ears,
Oft fed with true oathes, and with ſweet ſalt tears:
But ſouls where nothing dwels but love;
(All other thoughts, being inmates) then ſhall prove
This or a love increaſed there above,
When bodies to their graves, ſouls from their graves re-(move.

And then we ſhall be throughly bleſt;
But now no more then all the reſt.
Here upon earth, we are Kings and but we
None are ſuch Kings, nor of ſuch ſubjects be;
Who is ſo ſafe as we? where none can do
Treaſon to us, except one of us two.
True and falſe fears let us refrain.
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again

Years

Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threeſcore, this is the ſecond of our raign.

A Valediction of my name, in the window.

I.

MY name ingrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmneſs to this glaſs,
Which ever ſince that charme, hath been
As hard as that which grav'd it, was,
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that Glaſs ſhould be
As all confeſſing, and through-ſhine as I
'Tis more that it ſhews thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all ſuch rules loves magique can undoe,
Here you ſee me, and I ſee you.

III.

As no one point, nor daſh,
Which are but acceſſaries to this name,
The ſhowrs and tempeſts can outwaſh,
So ſhall all times finde me the ſame;
You this intirenes better may fulfill,
Who have the pattern with you ſtill.

IV.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be, for a ſcratch'd name to teach,
It as a given deaths-head keep,
Lovers mortality to preach,
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous Anatomy.

V.

Then as all my ſouls bee,
Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
I underſtand, and grow, and ſee,)
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being ſtill with you, the Muſcle, Sinew, and Vein
Which tile this houſe, will come again.

VI.

Till my return, repaire
And recompact my ſcattered body ſo,
As all the virtuous powers which are
Fix'd in the ſtars, are ſaid to flow
Into ſuch characters as graved be
When thoſe ſtars had ſupremacie.

VII.

So ſince this name was cut,
When love and griefe their exaltation had,
No door 'gainſt this names influence ſhut.
As much more loving, as more ſad,

'Twill

'Twill make thee; and thou ſhouldſt, till I return,
Since I die dayly, dayly mourn.

VIII.

When thy inconſiderate hand.
Flings ope this caſement, with my trembling name,
to look on one, whoſe wit or land,
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offends my Genius,

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy lovers gold, or page,
His letter at thy pillow hath laid,
Diſputed thou it, and tame thy rage.
If thou to him begin'ſt to thaw for this,
May my name ſtep in, and hide his

X.

And if this treaſon go
To an overt act, and that thou write again:
In ſuperſcribing, my name flow
Into thy fancy from the Pen,
So, in forgetting thou remembreſt right,
And unaware to me ſhalt write.

XI.

But glaſs, and lines muſt be
No means our firm ſubſtantial love to keep;

Neat

Near death inflicts this lethargie,
And thus I murmur in my ſleep;
Impute this idle talk, to that I go,
For dying men talk often ſo.

Twicknam Garden.

BLaſted with ſighs, and ſurrounded with tears,
Hither I come to ſeek the ſpring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine years,
Receive ſuch balme as elſe cures every thing:
But O, ſelf-traitor, I do bring
The ſpiders love, which tranſubſtantiates all,
And can convert Manna to gall,
And that this place may throughly be thought
True Paradiſe, I have the Serpent brought.

'Twere wholſomer for me, that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave froſt did forbid
Theſe trees to laugh, and mock me to my face;
But ſince I cannot this diſgrace
Indure, nor leave this garden, Love let me
Some ſenſleſs piece of this place be;
Make me a mandrake, ſo I may grow here,
Or a ſtone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with Chryſtal vials, lovers come,
And take my tears, which are loves wine,
And try your Miſtreſs tears at home,
For all are falſe, that taſte not juſt like mine;
Alas hearts, do not in eyes ſhine,

Nor can you more judge womens thoughts by tears,
Then by her ſhadow, what ſhe wears.
O perverſe ſex, where none is true but ſhe,
Who's therefore true becauſe her truth kils me.

Valediction to his Book.

I'll tell thee now (dear Love) what thou ſhalt do
To anger deſtiny, as ſhe doth us.
How I ſhall ſtay, though ſhe eloigne me thus,
And how poſterity ſhall know it too,
How thine may out endure
Sibyls glory, and obſcure
Her who from *Pindar* could allure,
And her, through whoſe help *Lucan* is not lame,
And her, whoſe book (they ſay) *Homer* did find, and name,

Study our manuſcripts, thoſe Myriades
Of letters, which have paſt 'twixt thee and me,
Thence write our Annals, and in them will be,
To all whom loves ſubliming fire invades,
Rule and example found;
There, the faith of any ground
No Schiſmatique will dare to wound,
That ſees, how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to uſe, to be theſe his Records.

This book as long liv'd as the elements,
Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved Tomb.
In cypher writ, or new made Idiome;
We for Loves Clergie only are inſtruments,
When this book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and Goths invade us,

Learning

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When this book is made thus,
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Vandals and Goths invade us,

Learning

Learning were ſafe in this our Univerſe,
Schools might learn Sciences, Sphears Muſick, Angels Verſe.

Here loves Divines, (ſince all Divinity
Is love or wonder) may find all they ſeek,
Whether abſtracted ſpiritual love they like,
Their ſouls exhal'd with what they do not ſee,
Or loath ſo to amuze,
Faiths infirmities, they chuſe,
Something which they may ſee and uſe;
For though Mind be the heaven, where love doth ſit,
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more than in their books may Lawyers find,
Both by what titles Miſtreſſes are ours,
And how prerogative theſe ſtates devours,
Transferr'd from Love himſelf, to womankind:
Who though from heart, and eyes,
They exact great ſubſidies,
Forſake him who on them relies;
And for the cauſe, honour, or conſcience give;
Chimeraes vain as they, or their prerogative.

Here Stateſmen, (or of them, they which can read,)
May of their occupation find the grounds,
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to conſider what 'tis on, proceed,
In both they do excell
Who the preſent govern well,
Whoſe weakneſs none doth, or dares tell;
In this thy book, ſuch will there ſomething ſee,
As in the Bible ſome can find out Alchymie.

Thus

Thus vent thy thoughts abroad : I'le ſtudy thee,
As he removes far off, that great hights takes ;
How great love is, preſence beſt tryal makes,
But abſence tries how long this love will be ;
To take a latitude
Sun or ſtars, are fitlieſt view'd
At their brighteſt, but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we,
But to mark when, and where the Eclipſes be?

Community.

GOod we muſt love, and muſt hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good ſtill,
But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate nor love,
But one, and then another prove;
As we ſhall finde our fancy bent.

If then at firſt wiſe Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then ſome we might hate, and ſome chuſe,
But ſince ſhe did them ſo create,
That we may neither love nor hate,
Onely this reſts, All men may uſe.

If they were good, it would be ſeen,
Good is as viſible as green,
And to all eyes it ſelf betrayes :
If they were bad, they could not laſt,
Bad doth it ſelf, and others waſte,
So they deſerve nor blame, nor praiſe.

But they are ours as fruits are ours,
He that but taſtes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well,
Chang'd loves are but chang'd ſorts of meate;
And when he hath the kernel eate,
Who doth not fling away the ſhell?

Loves growth.

I Scarce believe my love to be ſo pure
As I had thought it was,
Becauſe it doth endure
Viciſſitude, and ſeaſon, as the graſs;
Methinks I lied all winter, when I ſwore,
My love was infinite, if ſpring make't more.

But if this medicine love, which cures all ſorrow
With more, not only be no quinteſſence,
But mixt of all ſtuffs vexing ſoul, or ſenſe,
And of the Sun his active vigour borrow,
Love's not ſo pure an abſtract, as they uſe
To ſay, which have no Miſtreſs but their Muſe,
But, as all elſe, being elemented too,
Love ſometimes would contemplate, ſometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the ſpring is grown;
As in the firmament,
Stars by the Sun are not inlarge'd, but ſhown.
Gentle love deeds, are bloſſoms on a bough,
From loves awakened root doe bud out now;
If, as in water ſtir'd more circles be
Produc'd by one, love ſuch additions take,

Thoſe

Thoſe like ſo many ſpheares, but one heaven make,
For they are all concentrique unto thee,
And though each ſpring do adde to love new heat,
As Princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter ſhall abate this ſprings encreaſe.

Loves Exchange.

Love, any devil elſe but you,
Would for a given Soul give ſomething too,
At Court your fellows every day,
Give th'art of Riming. Huntſmanſhip or play,
For them which were their own before;
Onely I have nothing, which gave more,
But am, alas, by being lowly lower.

I ask no diſpenſation now
To falſifie a tear, a ſigh, a vow,
I do not ſue from thee to draw
A *Non obſtante* on natures law,
Theſe are prerogatives, they inhere
In thee and thine; none ſhould forſwear
Except that he *Loves* Minion were.

Give me thy weakneſs, make me blind,
Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eyes and minde;
Love let me never know that this
Is love, or that love childiſh is.
Let me not know that others know
That ſhe knows my paines, leaſt that ſo
A tender ſhame make me mine own woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou art juſt,
Becauſe I would not thy firſt motions truſt:
Small towns which ſtand ſtiff, till great ſhot
Enforce them, by war's law, *condition* not,
Such in loves warfare is my caſe,
I may not article for grace,
Having put love at laſt to ſhew his face.

This face, by which he could command
And change the Idolatry of any Land,
This face, which, whereſoe'r it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloyſters, dead from tombs,
And melt both Poles at once, and ſtore
Deſerts with Cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth, than Quarries were before.

For, this love is inrag'd with me,
Yet kills not: if I muſt example be
To future Rebels: if th' unborn
Muſt learn, by my being cut up, and torn:
Kill and diſſect me, Love; for this
Torture againſt thine own end is,
Rack't carcaſſes make ill Anatomies.

Confined Love.

SOme man unworthy to be poſſeſſor
Of old or new love, himſelf being falſe or weak,
Thought this pain and ſhame would be leſſer
If on woman kinde he might his anger wreak,
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures ſo?

Are Sun, Moon, or Stars by law forbidden
To ſmile where they liſt, or bend away their light?
Are Birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their meat, or lie abroad all night?
Beaſts do no joyntures loſe
Though they new lovers chooſe,
But we are made worſe than thoſe.

Who e're rigg'd fair ſhips to lie in harbours,
And not to ſeek lands, or not to deal with all?
Or build fair houſes, ſet trees, and arbors,
Only to lock up, or elſe to let them fall?
Good is not good unleſs
A thouſand it poſſeſs,
But doth waſte with greedineſs.

The Dream.

DEar love, for nothing leſs than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream,
It was a theame
For reaſon, much too ſtrong for phantaſie,
Therefore thou wak'dſt me wiſely; yet
My dream thou breakeſt not, but continueſt it,
Thou art ſo true, that thoughts of thee ſuffice
To make dreams truths, and fables hiſtories;
Enter theſe arms, for ſince thou thoughtſt it beſt,
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the reſt.

As lightning, or a Tapers light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noyſe wak'd me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'ſt truth) an Angel, at firſt ſight,

But

But when I ſaw thou ſawſt my heart,
And knew'ſt my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,
When thou knew'ſt what I dreamt, then thou knew'ſt when
Exceſs of joy would wake me, and cam'ſt then,
I muſt confeſs, it could not chuſe but be
Prophane, to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and ſtaying ſhew'd thee, thee,
But riſing makes me doubt, that now,
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak, where fears are ſtrong as he;
'Tis not all ſpirit, pure, and brave,
If mixture it of *Fear*, *Shame*, *Honor* have.
Perchance as torches which muſt ready be,
Men light and put out, ſo thou deal'ſt with me,
Thou com'ſt to kindle, goeſt to come: Then I
Will dream that hope again, but elſe would die.

A Valediction of Weeping.

LEt me pour forth
My tears before thy face, whil'ſt I ſtay here,
For thy face coines them, and thy ſtampe they bear;
And by this Mintage they are ſomething worth,
For thus they bee
Pregnant of thee,
Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more,
When a tear falls, that thou fall'ſt which it bore,
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers ſhore.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay

An

An Europe, Afrique, and an Aſia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, *All*:
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea would by that impreſſion grow,
Till thy Tears mixt with mine doe overflow
This world, by waters ſent from thee, my heav'n diſſolved ſo.

O more than Moon,
Draw not thy ſeas to drown me in thy ſphear,
VVeep me not dead, in thine armes, but forbear
To teach the ſea, what it may do too ſoon,
Let not the winde
Example finde,
To do me more harm, then it purpoſeth,
Since thou and I ſigh one anothers breath,
VVho e'r ſighs moſt, is cruelleſt, and haſts the others death.

Loves Alchymy.

SOme that have deeper digg'd Loves Mine than I,
Say, where his centrique happineſs doth lie:
I have lov'd, and got, and told,
But ſhould I love, get, tell till I were old;
I ſhould not find that hidden myſtery;
Oh, 'tis impoſture all:
And as no chymique yet th' Elixar got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befal
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-ſeeming-ſummers night.

Our

Our eaſe, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we, for this vain Bubleſs ſhadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I can; if he can
Endure the ſhort ſcorn of a Bridegroomes play?
That loving wretch that ſweares,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
VVhich he in her Angelique findes,
VVould ſwear as juſtly, that he hears,
In that dayes rude hoarſe minſtrelſey, the ſphears.
Hope not for minde in women at their beſt
Sweetneſs and wit they are but *Mummy* poſſeſt.

The Curſe.

WHo ever gueſſes, thinks, or dreams, he knows
VVho is my Miſtris, wither by this courſe;
Him only for his Purſe
May ſome dull whore to love diſpoſe,
And then yield unto all that are his foes;
May he be ſcorn'd by one whom all elſe ſcorn,
Forſwear to others, what to her h' hath ſworn,
VVith fear of miſſing, ſhame of getting torn.

Madneſs his ſorrow, gout his cramps may he
Make by but thinking who hath made them ſuch:
And may he feel no touch
Of conſcience, but of fame, and be
Anguiſh'd, not that 't was ſin, but that 't was ſhe:
Or may he for her vertue reverence
One that hates him only for impotence,
And equal Traitors be ſhe and his ſenſe.

May

May he dream Treaſon, and believe, that he
Meant to perform it, and confeſs, and die,
And no record tell why:
His ſons, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy:
Or may he ſo long Paraſites have fed,
That he would fain be theirs, whom he hath bred,
And at the laſt be circumcis'd for bread.

The venome of all ſtepdames, gameſters gall,
What tyrants, and their ſubjects interwiſh,
What Plants, Myne, Beaſts, Fowl, Fiſh,
Can contribute, all ill which all
Prophets, or Poets ſpake; And all which ſhall
Be annex'd in ſchedules unto this by me,
Fall on that man; For if it be a ſhe,
Nature before-hand hath out-curſed me.

The Meſſage.

Send home my long ſtraid eyes to me,
Which (oh) too long have dweſt on thee,
But if they there have learn'd ſuch ill,
Such forc'd faſhions,
And falſe paſſions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good ſight, keep them ſtill.

Send home my harmleſs heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could ſtain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jeſtings

Of proteſtings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it ſtill 'tis none of mine.

Yet ſend me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know, and ſee thy lies,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguiſh
And doſt languiſh
For ſome one
That will none,
Or prove as falſe as thou doſt now.

A Nocturnal upon S. LUCIES *day being the ſhorteſt day.*

'TIs the years midnight, and it is the dayes,
Lucies, who ſcarce ſeven hours her ſelf unmasks,
The Sun is ſpent, and now his flasks,
Send forth light ſquibs, no conſtant rayes;
The worlds whole ſap is ſunk:
The general balm th' hydroptique earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the beds-feet life is ſhrunk,
Dead and enterr'd; yet all theſe ſeem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who ſhall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:
For I am a very dead thing,
In whom love wrought new Alchymy.

For

For his art did expreſs
A quinteſſence even from nothingneſs,
From dull privations, and lean emptineſs,
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of abſence, darkneſs, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, ſoul, form, ſpirit, whence they being have,
I, by loves limbeck, am the grave
Of all that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have we two wept, and ſo
Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow,
To be two Chaoſſes, when we did ſhow
Care to ought elſe; and often abſences
Withdrew our ſouls, and made us carcaſſes.

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)
Of the firſt nothing, the Elixer grown;
Were I a man, that I were one,
I needs muſt know; I ſhould prefer,
If I were any Beaſt,
Some ends, ſome means; Yea plants, yea ſtones deteſt,
And love, all, all ſome properties inveſt,
If I an ordinary nothing were;
As ſhadow, a light, and body muſt be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sunn renew,
You lovers, for whoſe ſake, the leſſer Sun
At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new luſt, and give it you.
Enjoy your Summer all,
Since ſhe enjoys her long nights feſtival,
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call

This hour her Vigil, and her Eve ſince this
Both the years, and the dayes deep midnight is.

Witchraft by a Picture.

I Fix mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a tranſparent tear,
When I look lower I eſpy,
Hadſt thou the wicked skill,
By pictures made and mard, to kill;
How many wayes mightſt thou perform thy will?

But now I have drunk thy ſweet ſalt tears,
Although thou powre more, I'll depart:
My picture vaniſh, vaniſh fears,
That I can be endammag'd by that art:
Though thou retain of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

The Bait.

COme live with me. and be my love,
And we will ſome new pleaſures prove
Of golden ſands, and cryſtal brookes:
With ſilken lines and ſilver hookes.
There will the river whiſpring run
Warm'd by thine eyes, more than the Sun.
And there th' inamour'd fiſh will play,
Begging themſelves they may betray.

When

When thou wilt ſwim in that live bath,
Each fiſh, which every channel hath,
Will amorouſly to thee ſwim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be ſo ſeen, beeſt loth,
By Sun, or Moon, thou darkneſt both;
And if my ſelf have leave to ſee,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freez with angling reeds,
And cut their legs, with ſhells and weeds,
Or treacherouſly poor fiſh beſet,
With ſtrangling ſnare, or winding net.

Let coarſe bold hands, from ſlimy neſt
The bedded fiſh in banks out-wreſt,
Or curious traitors, ſleave ſilk flies
Bewitch poor fiſhes wandring eyes.

For thee, thou needeſt no ſuch deceit.
For thou thy ſelf art thine own bait,
That fiſh, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiſer far than I.

The Apparition.

WHen by thy ſcorn, O murdreſs, I am dead,
And thou ſhalt think thee free
Of all ſolicitation from me,
Then ſhall my ghoſt come to thy bed,
And thee fain'd Veſtal in worſe armes ſhall ſee;

Then thy ſick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whoſe thou art, being tyr'd before,
Will if thou ſtir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'ſt for more,
And in a falſe ſleep even from thee ſhrink,
And then poor Aſpen wretch, neglected thou
Bath'd in a cold quickſilver ſweat wilt lie
A verier ghoſt than I;
VVhat I will ſay, I will not tell the now,
Leſt that preſerve thee: and ſince my love is ſpent,
I'had rather thou ſhouldſt painfully repent,
Than by my threatnings reſt ſtill innocent.

The broken heart.

HE is ſtark mad, who ever ſayes,
That he hath been in love an hour,
Yet not that love ſo ſoon decayes,
But that it can ten in leſs ſpace devour;
VVho will believe me, if I ſwear
That I have had the Plague a year?
VVho would not laugh at me, if I ſhould ſay,
I ſaw a flaſh of *Powder burn a day?*

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into loves hands it come?
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and ask themſelves but ſome,
They come to us, but us love draws,
He ſwallows us and never chaws:
By him, as by chain'd ſhot, whole ranks do die,
He is the Tyrant Pike, and we the Frie.

If

If 'twere not ſo, what did become
Of my heart, when I firſt ſaw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to ſhow
More pity unto me: but Love, alas,
At one firſt blow did ſhiver it as glaſs.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breſt hath all
Thoſe pieces ſtill, though they be not unite:
And now as broken glaſſes ſhow
A hundred leſſer faces, ſo
My raggs of heart can like, wiſh, and adore,
But after one ſuch love, can love no more.

A valediction forbidding mourning.

AS virtuous men paſs mildly away,
And whiſper to their ſouls, to go,
Whilſt ſome of their ſad friends do ſay,
Now his breath goes, and ſome ſay, No;

So let us melt, and make no noiſe,
No tear-flouds, nor ſigh-tempeſts move,
'Twere prophanation of our joyes
To tell the layity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant,

But trepidation of the ſphears,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull ſublunary lovers love
(Whoſe ſoul is ſenſe) cannot admit
Of abſence, cauſe it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love ſo far refin'd,
That our ſelves know not what it is,
Inter-aſſured of the mind,
Care leſs eyes, lips, and hands to miſs.

Our two ſouls therefore, which are one,
Though I muſt go, indure not yet
A breach, but an expanſion,
Like gold to ayery thinneſs beat.

If they be two, they are two ſo
As ſtiff twin Compaſſes are two,
Thy ſoul the fixt foot, makes no ſhow
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the center ſit,
Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leans, and harkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who muſt,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmneſs makes my circle juſt,
And makes me end where I begun.

The Extaſie.

WHere, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank ſwell'd up, to reſt
The violets declining head,
Sate we on one anothers breaſts.
Our hands were firmly cimented
By a faſt Balm, which thence did ſpring,
Our eye-beams twiſted, and did thred
Our eyes upon one double ſtring,
So to engraft our hands, as yet
VVas all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
VVas all our propagation.
As 'twixt two equal Armies, Fate
Suſpends uncertain victory,
Our ſouls, (which to advance our ſtate,
VVere gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.
And whil'ſt our ſouls negotiate there,
VVe like ſepulchral ſtatues lay,
All day, the ſame our poſtures were,
And we ſaid nothing, all the day.
If any, ſo by love refin'd,
That he ſouls language underſtood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
VVithin convenient diſtance ſtood,
He (though he knew not which ſoul ſpake
Becauſe both meant, both ſpake the ſame)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.
This extaſie do unperplex
(VVe ſaid) and tell us what we love,

VVe

VVe ſee by this, it was not ſex,
VVe ſee, we ſaw not what did move:
But as all ſeveral ſouls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love, theſe mixt ſouls, doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.
A ſingle violet tranſplant,
The ſtrength the colour and the ſize
(All which before was poor, and ſcant,)
Redoubles ſtill, and multiplies.
When love with one another ſo
Interanimates two ſouls,
That abler ſoul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of lovelineſs controuls.
We then, who are this new ſoul, know,
Of what we are compos'd and made:
For the Atomes of which we grow,
Are ſoules whom no change can invade.
But, O alas, ſo long, ſo far
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we, We are
The Intelligences, they the ſphears,
We owe them thanks, becauſe they thus
Did us, to us, at firſt convey,
Yeelded their ſenſes force to us,
Nor are droſs to us, but allay.
On man heavens influence works not ſo,
But that it firſt imprints the ayr,
For ſoul into the ſoul may flow,
Though it to body firſt repair.
As our bloud labours to beget
Spirits, as like ſouls as it can,
Becauſe ſuch fingers need to knit
That ſubtle knot, which makes us man:

So muſt pure lovers ſouls deſcend
T' affections, and to faculties,
Which ſence may reach and apprehend,
Elſe a great Prince in priſon lies,
To our bodies turn we then, that ſo
Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
Loves myſteries in Souls do grow,
But yet the body is the book,
And if ſome lover ſuch as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him ſtill mark us, he ſhall ſee
Small change when we are to bodies grown.

Loves Deity.

I Long to talk with ſome old lovers ghoſt,
Who dyed before the god of Love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd moſt,
Sunk ſo low, as to love one which did ſcorn.
But ſince this god produc'd a deſtiny,
And that vice-nature cuſtom lets it be;
I muſt love her that loves not me.

Sure they, which made him god, meant not ſo much,
Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to Paſſives, Correſpondency
Only his *Subject* was; it cannot be
Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vaſt prerogative as far as *Jove*,

To

To rage, to luſt, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlue of the God of Love.
Were we not weak'ned by this Tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
I ſhould love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheiſt too, why murmure I.
As though I felt the worſt that love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, ſince ſhe loves before, I 'm loth to ſee;
Falſhood is worſe than hate; and that muſt be,
If ſhe whom I love, ſhould love me.

Loves diet.

TO what a comberſom unwieldineſs
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown,
But that I did, to make it leſs,
And keep it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon
That which love worſt indures, *diſcretion.*

Above one ſigh a day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune, and my faults had part;
And if ſometimes by ſtealth he got
A ſhe ſigh from my miſtreſs heart,
And thought to feaſt on that, I let him ſee
'Twas neither very ſound, nor meant to me:

If he wrung from me a tear, I brin'd it ſo
With ſcorn or ſhame, that him it nouriſh'd not;
If he ſuck'd hers, I let him know
'Twas not a tear, which he had got.

His

His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
Her eys which rowl towards all, weep not, but ſweat.

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters which ſhe writ to me;
And if that favour made him fat,
I ſaid, if any title be
Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it avail,
To be the fortieth man in an entail?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where I choſe;
Now negligent of ſport I ly,
And now as other Fawkners uſe,
I ſpring a miſtreſs, ſwear, write, ſigh and weep:
And the game killd, or loſt, go talk or ſleep.

The Will.

BEfore I ſigh my laſt gaſp, let me breath,
Great Love, ſome Legacies; I here bequeath
Mine eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can ſee,
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to embaſſadours mine eares;
To women or the ſea, my tears;
Thou, Love, haſt taught me heretofore
By making me love her who had twenty more,
That I ſhould give to none, but ſuch, as had too much before.

My conſtancy I to the Planets give,
My truth to them, who at the Court do live;
Mine Ingenuity and openneſs,
To Jeſuits; to Buffones my penſiveneſs;

My

My ſilence to any, who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou Love taught'ſt me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to ſuch as have no good Capacity.
My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;
All my good works unto the Schiſmaticks
Of Amſterdam; my beſt civility
And Courtſhip, to an Univerſity:
My modeſty I give to Souldiers bare.
My Patience let gameſters ſhare.
Thou Love taughtſt me, by making me
Love her that holds my love diſparity,
Only to give to thoſe that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to thoſe
Which were my friends: Mine induſtry to foes:
To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulneſs:
My ſickneſs to Phyſicians, or exceſs:
To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ:
And to my company my wit:
Thou Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taughtſt me to make, as though I gave, when I do but re-
(ſtore.

To him for whom the paſſing-bell next tolls,
I give my phyſick Books: my written rolls
Of Moral counſels, I to Bedlam give:
My Brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread: to them which paſs among
All forainers, mine Engliſh tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendſhip a fit portion.
For younger lovers, doſt my gifts thus diſproportion.

There-

Therefore Ile give no more, but I'le undo
The world by dying: becauſe love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Then gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more uſe ſhall have,
Than a Sun-dyal in a grave.
Thou Love taught'ſt me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practiſe this one way, to annihilate thee.

The Funeral.

WHo ever comes to ſhroud me, do not harm
Nor queſtion much
That ſubtle wreath of hair, about myne arm;
The myſtery, the ſign you muſt not touch,
For 'tis my outward Soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to controul,
And keep theſe limbes, her Provinces, from diſſolution.

For if the ſinewie thread my brain lets fall
Through every part,
Can ty thoſe parts, and make me one of all;
Thoſe hairs which upward grow, and ſtrength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do't: except ſhe meant that I
By this ſhould know my pain, (die.
As priſoners then are manacl'd, when they are condemn'd to

What 'ere ſhe meant by 't bury it with me,
For ſince I am
Loves martyr, it might breed Idolatry,

If

If into others hands theſe Reliques came,
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a ſoul can do,
So 'tis ſome bravery,
That ſince you would have none of me, I bury ſome of you.

The Bloſſom.

LIttle think'ſt thou poor flower,
Whom I have watc'd ſix or ſeven dayes,
And ſeen thy birth, and ſeen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raiſe,
And now doſt laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'ſt thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I ſhall
To morrow finde the faln, or not at all.

Little think'ſt thou (poor Heart
That laboureſt yet to neſtle thee,
And think'ſt by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'ſt her ſtiffneſs by long ſiege to bow:)
Little think'ſt thou,
That thou to morrow, ere the Sun doth wake,
Muſt with this Sun, and me a journey take.

But thou which lov'ſt to be
Subtle to plague thy ſelf, will ſay,
Alas, if you muſt go, what 's that to me?
Here lies my buſineſs, and here I will ſtay:
You go to friends, whoſe love and means preſent
Various content.

To

To your eyes, ears, and taſte, and every part,
If then your body go, what need your heart?

Well, then ſtay here: but know,
When thou haſt ſtaid and done thy moſt;
A naked thinking heart, that makes no ſhow,
Is to a woman but a kind of Ghoſt:
How ſhall ſhe know my heart: or having none,
Know thee for one?
Practiſe may make her know ſome other part,
But take my word, ſhe doth not know a heart.

Meet me at *London*, then,
Twenty dayes hence and thou ſhalt ſee
Me freſher, and more fat, by being with men,
Then if I had ſtaid ſtill with her and thee.
For Gods ſake, if you can, be you ſo too:
I will give you
There to another friend, whom we ſhall find,
As glad to have my body as my mind.

The Primroſe, being at Mountgomery Caſtle, upon the hill, on which it is ſituate.

UPon this Primroſe hill,
Where, if heaven would diſtill
A ſhowre of rain, each ſeveral drop might go
To his own Primroſe, and grow Manna ſo:
And where their form, and their infinitie
Make a terreſtrial Gallaxie,
As the ſmal ſtarres do in the skie:
I walk to find a true Love; and I ſee
That 'tis not a meer woman, that is ſhe,
But muſt, or more or leſs than woman be.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wiſh; a ſix, or four;
For ſhould my true-Love leſs than woman be,
She were ſcarce any thing; and then, ſhould ſhe
Be more than woman, ſhe would get above
All thought of ſex; and think to move
My heart to ſtudy her and not to love;
Both theſe were Monſters; Since there muſt reſide
Falſhood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, than Nature falſify'd.

Live Primroſe then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth repreſent,
With this myſterious number be content;
Ten is the fartheſt number, if half ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take half us men:
Or if this will not ſerve the turn. Since all
Numbers are odd, or even, ſince they fall
Firſt into five, women may take us all.

The Relique.

WHen my grave is broke up again
Some ſecond gueſt to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head
To be to more than one a Bed)
And he that digs it, ſpies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies.

Who

Who thought that this device might be ſome way,
To make their ſouls at the laſt buſie day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little ſtay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where Maſs-devotion doth command,
Then, he that digs us up, will bring
Us to the Biſhop, or the King,
To make us Reliques, then
Thou ſhalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A ſomething elſe thereby;
All women ſhall adore us, and ſome men:
And ſince at ſuch time, miracles are ſought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmleſs Lovers wrought.

Firſt we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why,
Difference of Sex we never knew,
No more than Guardian Angels do,
Coming and going we,
Perchance might kiſs, but yet between thoſe meales
Our hands ne'r toucht the ſeales,
Which nature injur'd by late law, ſet free:
Theſe miracles we did; but now, alas,
All meaſure, and all language, I ſhould paſs,
Should I tell what a miracle ſhe was.

The Damp.

WHen I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
And my friends curioſity
Will have me cut up to ſurvay each part,
And they ſhall find your Picture in mine heart;

You think a ſodain damp of love
Will through all their ſenſes move,
And work on them as me, and ſo preferre
Your murder, to the name of maſſacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
And pleaſure in the conqueſt have,
Firſt kill th'enormous Gyant, your *Diſdain*,
And let the enchantreſs *Honor* next be ſlain;
And like a Goth or Vandal riſe;
Deface Records, and Hiſtories
Of your own acts and triumphs over men,
And without ſuch advantage kill me then.

For I could muſter up as well as you
My Gyants, and my Witches too,
Which are vaſt *Conſtancy*, and *Secretneſs*,
But theſe I neither look for nor profeſs,
Kill me as Woman, let me die
As a meer man; do you but try
Your paſſive valour, and you ſhall find than,
Naked you'have odds enough of any man.

The Diſſolution.

SHe's dead, and all which die
To their firſt Elements reſolve;
And we were mutual Elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth hers involve,
And thoſe things whereof I conſiſt, hereby
In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
And nouriſh not, but ſmother.

My

My fire of paſſion, ſighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthy ſad deſpair,
Which my materials be,
(But neer worn out by loves ſecuritie)
She, to my loſs, doth by her death repare,
And I might live long wretched ſo
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now as thoſe Active Kings
Whoſe forain conqueſt treaſure brings,
Receive more, and ſpend more, and ſooneſt break;
This (which I'am amaz'd that I can ſpeak)
This death hath with my ſtore
My uſe increas'd.
And ſo my ſoul more earneſtly releas'd,
Will outſtrip hers: As bullets flown before
A later bullet may o'rtake, the powder being more.

A Feat Ring ſent.

THou art not ſo black as my heart,
Nor half ſo brittle, as her heart, thou art; (be ſpoke,
What wouldſt thou ſay? ſhall both our properties by thee
Nothing more endleſs, nothing ſooner broke?

Mariage rings are not of this ſtuffe;
Oh, why ſhould ought leſs precious, or leſs tough
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have bid it ſay
I'm cheap, and nought but faſhion, fling me away.

Yet ſtay with me ſince thou art come,
Circle this fingers top, which didſt her thomb: (me
Be juſtly proud, and gladly ſafe, that thou doſt dwell with
She that, oh, broke her faith, would ſoon break thee.

Negative Love.

I Never ſtoop'd ſo low, as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldome to them which ſoar no higher
Then virtue, or the mind t'admire;
For ſenſe, and underſtanding may
Know what gives fuell to their fire:
My love, though ſilly, is more brave,
For may I miſs, when ere I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be ſimply perfecteſt
Which can by no means be expreſt
But *Negatives*, my love is ſo.
To all, which all love, I ſay no.
If any who deciphers beſt,
What we know not, (our ſelves) can know,
Let him teach me that nothing. This
As yet my eaſe, and comfort is,
Though I ſpeed not, I cannot miſs.

The Prohibition.

TAke heed of loving me,
At leaſt remember, I forbad it thee;
Not that I ſhall repay in unthrifty a waſt,
Of Breath and Bloud, upon thy ſighs and tears:
By being to thee then what to me thou waſt,
But, ſo great Joy, our life at once outwears:
Then, leſt thy love, by my death fruſtrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the Victory,
Not that I ſhall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate:
But thou wilt loſe the ſtile of conquerour,
If I, thy conqueſt, periſh by thy hate:
Then, leſt my being nothing leſſen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,
So, theſe extreams ſhall ne'r their office do:
Love me, that I may die the gentler way:
Hate me, becauſe thy love is too great for me:
Or let theſe two themſelves, not me decay:
So ſhall I live thy Stage, not triumph be:
Leſt thou thy love, and hate, and me thou undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

The Expiration.

SO, go break off this laſt lamenting kiſs,
Which ſucks two ſouls, and vapors both away,
Turn thou ghoſt that way, and let me turn this,
And let our ſelves benight our happieſt day,
We ask none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any, ſo cheap a death, as ſaying, Go;

Go; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
Eaſe me with death, by bidding me go too.
Or, if it have, let my word work on me,
And a juſt office on a murderer do.
Except it be too late, to kill me ſo.
Being double dead, going, and bidding, go.

The Computation.

FRom my firſt twenty years, ſince yeſterday,
I ſcarce believ'd thou couldſt be gone away,
And fourty more I fed on favours paſt,
And fourty'on hopes, that thou wouldſt they might laſt.
Tears drown'd one hundred, and ſighs blew out two,
A thouſand I did neither think, nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you:
Or in a thouſand more, forget that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think that I
Am, by being dead, immortal; Can ghoſts die?

The Paradox.

NO Lover ſaith, I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect Lover;
He thinks that elſe none can or will agree,
That any loves but hee:
I cannot ſay I lov'd, for who can ſay
He was kill'd yeſterday?
Love with exceſs of heat, more young than old,
Death kills with too much cold;
We die but once, and who lov'd laſt did die,
He that ſaith twice, doth lie:
For though he ſeem to move, and ſtir a while,
It doth the ſenſe beguile.
Such life is like the light which bideth yet
When the lifes light is ſet,
Or like the heat, which, fire in ſolid matter
Leaves behind two hours after.

Once

Once I love and dy'd; and am now become
Mine Epitaph and Tomb.
Here dead men ſpeak their laſt, and ſo do I;
Love-ſlain, loe, here I die.

Song.

SOuls joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I muſt leave my ſelf with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Abſence denyes
Each others ſight,
And makes to us a conſtant night,
When others change to light:
"O give no way to grief,
"But let belief
" Of mutual love,
"This wonder to the vulgar prove
"Our Bodies, not we move.
Let not thy wit beweep
Words but ſenſe deep,
For when we miſs
By diſtance, our hopes joyning bliſs,
Even then our ſouls ſhall kiſs:
Fools have no means to meet,
But by their feet,
Why ſhould our clay,
Over our ſpirits ſo much ſway,
To tie us to that way?
"O give no way to grief, &c.

Farewell

Farewell to Love.

WHilſt yet to prove
I thought there was ſome Deitie in love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worſhip, as Atheiſts at their dying hour
Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power,
As ignorantly did I crave:
Thus when
Things not yet known are coveted by men,
Our deſires give them faſhion, and ſo
As they wax leſſer, fall, as they ſize grow.

But, from late Fair
His Highneſs (ſitting in a golden Chair,)
Is not leſs cared for after three dayes
By children, then the thing which lovers ſo
Blindly admire, and with ſuch worſhip wooe:
Being had, enjoying it decayes:
And thence,
What before pleas'd them all, takes but one ſenſe,
And that ſo lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of ſorrowing dulneſs to the mind.

Ah cannot we.
As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
After ſuch pleaſures, unleſs wiſe
Nature decreed (ſince each ſuch act, they ſay,
Diminiſheth the length of life a day)
This; as ſhe would man ſhould deſpiſe
The ſport,
Becauſe that other curſe of being ſhort,

And

And only for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind
Shall not desire what no man else can find,
I'll no more dote and run
To pursue things which had endammag'd me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do when the Summer Sun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat;
Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,
'Tis but applying wormseed to the Tail.

Song.

DEar Love continue nice and chaste,
For, if you yield, you do me wrong,
Let duller wits to loves end haste,
I have enough to wooe thee long.

All pain and joy is in their way;
The things we fear bring less annoy
Then fear and hope brings greater joy:
But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increase:
Granting my suit you give me all,
And then my prayers must needs surcease,
For, I have made your Godhead fall.

Beasts cannot witt, nor beauty see,
They, mans affections only move:

Beasts

Beaſts other ſports of love do prove,
With better feeling far then wee.

Then love prolong my ſuit, for thus
By loſing ſport, I ſport do win:
And that doth virtue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath been a ſin.

My coming near may ſpie ſome ill,
And now the world is given to ſcoffe:
To keep my love, (then) keep me off,
And ſo I ſhall admire thee ſtill.

Say I have made a perfect choice,
Satiety our ſelves may kill:
Then give me but thy face and voice,
Mine eye and ear thou canſt not fill.

To make me rich (oh) be not poor,
Give me not all, yet ſomething lend,
So I ſhall ſtill my ſuit commend,
And at your will do leſs or more,
But, if to all you condeſcend,
My love, our ſport, your Godhead end.

A Lecture upon the Shadow.

STand ſtill, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, Love, in loves Philoſophie.
These three hours that we have ſpent,
Walking here: Two ſhadows went
Along with us, which we our ſelves produc'd.
But now the Sun is juſt above our head,

We

We do thoſe ſhadows tread:
And to brave clearneſs all things are reduc'd.
So whilſt our infant love did grow,
Diſguiſes did, and ſhadows, flow,
From us, and our cares: but, now 'tis not ſo.

That love hath not attain'd the high'ſt degree,
Which is ſtill diligent leſt others ſee,
Except our loves at this noon ſtay,
We ſhall new ſhadows make the other way.
As the firſt were made to blind
Others; theſe which come behind
Will work upon our ſelves, and blind our eyes.
If our loves faint, and weſtwardly decline;
To me thou, falſly, thine,
And I to thee mine actions ſhall diſguiſe.
The morning ſhadows wear away,
But theſe grow longer all the day,
But oh, loves day is ſhort, if love decay.

Love is a growing, or full conſtant light:
And his ſhort minute, after noon, is night.

The end of the Songs and Sonets.

28 MR 59

EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and *Leander.*

BOth rob'd of air, we both lie in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

Pyramus and *Thisbe.*

Two, by themſelves, each other love and fear
Slain, cruel friends, by parting have joyn'd here.

Niobe.

By childrens births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own ſad tomb.

A burnt Ship.

Out of a fired Ship, which by no way
But drowning, could be reſcued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foes Ships, did by their ſhot decay:
So all were loſt, which in the ſhip were found,
They in the ſea being burnt, they in the burnt ſhip (drown'd.

Fall

Fall of a Wall.

Under an under-min'd, and ſhot-bruis'd wall
A too-bold Captain periſh'd by the fall,
Whoſe brave misfortune happieſt men envi'd,
That had a towre for tomb, his bones to hide.

A *lame Begger.*

I am unable yonder begger cries,
To ſtand, or move; if he ſay true, he *lies.*

A *Self-accuſer,*

Your Miſtreſs, that you follow Whores ſtill taxeth you;
'Tis ſtrange that ſhe ſhould thus confeſs it, though'it be (true.

A *licentious perſon.*

Thy ſins and hairs may no man equal call,
For, as thy ſinnes increaſe, thy hairs do fall.

Antiquary.

If in his ſtudy he hath ſo much care
To hang all old ſtrange things, let his wife beware.

Diſinherited.

Thy father all from thee, by his laſt Will
Gave to the poor; Thou haſt good title ſtill.

Phyrne.

Thy flattering Picture, *Phyrne*, is like to thee,
Only in this, that you both painted bee.

An obſcure Writer.

Philo, with twelve years ſtudy hath been griev'd,
To' be underſtood, when will he be believ'd?

Klockius ſo deeply hath ſworn, ne'r more to come
In bawdie houſe, that he dares not go home.

Raderus.

Why this man gelded *Martiall*, I amuſe,
Except himſelf alone his tricks would uſe,
As *Katherine*, for the Courts ſake, put down ſtews.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

Like *Eſops* fellow ſlaves, O *Mercurie*,
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like *Eſops* ſelf which nothing; I confeſs
I ſhould have had more faith, if thou hadſt leſs;
Thy credit loſt thy credit: 'Tis ſin to do,
In this caſe as thou wouldſt be done unto,
To believe all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercurie in ſtealing, but ly'ſt like a *Greek*.

28 MR 59

Compaſſion in the world again is bred:
Ralphius is ſick, the broker keeps his bed.

The end of the Epigrams.

ELEGIES.

ELEGIES.

ELEGIE I.

FOnd woman, which wouldſt have thy husband die,
And yet complain'ſt of his great jealouſie:
If ſwoln with poyſon, he lay in his laſt bed,
His body with a ſere-cloth covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and ſhort as can
The nimbleſt crocheting Muſician,
Ready with loathſom vomiting to ſpue
His ſoul out of one hell into a new,
Made deaf with his poor Kindreds howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd teares, great legacies,
Thou would'ſt not weep, but jolly and frolick be,
As a ſlave, which too morrow ſhould be free,
Yet weep'ſt thou, when thou ſeeſt him hungerly
Swallow his own death, hearts-bane jealouſie.
O give him many thanks, he's courteous
That in ſuſpecting kindly warneth us,
We muſt not, as we us'd, flout openly,
In ſcoffing riddles his deformity:
Nor, at his boord together being ſat,
With words, nor touch, ſcarce looks adulterate.
Nor when he ſwoln, and pamper'd with high fare
Sits down and ſnorts, cag'd in his basket chair,
Muſt we uſurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiſs and play in his houſe as before.

Now do I ſee my danger; for, it is,
His realm, his caſtle, and his dioceſs.
But if (as envious men, which would revile
Their Prince, or coin his Gold, themſelves exile
Into another country and do it there)
We play in anothers houſe, what ſhould we fear?
There we will ſcorn his houſhold policies,
His ſeely plots, and penſionary ſpies,
As the inhabitants of Thames right ſide
Do Londons Mayor; or Germans, the Popes pride.

Elegie. II.

MArry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, ſhee
Hath all things, whereby others beateous be;
For, though her eyes be ſmall, her mouth is great,
Though theirs be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat,
Though they be dimm, yet ſhe is light enough,
And though her harſh hair's ſoul, her skin is rough;
What though her cheeks be yallow, her hair's red,
Give her thine, and ſhe hath a Maidenhead.
Theſe things are beauties elements, where theſe
Meet in one, that one muſt, as perfect, pleaſe.
If red and white, and each good quality
Be in thy wench, ne'r ask where it doth lie.
In buying things perfum'd, we ask, if there
Be muſk and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in th' uſual place,
She hath yet the Anagrams of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words what could we ſay?
When by the Gamuth ſome Muſitians make
A perfect ſong, others will undertake,

By

By the ſame Gamuth chang'd, to equal it.
Things ſimply good, can never be unfit;
Shee's fair as any, if all be like her,
And if none be, then ſhe is ſingular.
All love is wonder; if we juſtly doe
Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty, ſoon as beauty, dies,
Chuſe this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like Angels; the fair be
Like thoſe which fell to worſe: but ſuch as ſhe,
Like to good Angells nothing can impair:
'Tis leſs grief to be foul, then to have been fair.
For one nights revels, ſilk and gold we chuſe,
But, in long journeys, cloth, and leather uſe.
Beauty is barren oft; beſt husbands ſay,
There is beſt land, where there is fouleſt way.
Oh what a ſoveraign plaiſter will ſhe be,
If thy paſt ſins have taught thee jealouſie!
Here needs no ſpies, nor eunuchs, her commit
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a Marmoſit.
Like Belgia's cities when the Country is drown'd,
That durty foulneſs guards and armes the towns;
So doth her face guard her; and ſo, for thee,
Which forc'd by buſineſs, abſent oft muſt be,
She, whoſe face, like clouds, turns the day to night;
Who, mightier than the ſea, makes Moors ſeem white;
Who, though ſeven years, ſhe in the Stews had laid,
A Nunnery durſt receive, and think a Maid,
And though in childbirths labour ſhe did lie,
Midwives would ſwear, 'twere but a tympany,
Whom, if ſhe accuſe her ſelf, I credit leſs
Than witches, which impoſſibles confeſs.
Whom Dildoes, Bedſtaves, or a velvet Glaſs
Would be as loath to touch as Joſeph was.

One like none, and lik'd of none, fitteſt were,
For, things in faſhion every man will wear.

Elegie. III.

Although thy hand and faith, and good word too
Have ſeal'd thy love, which nothing ſhould undoe.
Yea though thou fall back, that Apoſtaſie
Confirms thy love, yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to 'all ſearchers, unpriz'd if unknown.
If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
Another Fouler uſing thoſe means, as I,
May catch the ſame bird; and, as theſe things be,
Women are made for men, not him nor me.
Foxes, goats and all beaſts change when they pleaſe,
Shall women; more hot, wily, wild than theſe,
Be bound to one man, and bid Nature then
Idly make them apter to 'endure than men;
They 'are our cloggs, not their own; if a man be
Chain'd to a gally, yet the gally' is free.
Who hath a plow-land, caſts all his ſeed-corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn ſhould bear;
Though Danuby into the ſea muſt flow,
The ſea receives the Rhine, Volga and Po,
By nature, which gave it, this libertie.
Thou lov'ſt, but oh! canſt thou love it and me?
Likeneſs glues love; and if that thou ſo doe,
To make us like and love, muſt I change too?
More than thy hate, I hate 'it, rather let me
Allow her change, than change as oft as ſhee,
And ſo not teach, but force my 'opinion,
To love not any one, nor every one.

To

To live in one land, is captivity,
To run all countries, a wild roguery;
Waters ſtink ſoon, if in one place they abide,
And in the vaſt ſea are worſe purifi'd:
But when they kiſs one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiſs,
Then are they pureſt; Change is the nurſery
Of muſick, joy, life, and eternity.

Elegie. IV.

ONce, and but once found in thy company,
All thy ſuppoſed ſcapes are laid on me;
And as a thief at bar, is queſtion'd there
By all the men that have been rob'd that year,
So am I, (by this traiterous meanes ſurpriz'd)
By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
Though he had wont to ſearch with glazed eyes
As though he came to kill a Cockatrice,
Though he hath oft ſworn, that he would remove
Thy beauties beauty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were ſeen,
Yet cloſe and ſecret, as our ſouls, we' have been.
Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to ſleep out day light,
And watch thy entries, and returnes all night,
And, when ſhe takes thy hand, and would ſeem kind,
Doth ſearch what rings, and armlets ſhe can find,
And kiſſing notes the color of thy face,
And fearing leſt thou art ſwoln, doth thee imbrace,
And to try if thou long, doth name ſtrange meats,
And notes thy paleneſs, bluſhes, ſighs, and ſweats;

And politiquely will to thee confeſs
The ſins of her own youths rank luſtineſs;
Yet love theſe ſorceries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like Fairy Sprights
Oft skipt into our chamber, thoſe ſweet nights,
And kiſt, and dandled on thy fathers knee,
Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did ſee:
The grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound ſerving-man
That oft names God in oathes, and only than,
He that to bar the firſt gate doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Coloſſus ſtride,
Which, if in hell no other paines there were,
Makes me fear hell, becauſe he muſt be there:
Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witneſs any touch or kiſs.
But Oh, too common ill, I brought with me
That, which betray'd me to mine enemy:
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
Even at thy fathers noſe, ſo were we ſpied.
When, like a Tyrant King, that in his bed
Smells gunpowder, the pale wretch ſhivered;
Had it been ſome bad ſmel, he would have thought
That his own feet or breath, the ſmell had wrought.
But as we in our Ile impriſoned,
Where cattle onely, and divers dogs are bred,
The precious Unicorns, ſtrange monſters, call,
So thought he ſweet ſtrange, that had none at all.
I taught my ſi|ks their whiſtling to forbear,
Even my oppreſt ſhooes, dumb and ſpeechleſs were,
Onely, thou bitter-ſweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traiterouſly haſt betraid,
And unſuſpected haſt inviſibly
At once ſled unto him, and ſtaid with me.

Baſe

Baſe excrement of earth, which doſt confound
Senſe from diſtinguiſhing the ſick from ſound;
By thee the ſeely Amorous ſucks his death
By drawing in a leprous harlots breath,
By thee the greateſt ſtain to mans eſtate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,
There things that ſeem, exceed ſubſtantial.
Gods when ye fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Becauſe you 'er burnt, not that they lik'd your ſmel,
You are loathſome all, being taken ſimply alone,
Shall we love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth ſoon decay;
And you are rare, that takes the good away.
All my perfumes, I give moſt willingly
To embalm thy fathers coorſe; What will he dy?

Elegie. V.

HEre take my Picture: though I bid farewell:
Thine, in my heart, where my ſoul dwells, ſhall dwell,
'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
When we are ſhadows both, than 'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come back: my hand,
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or Sun-beames tann'd,
My face and breaſt of hair-cloth, and my head
With cares harſh ſodain *horineſs* o'r ſpread,
My body a ſack of bones, broken within,
And powders blew ſtains ſcattered on my skin:
If rival fools tax thee to' have lov'd a man,
So foul, and coarſe, as, Oh, I may ſeem than,
This ſhall ſay what I was: and thou ſhalt ſay,
Do his hurt reach me? doth my worth decay?

Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love leſs, what he did love to ſee?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk which in loves childiſh ſtate
Did nurſe it: who now is grown ſtrong enough
To feed on that which to weak taſts ſeems tough.

Elegie. VI.

OH, let me not ſerve ſo, as thoſe men ſerve,
Whom honors ſmoaks at once flatter & ſterve:
Poorly enrich't with great mens words or looks:
Nor ſo write my name in thy loving books:
As thoſe Idolatrous flatterers, which ſtill
Their Princes ſtiles, which many names fulfil
Whence they no tribute have, and bear no ſway.
Such ſervices I offer as ſhall pay
Themſelves, I hate dead names: Oh then let me
Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite be.
When my ſoul was in her own body ſheath'd;
Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kiſſes breath'd
Into my Purgatory, faithleſs thee,
Thy heart ſeem'd wax, and ſteel thy conſtancy:
So careleſs flowers ſtrow'd on the waters face,
The curled whirlpools ſuck, ſmack, and embrace,
Yet drown them; ſo the tapers beamy eye
Amorouſly twinkling, beckons the giddy flie,
Yet burnes his wings; and ſuch the Devil is,
Scarce viſiting them who are intirely his.
When I behold a ſtream, which, from the ſpring,
Doth with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a ſpeechleſs ſlumber calmly ride
Her wedded channels boſome, and there chide,

And

And bend her brows, and ſwell, if any bough,
Do but ſtoop down to kiſs her utmoſt brow:
Yet if her often gnawing kiſſes win
The traiterous banks to gape, and let her in,
She ruſheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native and her long-kept courſe,
And roares, and braves it, and in gallant ſcorn,
In flattering eddies promiſing return,
She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry;
Then ſay I; that is ſhe, and this am I.
Yet let not thy deep bitterneſs beget
Careleſs diſpair in me, for that will whet
My mind to ſcorn; and ah, love dull'd with pain
Was n'er ſo wiſe, nor well arm'd as diſdain.
Then with new eyes I ſhall ſurvey and ſpy
Death in thy cheeks, and darkneſs in thine eye:
Through hope breed faith & love thus taught, I ſhall
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall,
My hate ſhall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
Am the Recuſant, in that reſolute ſtate
What hurts it me to be' excommunicate?

Elegie. VII.

NAtures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
And in that ſophiſtry, Oh, how thou doſt prove
Too ſubtile: Fool, thou didſt not underſtand
The myſtique language of the eye nor hand:
Nor couldſt thou judge the difference of the ayre
Of ſighs, and ſay, this lies, this ſounds deſpair;
Nor by the 'eyes water know a malady
Deſperately hot, or changing feverouſly.

That

I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
Of flowers, how they deviſefully being ſet,
And bound up, might with ſpeechleſs ſecrecy
Deliver errands mutely, and mutually.
Remember ſince, all thy words us'd to be
To every ſuitor, *I, If my friends agree.*
Since, houſhold charms, thy husbands name to teach
Were all the love tricks, that thy wit could reach:
And ſince, an hours diſcourſe could ſcarce have made
One anſwer in thee, and that ill arrayed
In broken proverbs, and torn ſentences.
Thou art not by ſo many duties his,
(That from the worlds Common having ſever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be ſeen, nor ſee)
As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
Refin'd thee into a bliſs-ful Paradiſe.
Thy graces and good works my creatures be,
I planted knowledg and lifes tree in thee:
Which, Oh, ſhall ſtrangers taſte? Muſt I, alas,
Frame and enamel Plate, and drink in glaſs?
Chafe wax for others ſeales? break a colts force,
And leave him then being made a ready horſe?

Elegie. VIII.

As the ſweet ſweat of Roſes in a Still,
As that which from chaf'd Muskets pores doth trill,
As the Almighty Balm of th'early Eaſt,
Such are the ſweat drops of my Miſtris breaſt,
And on her neck her skin ſuch luſtre ſets,
They ſeem no ſweat drops, but pearl coronets.
Rank ſweaty froth thy Miſtreſſes brow defiles,
Like ſpermatique iſſue of ripe menſtruous boyles.

Or

Or like the skum, which, by needs lawleſs law
Enforc'd Sanſerra's ſtarved men did draw
From parboyl'd ſhoos and boots, and all the reſt
Which were with any ſoveraign fatneſs bleſt,
And like vile ſtones lying in ſaffrond tin,
Or warts, or weales, it hangs upon her skin.
Round as the worlds her head, on every ſide,
Like to the fatal Ball which fell on Ide,
Or that whereof God had ſuch jealouſie,
As for the raviſhing thereof we dy.
Thy *head* is like a rough-hewn ſtatue of jeat,
Where marks for eyes, noſe, mouth, are yet ſcarce ſet:
Like the firſt Chaos, or flat ſeeming face
Of Cynthia, when th' earths ſhadows her imbrace.
Like Proſerpines white beauty-keeping cheſt,
Or Joves beſt fortunes urne, is her fair breſt.
Thine's like worm-eaten trunks cloth'd in ſeals skin
Or grav'd that's duſt without, and ſtink within.
And like that ſlender ſtalk, at whoſe end ſtands
The wood-bine quivering, are her arms and hands,
Like rough bark'd elmboughs, or the ruſſet skin
Of men late ſcourg'd for madneſs, or for ſin;
Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
Such is thy tan'd skins lamentable ſtate:
And like a bunch of ragged carrets ſtand
The ſhort ſwoln fingers of thy miſtreſs hand;
Then like the Chymicks maſculine equal fire,
Which in the Lymbecks warm womb doth inſpire
Into th' earths worthleſs durt a ſoul of gold,
Such cheriſhing heat her beſt lov'd part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun
Or like hot liquid metals newly run
Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna
Where round about the graſs is burnt away.

Are

Are not your kiſſes then as filthy, and more,
As a worm ſucking an invenom'd ſore?
Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowers, ſtill feares a ſnake?
Is not your laſt act harſh, and violent,
As when a plough a ſtony ground doth rent?
So kiſs good turtles, ſo devoutly nice
A Prieſt is in his handling Sacrifice,
And nice in ſearching wounds the Surgeon is,
As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kiſs,
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
Shee and compariſons are odious.

Elegie. IX.

NO *Spring*, nor *Summers* beauty hath ſuch grace,
As I have ſeen in one *Autumnal* face,
Young *Beauties* force our Loves, and that's a *Rape*,
This doth but *counſail*, yet you cannot ſcape.
If 'twere a *ſhame* to love, here 'twere no *ſhame*:
Affections here take *Reverences* name.
Were her firſt years the *Golden age*; that's true.
But now ſhe's *gold* oft try'd, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her habitable *Tropique clime*.
Fair eyes, who askes more heat than comes from hence.
He in a feaver wiſhes peſtilence.
Call not theſe wrinkles, *graves*: If *graves* they were
They were *Loves graves*: or elſe he is no where.
Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth ſit
Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorit*.
And here, till hers, which muſt be his *death*, come,
He doth not dig a *grave*, but build a *Tomb*.

Here

Here dwells he, though he ſojourn ev'ry where,
In *Progreſs*, yet his ſtanding houſe is here.
Here, where ſtill *Evening* is, not *noon* nor *night*;
Where no *voluptuouſneſs*, yet all *delight*.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at *Revels*, you at *counſails* ſit.
This is loves timber; youth his under-wood;
There he, as wine in *June*, enrages blood,
Which then comes ſeaſonableſt, when our taſt
And appetite to other things, is paſt.
Xerxes ſtrange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,
Was lov'd for age, none being ſo old as ſhe,
Or elſe becauſe, being young, nature did bleſs
Her youth with ages glory, *Barrenneſs*.
If we love things long ſought, *Age* is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compaſſing.
If tranſitory things which ſoon decay,
Age muſt be loveliеſt at the lateſt day.
But name not *Winter-faces*, whoſe skin's ſlack;
Lank, as an unthrifts purſe; but a Souls ſack;
Whoſe eyes ſeek light within, for all here's ſhade;
Whoſe *mouthes* are holes, rather worn out than made;
Whoſe every tooth to a ſeveral place is gone
To vex the ſoul at *Reſurrection*,
Name not theſe living *Death-heads* unto me,
For theſe, not *Ancient* but *Antique* be;
I hate extreames; yet I had rather ſtay
With *Tombs* then *Cradles*, to wear out the day,
Since ſuch loves natural ſtation is, may ſtill
My love deſcend, and journey down the hill,
Not panting after growing beauties, ſo,
I ſhall ebb on with them, who homeward goe.

Elegie. X.

IMage of her whom I love, more than ſhe,
Whoſe fair impreſſion in my faithful heart;
Makes me her *Medal*, and makes her love me,
As Kings do coins, to which their ſtamps impart
The value: go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me:
Honours oppreſs weak ſpirits, and our ſence
Strong objects dull; the more, the leſs we ſee.
When you are gone, and *Reaſon* gone with you,
Then *Fantaſie* is Queen and Soul, and all;
She can preſent joyes meaner than you do;
Convenient, and more proportional.
So, if I dream I have you, I have you:
For, all our joyes are but fantaſtical.
And ſo I ſcape the pain, for pain is true;
And ſleep which locks up ſenſe, doth lock out all.
After ſuch a fruition I ſhall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing ſhall repent;
And ſhall to love more thankful Sonets make,
Then if more *honour*, *tears*, and *paines* were ſpent.
But deareſt heart, and dearer Image ſtay,
Alas, true joyes at beſt are *dreams* enough;
Though you ſtay here, you paſs too faſt away:
For even at firſt lifes *Taper* is a ſnuffe.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much *heart*, then *idiot* with none.

Elegie. XI.

LAnguage thou art too narrow, and too weak
To eaſe us now, great ſorows cannot ſpeak.
If we could ſigh out accents, and weep words,
Grief weares, & leſſens, that tears breath affords,
Sad hearts, the leſs they ſeem, the more they are,
(So guiltieſt men ſtand muteſt at the bar)
Not that they know not, feel not their eſtate,
But extreme ſenſe hath made them deſperate;
Sorrow to whom we ow all that we be;
Tyrant in the fifth and greateſt Monarchy,
Was't that ſhe did poſſeſs all hearts before,
Thou haſt kill'd her, to make thy Empire more?
Knew'ſt thou ſome would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge periſh th' innocent?
Was't not enough to have that palace won,
But thou muſt raze it too, that was undone?
Hadſt thou ſtaid there, and look't out at her eyes,
All had ador'd thee, that now from thee flies,
For they let out more light than they took in,
They told not when, but did the day begin;
She was too Saphirine, and clear for thee,
Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;
Alas, ſhe was too pure, but not too weak,
Who e'r ſaw Cryſtal Ordinance but would break?
And if we be thy conqueſt, by her fall
Th' haſt loſt thy end, in her we periſh all:
Or if we live, we live but to rebell,
That know her better now, who knew her well.
If we ſhould vapour out, and pine and dy,
Since ſhe firſt went that were not miſery:

She chang'd our world with hers: now she is gone,
Mirth and prosperity is oppression:
For of all moral vertues she was all,
That Ethicks speake of vertues cardinal:
Her soul was Paradise: the Cherubin
Set to keep it was grace, that kept out sin:
She had no more; then let in death for we
All reap consumption from one fruitful tree:
God took her hence, lest some of us should love
Her, like that plant, him and his laws above:
And when we tears, he mercy shed in this,
To raise our mindes to heaven, where now she is:
Who if her vertues would have let her stay
We' had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire,
Religion, did not consume, but inspire
Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
That what we turn to feast, she turn'd to pray,
And did prefigure here, in devout taste,
The rest of her high Sabbath, which shall last.
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
(For she was of that order whence most fell)
Her bodie's left with us, lest some had said,
She could not die, except they saw her dead;
For from less virtue, and less beautiousness,
The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesses,
The ravenous earth that now woo's her to be
Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*; and the tree
That wraps that Cryſtal in a wooden Tomb,
Shall be took up spruce, fill'd with diamonds:
And we her sad glad friends all bear a part
Of grief, for all would break a Stoicks heart.

Elic.

Elegie XII.

NOt that in colour it was like thy hair,
Armelets of that thou maiſt ſtill let me wear:
Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kiſt,
For ſo it had that good, which oft I miſt:
Nor for that ſilly old morality,
That as theſe links were knit, our loves ſhould be:
Mourn I, that I thy ſevenfold chain have loſt:
Nor for the luck-ſake; but the bitter coſt.
O, ſhall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet
No leaven of vile ſoder did admit:
Nor yet by any way have ſtraid or gone
From the firſt ſtate of their Creation:
Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithful guide:
To gain new friends, t'appeaſe old enemies:
To comfort my ſoul, when I lie or riſe.
Shall theſe twelve innocents, by thy ſevere
Sentence (dread Judge) my ſins great burden bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
And puniſht for offences not their own?
They ſave not me, they do not eaſe my pains,
When in that hell they'are burnt and ty'd in chains:
Were they but Crowns of France, I cared not,
For, moſt of them, their natural Country rot
I think poſſeſſeth, they come here to us,
So pale, ſo lame, ſo lean, ſo ruinous;
And howſoe'r French Kings moſt Chriſtian be,
Their Crowns are circumcis'd moſt Jewiſhly;
Or were they Spaniſh Stamps ſtill travelling,
That are become as Catholique as their King,

Thoſe unlickt bear-whelps, unfil'd piſtolets
That (more then Cannon ſhot) availes or lets;
Which negligently left unrounded, look
Like many angled figures in the book
Of ſome dread Conjurer that would enforce
Nature, as theſe do juſtice from her courſe.
Which, as the ſoul quickens head, feet, and heart,
As ſtreams like veins, run through th'earth's every part,
Viſit all Countries, and have ſlily made
Gorgeous *France*, ruin'd, ragged, and decay'd;
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day:
And mangled ſeventeen-headed *Belgia*:
Or were it ſuch gold as that wherewithall
Almighty *Chimiques* from each Mineral,
Having by ſubtle fire a ſoul out-pull'd;
Are dirtily and deſperately gull'd:
I would not ſpit to quench the fire they'are in,
For, they are guilty of much hainous ſin.
But ſhall my harmleſs angels periſh? Shall
I loſe my guard, my eaſe, my food, my all?
Much hope which they ſhould nouriſh will be dead.
Much of my able youth, and luſty head
Will vaniſh, if thou Love let them alone,
For thou wilt love me leſs when they are gone,
And be content that ſome lowd ſqueaking Cryer
Well pleaſ'd with one lean thred-bare groat for hire,
May like a devil roar through every ſtreet;
And gall the finders conſcience, if they meet.
Or let me creep to ſome dread Conjurer,
That with phantaſtique ſcenes fils full much paper:
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, theeves, and murderers ſtuft his rents
So full, that though he place them all in ſin,
He leaves himſelf no room to enter in.

But

But if, when all his art and time is ſpent,
He ſay 'twill ne'r be found; yet be content;
Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
Becauſe he is the mouth of deſtiny.
Thou ſay'ſt (alas) the gold doth ſtill remain,
Though it be chang'd and put into a chain,
So in the firſt faln Angels, reſteth ſtill
Wiſdom and knowledge, but 'tis turn'd to ill:
As theſe ſhould do good works: and ſhould provide
Neceſſities, but now muſt nurſe thy pride,
And they are ſtill bad Angels: Mine are none:
For form gives being: and their form is gone:
Pity theſe Angels yet: their dignities
Paſs Virtues, Powers, and Principalities.
But, thou art reſolute: Thy will be done?
Yet with ſuch anguiſh, as her only ſon
The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire theſe Martyrs I betray.
Good ſouls, (for you give life to every thing)
Good Angels (for good meſſages you bring)
Deſtin'd you might have been to ſuch an one,
As would have lov'd and worſhip'd you alone:
One that would ſuffer hunger, nakedneſs,
Yea death, e're he would make your number leſs,
But I am guilty of your ſad decay:
May your new-fellows longer with me ſtay.
But on thou wretched finder whom I hate
So, that I almoſt pity thy eſtate,
Gold being the heavieſt amongſt metals all,
May my moſt heavy curſe upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
Firſt may'ſt thou be; then chain'd to helliſh pains:
Or be with foraign gold brib'd to betray
Thy Country, and fail both of it and pay.

May the next thing thou ſtoop'ſt to reach, contain
Poyſon, whoſe nimble fume rot thy moiſt brain:
Or libels, or ſome interdicted thing,
Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring.
Luſt-bred diſeaſes rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching deſire, and no abilitie.
May all the evills that gold ever wrought;
All miſchief that all devils ever thought:
Want after plenty: poor and gouty age:
The plague of travailers: love and marriage
Afflict thee; and that thy lives laſt moment,
May thy ſwoln ſins themſelves to thee preſent.
But I forgive: repent thou honeſt man:
Gold is reſtorative, reſtore it than:
But if that from it thou beeſt loath to part,
Becauſe 'tis cordial, would 'twere at thy heart.

Elegie XIII.

COme, Fates: I fear you not. All whom I owe
Are paid, but you. Then reſt me e're I go.
But, Chance from you all ſoveraignty hath got,
Love woundeth none but thoſe whom death dares not:
True, if you were, and juſt in equity,
I ſhould have vanquiſh'd her, as you did me.
Elſe Lovers ſhould not brave death's pains, and live?
But 'tis a rule, *Death comes not to relieve.*
Or, pale and wan deaths terrours, are they lay'd
So deep in Lovers, they make death afraid?
Or, (the leaſt comfort) have I company?
Or can the Fates love death, as well as me?
Yes, Fates do ſilk unto her diſtaffe pay,
For ranſome, which tax they on us do lay.

Love

Love gives her youth, which is the reaſon why
Youths, for her ſake, ſome wither and ſome die.
Poor death can nothing give: yet for her ſake,
Still in her turn, he doth a Lover take.
And if death ſhould prove falſe, ſhe fears him not.
Our Muſes, to redeem her ſhe hath got.
That fatal night we laſt kiſs'd, I thus pray'd,
(Or rather, thus deſpair'd, I ſhould have ſaid,)
Kiſſes, and yet deſpair. The forbid tree
Did promiſe (and deceive) no more than ſhe.
Like Lambs that ſee their teats, and muſt eat Hay,
A food, whoſe taſte hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou ſaw'ſt bliſs, and crav'dſt to touch
A drop of water, thy great pains were ſuch.
Here grief wants a freſh wit, for mine being ſpent,
And my ſighes weary, groans are all my rent,
Unable longer to endure the pain,
They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.
Thus, till dry tears ſoulder mine eyes, I weep:
And then, I dream how you ſecurely ſleep.
And in your dreams do laugh at me I hate,
And pray Love All-may: He pities my ſtate,
But ſayes, I therein no revenge ſhall find:
The Sun would ſhine, though all the world were blind.
Yet, to try my hate, Love ſhew'd me your tear;
And I had dy'd, had not your ſmile been there.
Your frown undoes me: your ſmile is my wealth:
And as you pleaſe to look, I have my health.
Me thought love pitying me, when he ſaw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palms to kiſs.
That cur'd me not, but to bear pain gave ſtrength,
And what is loſt in force, is took in length.
I call'd on Love again, who fear'd you ſo,
That his compaſſion ſtill prov'd greater woe;

For,

For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durſt not feel, for fear't ſhould not be true.
This merits not our anger, had it been;
The Queen of chaſtity was naked ſeen,
And in bed, not to feel the pain I took,
Was more then for *Actæon* not to look.
And that breſt which lay ope, I did not know,
But for the clearneſs, from a lump of ſnow.

Elegie XIIII.

SInce ſhe muſt go, and I muſt mourn, come night
Environ me with darkneſs, whilſt I write:
Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
I am to ſuffer when my Love is gone.
Alas the darkeſt Magick cannot do it,
And that great Hell to boot are ſhadows to it.
Should *Cinthia* quit thee *Venus*, and each ſtarre,
It would not forme one thought dark as mine are.
I could lend them obſcureneſs now, and ſay,
Out of my ſelf, There ſhould be no more Day.
Such is already my ſelf-want of ſight
Did not the fire within me force a light.
Oh Love, that fire and darkneſs ſhould be mixt,
Or to thy Triumphs ſuch ſtrange torments fixt?
Is't becauſe thou thy ſelf art blind, that wee
Thy Martyrs muſt no more each other ſee?
Or tak'ſt thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel?
Or have we left undone ſome mutual Right,
That thus with parting thou ſeek'ſt us to ſpight?
No, no. The falt is mine, impute it to me,
Or rather to conſpiring deſtinie,

Which

Which (ſince I lov'd) for me before decreed,
That I ſhould ſuffer when I lov'd indeed:
And therefore ſooner now then I can ſay,
I ſaw the golden fruit, 'tis wrapt away.
Or as I had watcht one drop in the vaſt ſtream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet Love, thou'rt blinder then thy ſelf in this,
To vex my Dove-like friend for my amiſs;
And, where one ſad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
So blinded Juſtice doth, when Favorites fall,
Strike them, their houſe, their friends, their favourites all.
Was't not enough that thou didſt dart thy fires
Inro our blouds, inflaming our deſires,
And made'ſt us ſigh and blow, and pant, and burn,
And then thy ſelf into our flames did'ſt turn?
Was't not enough, that thou didſt hazard us
To paths in love ſo dark and dangerous:
And thoſe ſo ambuſh'd round with houſhold ſpies,
And over all thy husbands towring eyes
Inflam'd with th'ouglie ſweat of jealouſie,
Yet went we not ſtill on in Conſtancie?
Have we for this kept guards, like ſpie on ſpie?
Had correſpondence whilſt the foe ſtood by?
Stoln (more to ſweeten them) our many bliſſes
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kiſſes?
Shadow'd with negligence our beſt reſpects?
Varied our language through all dialects,
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards
Spoak dialogues with our feet far from our words?
Have we prov'd all the ſecrets of our Art,
Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
And, after all this paſſed Purgatory,
Muſt ſad divorce make us the vulgar ſtory?

Frſt let our eyes be rivited quite through
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
Let our armes claſp like Ivy, and our fear
Freeſe us together, that we may ſtick here,
Till fortune, that would ruine us with the deed,
Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accuſ'd, ſhould ſuch a miſchief doe.
Oh fortune, thou'rt not worth my leaſt exclame,
And plague enough thou haſt in thy own name.
Do thy great worſt, my friend and I have armes,
Though not againſt thy ſtrokes, againſt thy harmes.
Rend us in ſunder, thou canſt not divide
Our bodies ſo, but that our ſouls are ty'd,
And we can love by letters ſtill and gifts,
And thoughts and dreams; Love never wanteth ſhifts,
I will not look upon the quickning Sun,
But ſtraight her beauty to my ſenſe ſhall run;
The ayre ſhall note her ſoft, the fire moſt pure;
Waters ſuggeſt her clear, and the earth ſure;
Time ſhall not loſe our paſſages; the ſpring
How freſh our love was in the beginning;
The Summer how it inripened the year;
And Autumn, what our golden harveſts were.
The Winter I'll not think on to ſpite thee,
But count it a loſt ſeaſon, ſo ſhall ſhee.
And deareſt Friend, ſince we muſt part, drown night
With hope of Day, burthens well born are light.
The cold and darkneſs longer hang ſomewhere,
Yet *Phœbus* equally lights all the Sphere.
And what we cannot in like Portion pay,
The world enjoyes in Maſs; and ſo we may.
Be then ever your ſelf, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: ſo

Declare

Declare your ſelf baſe fortunes Enemy,
No leſs be your contempt then her inconſtancy:
That I may grow enamoured on your mind,
When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
And this to th' comfort of my Dear I vow,
My Deeds ſhall ſtill be what my deeds are now;
The Poles ſhall move to teach me ere I ſtart;
And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;
Nay, if I wax but cold in my deſire,
Think, heaven hath motion loſt, and the world, fire:
Much more I could, but many words have made
That, oft ſuſpected which men moſt perſwade;
Take therefore all in this: I love ſo true,
As I will never look for leſs in you.

Elegie. XV.

HArk news, O envy, thou ſhalt hear deſcry'd
My *Julia*; who as yet was ne'r envy'd.
To vomit gall in ſlander, ſwell her veins
With calumny, that hell it ſelf diſdaines,
Is her continual practice, does her beſt,
To tear opinion even out of the breſt
Of deareſt friends, and (which is worſe then vile)
Sticks jealouſie in wedlock, her own child
Scapes not the ſhowres of envy: To repeat
The monſtrous faſhions, how; were alive to eat
Dear reputation; would to God ſhe were
But half ſo loath to act vice, as to hear
My mild reproof: Liv'd *Mantuan* now again
That fœmal Maſtix to limne with his pen
This ſhe *Chymera* that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger, anger feeds deſire,

Tongu'd

Tongu'd like the night-crow, whoſe ill-boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries.
Her breath like to the juice in *Tenarus*
That blaſts the ſprings though ne'r ſo proſperous.
Her hands, I know not how, uſ'd more to ſpill
The food of others, then her ſelf to fill.
But oh her mind, that *Orcus*, which includes
Legions of miſchief, countleſs multitudes
Of formleſs curſes, projects unmade up,
Abuſes yet unfaſhion'd, thoughts corrupt,
Miſhapen Cavils, palpable untroths,
Inevitable errors, ſelf-accuſing loathes:
Theſe, like thoſe Atoms ſwarming in the Sun,
Throng in her boſom for creation.
I bluſh to give her half her due; yet ſay,
No poyſon's half ſo bad as *Julia*.

Elegie XVI.

I Sing no harm good ſooth to any wight,
To Lord, to fool, Cuckold, begger or Knight,
To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
Reformed or reduced Captain Knave,
Officer, Judge, or Juſtice of peace,
Juror or Judge; I touch no fat ſows greaſe,
I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) ſay there are too many,
I fear not *ore tenus*, for my tale,
Nor Count nor Counſellor will red or pale.
A Citizen and his wife the other day
Both riding on one horſe, upon the way
I overtook, the wench a pretty peat,
And (by her eye) well fitting for the ſeat,

I ſaw

I ſaw the lecherous Citizen turn back
His head, and on his wifes lip ſteal a ſmack.
Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
Riding before, to kiſs his wife behind,
To get acquaintance with him I began
To ſort diſcourſe fit for ſo fine a man:
I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
Ask'd if the Cuſtome Farmers held out ſtill,
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The trafique of the Midland ſeas had marr'd,
Whether the Britain *Burſe* did fill apace,
And likely were to give th'Exchange diſgrace;
Of new-built *Aigate*, and the *Moore-field* croſſes,
Of ſtore of Bankrupts, and poor Merchants loſſes,
I urged him to ſpeak; But he (as mute
As an old Courtier worn to his laſt ſuit)
Replies with only yeas and nayes; At laſt
(To fit his element) my theam I caſt
On Tradeſmens gains; that ſet his tongue a going,
Alas, good ſir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
In Court nor City now: ſhe ſmil'd and I,
And (in my conſcience) both gave him the lie
In one met thought. But he went on apace,
And at the preſent times with ſuch a face.
He rail'd, as fraid me: for he gave no praiſe,
To any but my Lord of *Eſſex* dayes:
Call'd thoſe the age of action: true (quoth Hee)
There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay down,
For, put to puſh of pay, away they run:
Our only City trades of hope now are
Bawds, Tavern-keepers, Whore and Scrivener;
The much of Privileg'd kingſmen, and the ſtore
Of freſh protections make the reſt all poor:

In

In the firſt ſtate of their Creation,
Though many ſtoutly ſtand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-maſter. Thus ran he on
In a continued rage: ſo void of reaſon
Seem'd his harſh talk, I ſweat for fear of treaſon.
And (troth) how could I leſs? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wiſe Lord Major,
And his wiſe Brethrens worſhips, when one prayeth
He ſwore that none could ſay Amen with faith.
To get off him from what I glowed to hear,
(In happy time) an Angel did appear,
The bright ſign of a lov'd and well-try'd Inn,
Where many Citizens with their wives had been,
Well us'd and often: here I pray'd him ſtay,
To take ſome due refreſhment by the way,
Look how he look'd that hid his gold, his hope
And at's return found nothing but a Rope.
So he on me, refus'd and made away,
Though willing ſhe pleaded a weary Day:
I found my miſs, ſtruck hands, and prayd him tell
(To hold acquaintance ſtill) where he did dwell,
He barely nam'd the ſtreet, promiſ'd the Wine,
But his kind wife gave me the very Sign.

Elegie. XVII.

TO make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it ſtrong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed pureſt air,
And muſt ſhe needs be falſe, becauſe ſhe's fair?
Is it your beauties mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection not to ſtudy truth?
Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no eyes,
Or thoſe it hath, ſmile at your perjuries?

Are

Are vows ſo cheap with women, or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with wind? Or doth their breath
(Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
Who could have thought ſo many accents ſweet
Form'd into words, ſo many ſighs ſhould meet
As from our hearts, ſo many oathes, and tears
Sprinkled among, (all ſweetned by our feats,)
And the divine impreſſion of ſtoln kiſſes,
That ſeal'd the reſt, ſhould now prove empty bliſſes?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? ſign to break?
Or muſt we read you quite from what you ſpeak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or muſt
He firſt deſire you falſe, would wiſh you juſt?
O, I prophane; though moſt of women be
This kind of beaſt, my thoughts ſhall except thee
My deareſt Love; though froward jealouſie,
With circumſtance might urge thy inconſtancy,
Sooner I'll think the Sun will ceaſe to chear
The teeming earth, and *that* forget to bear:
Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in *June* will bind his ſtreams;
Or Nature, by whoſe ſtrength the world indures,
Would change her courſe, before you alter yours.
But oh that treacherous breſt, to whom weak you
Did truſt our Counſels, and we both may rue,
Having his falſhood found too late, 'twas he
That made me caſt you guilty, and you me,
Whilſt he (black wretch) betray'd each ſimple word
We ſpake unto the cunning of a third,
Curſt may he be, that ſo our love hath ſlain,
And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*,
Wretched as he, and not deſerve leaſt pitie;
In plaguing him, let miſery be witty.

Let

Let all eyes ſhun him, and he ſhun each eye,
Till he be noyſome as his infamy;
May he without remorſe deny God thrice,
And not be truſted more on his ſouls price;
And after all ſelf-torment, when he dyes,
May Wolves tear out his heart, Vultures his eyes;
Swine eat his bowels, and his falſer tongue,
That utter'd all, be to ſome raven flung,
And let his carrion-coarſe be a longer feaſt
To the Kings dogs, then any other beaſt.
Now I have curſt, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive;
I could begin again to court and praiſe,
And in that pleaſure lengthen the ſhort dayes
Of my lifes leaſe; Like Painters that do take
Delight, not in made works, but whiles they make.
I could renew thoſe times, when firſt I ſaw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd; and at Maskes and Playes
Commend the ſelf-ſame Actors, the ſame wayes;
Ask how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were ſuch ſoft paſtimes, as in theſe
Love was as ſubtily catch'd, as a diſeaſe;
But being got, it is a treaſure ſweet,
Which to defend is harder then to get:
And ought not be prophan'd, on either part,
For though 'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*

Elegie. XVIII.

WHo ever loves, if he do not propoſe
The right true end of love, he's one that goes

To

To ſea for nothing but to make him ſick:
Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o're lick
Our love, and force it new ſtrong ſhapes to take,
We erre, and of a lump a monſter make.
Were not a Calf a monſter that were grown
Face'd like a man, though better then his own?
Perfection is in vnitie : preferr
One woman firſt, and then one thing in her.
I when I value gold, may think upon
The ductilneſs, the application,
The wholſomneſs, the ingenuitie,
From ruſt, from ſoil, from fire ever free:
But if I love it, 'tis becauſe 'tis made
By our new nature (Uſe) the ſoul of trade.
All theſe in women we might think upon
(If women had them) and yet love but one.
Can men more injure women then to ſay
They love them for that, by which they're not they?
Makes virtue woman? muſt I cool my bloud
Till I both be, and find one wife and good?
May barren Angels love ſo. But if we
Make love to woman; virtue is not ſhe:
As beauties no nor wealth: He that ſtrayes thus:
From her to hers, is more adulterous,
Then if he took her maid. Search every ſphear
And firmament, our *Cupid* is not there:
He's an infernal god and under ground,
With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound,
Men to ſuch Gods, their ſacrificing Coles
Did not on Altars lay, but pits and holes:
Although we ſee Celeſtial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we Till and love:
So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart,
And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.

Nor

Nor is the ſoul more worthy, or more fit
For love, then this, as infinit as it.
But in attaining this deſired place
How much they erre; that ſet out at the face?
The hair a Foreſt is of Ambuſhes,
Of ſprings, ſnares, fetters and manacles:
The brow becalms us when 'tis ſmooth and plain,
And when 'tis wrinckled, ſhipwracks us again.
Smooth, 'tis a Paradice, where we would have
Immortal ſtay, but wrinckled 'tis a grave.
The Noſe (like to the ſweet Meridian) runs
Not 'twixt an Eaſt and Weſt, but 'twixt two ſuns;
It leaves a Cheek, a roſie Hemiſphere
On either ſide, and then directs us where
Upon the Iſlands fortunate we fall,
Not faint *Canaries*, but *Ambroſiall*.
Unto her ſwelling ſips when we are come,
We anchor there, and think our ſelves at home,
For they ſeem all: there Syrens ſongs, and there
Wiſe Delphick Oracles do fill the ear;
Then in a Creek where choſen pearls do ſwell
The Rhemora her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
Theſe, and (the glorious Promontory) her Chin
Being paſt the Straits of *Helleſpont* between
The *Seſtos* and *Abydos* of her breaſts,
(Not of two Lovers, but two loves the neaſts)
Succeeds a boundleſs ſea, but yet thine eye
Some Iſland moles may ſcattered there deſcry;
And Sailng towards her *India*, in that way
Shall at her fair Atlantick Naval ſtay;
Though there the Current be the Pilot made,
Yet ere thou be where thou ſhould'ſt be embay'd,
Thou ſhalt upon another Foreſt ſet,
Where many Shipwrack, and no further get.

When

When thou art there, conſider what this chace
Miſpent by thy beginning at the face.
Rather ſet out below; practice my Art,
Some Symetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou doſt ſeek, and is thy Map for that
Lovely enough to ſtop, but not ſtay at:
Leaſt ſubject to diſguiſe and change it is;
Men ſay the Devil never can change his.
It is the Emblem that hath figured
Firmneſs; 'tis the the firſt part that comes to bed.
Civilitie we ſee refin'd: the kiſs
Which at the face began, tranſplanted is,
Since to the hand, ſince to the imperial knee,
Now at the Papal foot delights to be:
If Kings think that the nearer way, and do
Riſe from the foot, Lovers may do ſo too.
For as free Spheres move faſter far then can
Birds, whom the air reſiſts, ſo may that man
Which goes this empty and Ætherial way,
Then if at beauties enemies he ſtay.
Rich Nature hath in women wiſely made
Two purſes, and their mouths averſely laid:
They then, which to the lower tribute owe
That way which that Exchequer looks, muſt go:
He which doth not, his error is as great,
As who by gliſter gives the Stomack meat.

To his Miſtreſs going to bed.

COme, Madam, come, all reſt my powers defie,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times having the foe in ſight,
Is tir'd with ſtanding though he never fight.

Off with that girdle, like heavens Zone glittering,
But a far fairer world incompaſſing.
Unpin that ſpangled breaſtplate which you wear,
That th' eyes of buſie fooles may be ſtopt there.
Unlace your ſelf, for that harmonious chyme,
Tells me from you, that now it is bed time.
Off with that happy buſk, which I envie,
That ſtill can be, and ſtill can ſtand ſo nigh.
Your gown going off, ſuch beautious ſtate reveals,
As when through flowry meads th' hills ſhadows ſteales.
Off with that wyerie Coronet and ſhew
The haiery Diadem which on your head doth grow:
Now off with thoſe ſhooes, and then ſoftly tread
In this loves hallow'd temple, this ſoft bed.
In ſuch white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be
Reveal'd to men: thou Angel bringſt with thee
A heaven like Mahomets Paradice, and though
Ill ſpirits walk in white; we eaſly know,
By this theſe Angels from an evil ſprite,
Thoſe ſet our hairs, but theſe our fleſh upright.
Licence my roaving hands, and let them go,
Before, behind, between, above, below,
O my America! my new-found-land,
My Kingdom's ſafeſt, when with one man man'd.
My Myne of precious ſtones: My Emperie,
How am I bleſt in thus diſcovering thee?
To enter in theſe bonds, is to be free;
Then where my hand is ſet, my ſeal ſhall be,
Full nakedneſs! All joyes are due to thee,
As ſouls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd muſt be,
To taſte whole joyes. Jems which you women uſe
Are like Atlanta's ball: caſt in mens views,
That when a fools eye lighteth on a Jem,
His earthly ſoul may court that, not them:

Like

Like pictures or like books gay coverings made,
For lay-men are all women thus arrayed.
Themſelves are only myſtick books, which we,
(Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
Muſt ſee revealed. Then ſince that I may know;
As liberally, as to thy Midwife ſhew
Thy ſelf: caſt all, yea, this white lynnen hence
There is no pennance due to innocence:
To teach thee I am naked firſt, why than
What needſt thou have more covering then a man.

The end of the Elegies.

EPITHALAMIONS, OR, MARRIAGE SONGS.

An Epithamion on Frederick *Count Palatine of the* Rhene, *and the Lady* Elizabeth, *being married on St.* Valentines *day.*

I.

HAil Biſhop Valentine, whoſe day this is,
All the Air is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choriſters,
And other birds are thy Pariſhioners,
Thou marryeſt every year
The Lyrique Larke, and the grave whiſpering Dove,
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The houſhold Bird, with the red ſtomacher;
Thou mak'ſt the Black-bird ſpeed as ſoon,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcion;
The husband cock looks out, and ſtraight is ſped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day, more cheerfully than ever ſhine.
This day, which might inflame thy ſelf, old Valentine.

II.

II.

Till now, Thou warmd'ſt with multiplying loves
Two Larks, two Sparrows, or two Doves,
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day coupleſt two Phœnixes.
Thou mak'ſt a Taper ſee
What the Sun never ſaw, and what the Ark
(Which was of fowl, and beaſts the cage and park,)
Did not contain, one bed contains, through Thee,
Two Phœnixes, whoſe joyned breſts
Are unto one another mutual neſts.
Where motion kindles ſuch fires, as ſhall give
Young Phœnixes, and yet the old ſhall live.
Whoſe love and courage never ſhall decline,
But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

III.

Up then fair Phœnix Bride, fruſtrate the Sun;
Thy ſelf from thine affection
Tak'ſt warmth enough, and from thine eye
All leſſers birds will take their jollity.
Up, up, fair Bride, and call
Thy ſtars from out their ſeveral boxes, take
Thy Rubies, Pearls, and diamonds forth, and make
Thy ſelf a Conſtellation of them All.
And by their blaſing ſignifie,
That a great Princeſs falls, but doth not die;
Be thou a new ſtar that to us portends
Ends of much wonder; And be thou thoſe ends.
Since thou doſt this day in new glory ſhine,
May all men date Records from this day Valentine.

IV.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
Meeting another, grows the ſame:
So meet thy *Frederick*, and ſo
To an unſeparable union go,
Since ſeparation
Falls not on ſuch things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but one, can diſ-unite.
You are 'twice inſeparable, great, and one.
Go then to where the Biſhop ſtays,
To make you one, his way, which divers wayes
Muſt be effected; and when all is paſt,
And that y' are one, by hearts and hands made faſt,
You two have one way left, your ſelves t'entwine,
Beſides this Biſhops knot of Biſhop Valentine.

V.

But oh, what ayles the Sun, that here he ſtaies,
Longer to day, than other daies?
Staves he new light from theſe to get?
And finding here ſuch ſtars, is loath to ſet?
And why do you two walk,
So ſlowly pac'd in this proceſſion?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others ſpectacle and talk?
The feaſt with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praiſe.
The Maſquers come late, and, I think will ſtay,
Like Faries, till the Cock crow them away.
Alas did not Antiquitie aſſign
A night as well as day, to thee, old Valentine?

VI.

VI.

They did, and night is come: and yet we ſee
Formalities retarding thee.
What mean theſe Ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in peeces) go
So nicely about the Bride?
A bride before a Good night could be ſaid,
Should vaniſh from her clothes, into her bed,
As ſouls from bodies ſteal, and are not ſpy'd.
But now ſhe is laid: What though ſhe be?
Yet there are more delayes; For where is he?
He comes and paſſeth through Sphear after Sphear:
Firſt her ſheets, then her Armes, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O valentine.

VII.

Here lies a ſhe Sun, and a he Moon there,
She gives the beſt light to his Sphear,
Or each is both, and all, and ſo
They unto one another nothing owe,
And yet they do, but are
So juſt and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor ſtay,
Neither deſires to be ſpar'd, nor to ſpare.
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and ſo let fall
No occaſion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage in theſe two do ſhine,
Than all thy turtles have, and ſparrows, Valentine.

VIII.

And by this act of these two Phœnixes
Nature again restored is,
For since these two are two no more,
There's but one Phœnix still, as was before.
Rest now at last, and we
(as Satyrs watch the Suns uprise) will stay
Waiting when your eyes opened, let out day,
Only desir'd because your face we see;
Others near you shall whispering speak,
And wagers lay, at which side day will break,
And win by observing, then, whose hand it is
That opens first a curtain, hers or his;
This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
Till which hour, we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

ECLOGUE,

1613. *December* 26.

Allophanes *finding* Idios *in the Country in Christmas time, reprehends his abſence from Court, at the marriage of the Earl of Summerſet*; Idios *gives an account of his purpoſe therein, and of his actions there.*

Allophanes.

UNſeaſonable man, ſtatue of Ice,
What could to Countries ſolitude entice
Thee, in this years cold and decrepit time?
Natures inſtinct draws to the warmer clime:
Even ſmaller birds, who by that courage dare,
In numerous fleets, ſail through their Sea, the ayr.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whil'ſt Flora her ſelf doth a freez Jerkin wear?
Whil'ſt Winds do all the trees and hedges ſtrip
Of leaves, to furniſh rods enough to whip
Thy madneſs from thee, and all Springs by froſt
Having taken cold, and their ſweet murmures loſt?
If thou thy faults or fortunes would'ſt lament
With juſt ſolemnity, do it in Lent:
At Court the ſpring already advanced is,
The Sun ſtayes longer up; and yet not his

The

The glory is, far other, other fires:
First, zeal to Prince and State; then loves desires
Burn in one breast and like heavens two great lights,
The first doth govern daies, the other, nights.
And then that early light which did appear
Before the Sun and Moon created were:
The Princes favour is diffus'd o'r all,
From which all fortunes, Names, and natures fall;
Then from those wombes of stars, the Brides bright eyes,
At every glance, a constellation flies,
And sows the Court with stars, and doth prevent
In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament;
First her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,
Then from their beams their jewels lusters rise,
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light and good desire.
Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell,
Where in dark plots, fire without light doth dwell:
Or but like Stoves, for lust and envy get
Continual, but artificial heat;
Here zeal and love grown one, all clouds digest,
And make our Court an everlasting East.
And canst thou be from thence?

Idios. No, I am there,
As heaven, to men dispos'd, is every where:
So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,
Not only all their house, but all their State.
Let no man think, because he is full, he hath all,
Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
Not onely in fulness, but capacity,
Enlarging narrow men to feel and see,
And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
So reclus'd Hermits oftentimes do know

More

More of heavens glory, then a worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man,
Is an epitome of Gods great book
Of creatures, and man need no farther look;
So is the Country of Courts, where ſweet peace doth
As their own common ſoul, give life to both.
And am I then from Court?

Allophanes. Dreamer thou art.
Think'ſt thou fantaſtique, that thou haſt a part
In the Indian fleet, becauſe thou haſt
A little ſpice or Amber in thy taſte?
Becauſe thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
Seeſt thou all good becauſe thou ſeeſt no harm?
The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuff well diſpos'd, and which would fain be gold:
But never ſhall, except it chance to lye,
So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;
As, for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for beſt civil uſe, all tinctures move
From higher powers; from God religion ſprings;
Wiſdom, and honour from the uſe of Kings;
Then unbeguile thy ſelf, and know with me,
That Angels, though on earth employ'd they be,
Are ſtill in Heaven, ſo is he ſtill at home
That doth, abroad, to honeſt actions come:
Chide thy ſelf then, O fool, which yeſterday
Might'ſt have read more than all thy books bewray:
Hait thou a hiſtory, which doth preſent
A Court, where all affections do aſſent
Unto the Kings, and that, that King; are juſt?
And where it is no levity to truſt,
Where there is no ambition but t' obey,
Where men need whiſper nothing, and yet may;

Where

Where the Kings favours are ſo plac'd, that all
Finde that the King therein is liberal
To them, in him, becauſe his favours bend
To vertue, to the which they all pretend.
Thou haſt no ſuch; yet here was this, and more,
An earneſt lover, wiſe then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath ſued Livery,
And is no more in his minority,
He is admitted now into that breſt
Where the Kings Councels and his ſecrets reſt.
VVhat haſt thou loſt, O ignorant man?

Idios.

I knew
All this, and onely therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
VVords to expreſs it, makes a man a grave
Of his own thoughts; I would not therefore ſtay
At a great feaſt, having no grace to ſay.
And yet I ſcap'd not here for being come
Full of the common joy; I utter'd ſome.
Read then this nuptial ſong, which was not made
Either the Court or mens hearts to invade,
But ſince I'm dead and buried, I could frame
No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
So much as this poor ſong, which teſtifies
I did unto that day ſome ſacrifice.

I.

The Time of the Marriage.

THou art repriev'd old year, thou ſhalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,

And

And ſhould'ſt within five days expire,
Yet thou art reſcu'd from a mightier fire,
Than thy old Soul, the Sun,
VVhen he doth in his largeſt circle run.
The paſſage of the VVeſt or Eaſt would thaw,
And open wide their eaſie liquid jaw
To all our ſhips, could a Promethean art
Either unto the Northern Pole impart
The fire of theſe inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

II.

Equallity of Perſons.

But undiſcerning Muſe, which heart which eyes,
In this new couple, doſt thou prize,
VVhen his eye as inflaming is
As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be tryed by beauty, and than
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
If by that manly courage they be tryed,
Which ſcorns unjuſt opinion; then the Bride
Becomes a man. Should chance our envies Art
Divide theſe two, whom nature ſcarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the loving heart.

III.

Raiſing of the Bridegroom.

Though it be ſome divorce to think of you
Single, ſo much one are you two.

Let

Let me here contemplate thee,
First, chearful Bridegroom, and first let me see,
How thou prevent'st the Sun,
And his red foaming horses dost outrun,
How, having laid down in thy Soveraignes breſt
All buſineſſes, from thence to reinveſt
Them when theſe triumphs ceaſe, thou forward art
To ſhew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eies, and of thy loving heart.

IV.

Raiſing of the Bride.

BUt now to thee, fair Bride, it is ſome wrong,
To think thou wert in Bed ſo long,
Since ſoon thou lieſt down firſt, 'tis fit
Thou in firſt riſing ſhould allow for it.
Powder thy Radiant hair,
Which if without ſuch aſhes thou would'ſt wear,
Thou which, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for Phœbus, would'ſt be Phaeton.
For our eaſe, give thine eyes the unuſual part
Of joy, a Tear; ſo quencht, thou maiſt impart,
To us that come, thy inflaming eies; to him, thy loving heart.

V.

Her apparelling.

THus thou deſcend'ſt to our infirmity,
Who can the Sun in water ſee.

So

So doſt thou, when in ſilk and gold,
Thou cloudſt thy ſelf; ſince we which do behold
Are duſt and worms, 'tis juſt
Our Objects be the fruits of worms and duſt.
Let every Jewel be a glorious ſtar,
Yet ſtars are not ſo pure, as their ſpheafs are.
And though thou ſtoop, to appear to us in part,
Still in that picture thou intirely art, (heart.
Which thy inflaming eies have made within his loving

VI.

Going to the Cappel.

NOw from your Eaſts you iſſue forth, and we,
As men which through a Cypres ſee
The riſing Sun, do think it two;
So, as you go to Church, do think of you:
But that vail being gone,
By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.
The Church Triumphont made this match before,
And now the Militant doth ſtrive no more.
Then revered Prieſt, who Gods Recorder art,
Do, from his Dictates, to theſe two impart (heart.
All bleſſings which are ſeen, or thought, by Angells eye or

VII.

The Benediction.

Bleſt pair of Swans, Oh may you interbring,
Daily new joyes, and never ſing:

Live,

Live, till all grounds of wiſhes fail,
Till honour, yea till wiſdom grow ſo ſtale,
That new great hights to trie,
It muſt ſerve your ambition, to die;
Raiſe heirs, and may here, to the worlds end, live
Heirs from this King, to take thanks, you, to give.
Nature and grace do all, and nothing Art,
May never age or errour overthwart
With any Weſt, theſe radiant eyes, with any North, this heart.

VIII.

Feaſts and Revals.

But you are over-bleſt. Plenty this day
Injures; it cauſeth time to ſtay;
The tables groan, as though this feaſt
VVould, as the flood, deſtroy all fowl and beaſt.
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revel goes,
They tread the ayr, and fall not where they roſe.
Though ſix hours ſince, the Sun to bed did part,
The maskes and banquets will not yet impart
A ſunſet to theſe weary eyes. A Center to this heart.

IX.

The Brides going to bed.

VVhat mean'ſt thou Bride, this company to keep?
To ſit up, till thou fain would ſleep?

Thou

Thou maiſt not, when thou art laid, do ſo,
Thy ſelf muſt to him a new banquet grow,
And you muſt entertain
And do all this dayes dances o're again.
Know that if Sun and Moon together do
Riſe in one poin:, they do not ſet ſo too.
Therefore thou maiſt, faire bride to bed depart,
Thou art not gone, being gone where e'r thou art,
Thou leav'ſt in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy loving heart.

X.

The Bridegrooms coming.

As he that ſees a ſtarr fall, runs apace,
And finds a gelly in the place,
So doth the Bridgroom haſte as much,
Being told this ſtarre is faln, and finds her ſuch.
And as friends may look ſtrange,
By a new faſhion, or apparels change:
Their ſouls, though long acquainted they had been,
Theſe clothes their bodies never yet had ſeen.
Therefore at firſt ſhe modeſtly might ſtart,
But muſt forthwith ſurrender every part,
As freely, as each to each before, gave either hand or heart.

XI.

The good-night.

Now, as in *Tullia's* Tomb, one lamp burn clear,
Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
May theſe love-lamps we here enſhrine,
In warmth, light, laſting, equall the divine.

Fire ever doth aſpire,
And makes all like it ſelf, turns all to fire,
But ends in aſhes, which theſe cannot do,
For none of theſe is fuell; but fire too.
This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves ſtrong Arts
Make of ſo noble individual parts
One fire of four inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts.

Idios.

As I have brought this ſong, that I may do
A perfect ſacrifice, I'll burn it too.

Allophanes.

No Sir, this Paper I have juſtly got,
For in burnt Incenſe the perfume is not
His only that preſents it, but of all;
What ever celebrates this Feſtivall
Is common, ſince the joy thereof is ſo.
Nor may your ſelf be Prieſt: but let me go
Back to the Court, and I will lay't upon
Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

Epithalamion made at Lincolns Inne.

THe Sun-beams in the Eaſt are ſpred,
Leave, leave, fair Bride, your ſolitary bed,
No more ſhall you return to it alone,
It nurſeth ſadneſs; and your bodies print,
Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint;
You and your other You meet there anon,
Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in theſe ſheets will ſmother,
There it muſt meet another,
Which never was, but muſt be, oft, more nigh;

Come

Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To day put on perfection, and a Womans name.

Daughters of *London*, you which be
Our Golden Mines, and furniſh'd Treaſurie.
You which are Angels, yet ſtill bring with you
Thouſands of Angels on your marriage dayes,
Help with your preſence, and deviſe to praiſe
These rites, which alſo unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dreſs her, and be aſſign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel,
Make her for love fit fuel
As gay as *Flora*, and as rich as *Indie*;
So may ſhe fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

And you froliquè Patricians,
Sons of thoſe Senatours, wealths deep oceans,
Ye painted Courtiers, barrels of others wits,
Ye Country men, who but your beaſts love none,
Ye of thoſe Fellowſhips, whereof he's one,
Of ſtudy and play made ſtrangè Hermaphrodits;
Here ſhine; this bridegroom to the Temple bring,
Loe, in yon path which ſtore of ſtrow'd flowers graceth,
The ſober virgin paceth;
Except my ſight fail, 'tis no other thing.
Weep not, nor bluſh, here is no grief nor ſhame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold;
And theſe two in thy ſacred boſome hold,
Till myſtically joyn'd but one they be;
Then may thy lean and hunger-ſtarved womb
Long time expect their bodies, and their tomb,

Long after their own parents fatten thee.
All elder claims, and all cold barrenneſs,
All yielding to new loves be farre for ever,
Which might theſe two diſſever,
Alwayes, all th' other may each one poſſeſs;
For, the beſt Bride, beſt worthy of praiſe and fame,
To day puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Winter dayes bring much delight,
Nor for themſelves, but for they ſoon bring night;
Other ſweets wait thee then theſe diverſe meats,
Other diſports then dancing jollities,
Other love tricks then glancing with the eyes,
But that the Sun ſtill in our half ſphear ſweats;
He flies in winter, but he now ſtands ſtill,
Yet ſhadows turn; Noon point he hath attain'd,
His Steeds will be reſtrain'd,
But gallop lively down the Weſtern hill,
Thou ſhalt, when he hath run the Heavens half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

The Amorous evening ſtarre is roſe,
Why then ſhould not our amorous ſtarre incloſe
Her ſelf in her wiſh'd bed? Releaſe your ſtrings
Muſitians, and dancers take ſome truce
With theſe your pleaſing labours, for great uſe
As much wearineſs as perfection brings.
You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beaſts
Reſt duly; at night all their toyles are diſpenced;
But in their beds commenced
Are other labours, and more dainty feaſts.
She goes a maid, who, leſt ſhe turn the ſame,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy

Thy virgins girdle now vntie,
And in thy nuptial bed [loves altar] lie
A pleaſing ſacrifice; now diſpoſſeſs
Thee of theſe chains and robes, which were put on
T'adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
Like virtue, and truth, are beſt in nakedneſs;
This bed is only to virginitie
A grave, but to a better ſtate, a cradle.
Till now, thou waſt but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be ſaid, *I may be*, but *I am*,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

Even like a faithfull man content,
That this life for a better ſhould be ſpent:
So ſhe a mothers rich ſtile doth preferre,
And at the Bridegrooms wiſh't approach doth lie,
Like an appointed Lamb, when tenderly
The Prieſt comes on his knees, t'imbowel her.
Now ſleep or watch with more joy; and oh light
Of heaven, to morrow riſe thou hot, and early,
This Sun will love ſo dearly
Her reſt, that long, long we ſhall want her ſight
Wonders are wrought, for ſhe which had no name.
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

The end of the Epithalamions, or Marriage Songs.

28 MR 59

SATYRES.

Satyr I.

AWay thou changeling motley humoriſt,
Leave me, and in this ſtanding wooden cheſt,
Conſorted with theſe few books, let me lye
In priſon, and here be coffin'd, when I dye.
Here are Gods Conduits, grave Divines; and here
Is Natures Secretary, the Phyloſopher:
And wily Stateſmen, which teach how to tie
The ſinews of a Cities Myſtick body;
Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them ſtand
Giddy fantaſtique Poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this conſtant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
Firſt, ſwear by thy beſt love here, in earneſt
(If thou which lov'ſt all, canſt love any beſt)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle ſtreet,
Though ſome more ſpruce companion thou doſt meet,
Nor though a Captain do come in thy way
Bright parcell guilt, with forty dead mens pay:
Not though a briſk perfum'd pert Courtier
Deign with a nod, thy curteſie to anſwer:
Nor come a Velvet Juſtice with a long
Great train of blew-coats, twelve or fourteen ſtrong,
Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A ſpeech to court his beauteous ſon and heir?
For better or worſe take me, or leave me:
To take, and leave me is adultery.

Oh

Oh monſtrous, ſuperſtitious Puritan
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man,
That when thou meet'ſt one, with enquiring eyes
Doſt ſearch, and like a needy broker prize
The ſilk and gold he wares, and to that rate,
So high or low, doſt raiſe thy formal hat.
That wilt conſort none, till thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own.
As though all thy companions ſhould make thee
Joyntures, and marry thy dear company.
Why ſhould'ſt thou (that doſt not only approve,
But in rank itchy luſt, deſire, and love,
The nakedneſs and barrenneſs to enjoy,
Of thy plump muddy whore, or proſtitute boy;)
Hate virtue, though ſhe be naked and bare?
At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
And, till our ſouls be unapparelled
Of bodies, they from bliſs are baniſhed:
Mans firſt bleſt ſtate was naked; when by ſin
He loſt that, he was cloath'd but in beaſts skin,
And in this coarſe attire, which I now wear,
With God, and with the Muſes I conferre.
But ſince thou like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy ſins doſt repent
Theſe vanities, and giddineſſes, loe
I ſhut my chamber door, and come, let's goe.
But ſooner may a cheap whore, who hath bin
Worn out by as many ſeveral men in ſin,
As are black feathers, or musk-coloured hoſe,
Name her childs right true father, 'mongſt all thoſe;
Sooner may one gueſs, who ſhall bear away
The Infantry of *London*, hence to *India*:
And ſooner may a gulling Weather-ſpie
By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly

What faſhion'd hats, or ruffs, or ſuits next year
Our giddy-headed antick youth will wear:
Then thou, when thou depart'ſt from me, can ſhow
Whither, why, when or with whom thou would'ſt go.
But how ſhall I be pardon'd my offence
That thus have ſinn'd againſt my conſcience?
Now we are in the ſtreet; he firſt of all
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall;
And ſo impriſon'd, and hem'd in by me
Sels for a little ſtate his liberty;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine ſilken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous ſmiles allures,
And grins, ſmacks, ſhrugs, and ſuch an itch endures,
As Prentices or Schooleboyes which do know
Of ſome gay ſport abroad, yet dare not go.
And as fidlers ſtop loweſt at higheſt ſound,
So to the moſt brave, ſtoops he nigh'ſt the ground.
But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wiſe politique horſe would heretofore,
Or thou O Elephant, or Ape wilt do,
When any names the King of *Spain* to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, Do you ſee
Yonder well-favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis hee
That dances ſo divinely; Oh ſaid I,
Stand ſtill muſt you dance here for company?
He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excell
Th'Indians in drinking his Tobacco well)
Met us: they talk'd: I whiſperd, let us go,
'Tmay be you ſmell him not, truely I do.
He hears not me, but on the other ſide
A many coloured Peacocks having ſpide,
Leaves him and me; I for my loſt ſheep ſtay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,

Saying,

Saying, Him whom I laſt left, all repute
For his device, in handſoming a ſuit,
To Judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and pleit,
Of all the Court to have the beſt conceit;
Our dull Commedians want him, let him goe;
But, oh God ſtrengthen thee, why ſtoop'ſt thou ſo?
Why. He hath travelled long; no, but to me
Which underſtood none, he doth ſeem to be
Perfect French, and Italian. I reply'd,
So is the Pox. He anſwer'd not, but ſpy'd
More men of ſort, of parts and qualities,
At laſt his love he in window ſpies,
And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from me
Violently raviſhed to his lechery.
Many there were, he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and turn'd out of door
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And conſtantly a while muſt keep his bed.

Satyre II.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town, yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the reſt.
Though Poetry, indeed, be ſuch a ſin,
As, I think, that brings dearth, and Spaniards in:
Though like the Peſtilence, and old faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be ſtarv'd out. yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate:
One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,

And

And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by his labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome Organs, Puppits dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rythmes; but witchcrafts charms,
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.
Rams, and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt Artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
That 'excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worſt, who (beggerly) doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous Maw
Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue,
As his own things; and they are his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, th'excrement is his own.
But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe
To out-do Dildoes, and out-uſure Jews,
To out-drink the ſea, to out-ſwear the Letanie,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As Confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake,
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make:
Whoſe ſtrange ſins Canoniſts could hardly tell
In which Commandments large receit they dwell,
But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of *Coſcus*, only, breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time, (which rots all, and makes botches, pox,
And plodding on, muſt make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late
But ſcarce a Poet; jollier of this ſtate,
Then are new benefic'd Miniſters, he throws
Like nets, or lime-twigs, whereſoever he goes

His

His title of Barriſter, on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.
A motion Lady: Speak *Coſcus.* I have been
In love ever ſince *triceſimo* of the Queen.
Continual claims I have made, Injunctions got
To ſtay my rivals ſuit, that he ſhould not
Proceed; ſpare me, in Hillary terme I went,
You ſaid, if I return'd next ſize in Lent,
I ſhould be in Remitter of your grace;
In th'interim my letters ſhould take place
Of Affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maids ſoft ear
More, more then ten Sclavonians ſcolding's, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes rore.
When ſick with Poetry, and poſſeſt with muſe
Thou waſt and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuſe
Law practice for meer gain; bold ſoul repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk
His hand ſtill at a bill, now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear
That only ſuretyſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a Kings Favorite, or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like Aſſes, and more ſhameleſs farre
Than carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-mens lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as the ſea) he will compaſs all the land;
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand.
And ſpying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins, as he,

For

For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitching-ſtuffe,
And barrilling the droppings, and the ſnuffe
Of waſting candles, which in thirty year
(Reliquely kept) perchance buyes Wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each Acre, as Maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances, big, as gloſs'd civil laws,
So huge, that men (in our times forwardneſs)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
Theſe he writes not; nor for theſe written payes,
Therefore ſpares no lenth, (as in thoſe firſt dayes
When *Luther* was profeſt, He did deſire
Short *Pater noſters*, ſaying as a Fryer
Each day his beads, but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſts prayer, the power and glory clauſe.)
But when he ſels or changes land, h'impaires
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ſes heires*,
And ſlily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd ſexts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.
Where are thoſe ſpred woods which cloth'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.
Where the old Landlords Troops, and almes? In Hals
Carthuſian Faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich mens homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no Hacatombs,
None ſtarve, none ſurfet ſo. But (Oh) we allow
Good works, as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich Wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th'huge ſtatutes Jawes.

SA-

SATYRE III.

KInd pity cheeks my ſpleen; brave ſcorn forbids
Thoſe tears to iſſue, which ſwell my eye-lids.
I muſt not laugh, nor weep ſins, but be wiſe,
Can railing then cure theſe worn maladies?
Is not our Miſtreſs fair Religion,
As worthy of all our Souls devotion,
As virtue was to the firſt blinded Age?
Are not heavens joyes as valiant to aſſwage
Luſts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,
As we do them in means, ſhall they ſurpaſs
Us in the end? and ſhall thy fathers ſpirit
Meet blind Philoſophers in heaven, whoſe merit
Of ſtrict life may be imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught ſo eaſie wayes and near
To follow, damn'd? Oh, if thou dar'ſt, fear this:
This fear great courage, and high valour is.
Dar'ſt thou ayd mutinous Dutch? and dar'ſt thou lay
Thee in ſhips wooden Sepulchres, a prey
To leaders rage, to ſtorms, to ſhot, to dearth?
Dar'ſt thou dive ſeas, and dungeons of the earth?
Haſt thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North diſcoveries, and thrice
Colder than Salamanders? like divine
Children in th'Oven, fires of Spain, and the line
Whoſe Countries limbecks to our bodies be,
Canſt thou for gain bear? and muſt every he
Which cries not, Goddeſs, to thy Miſtreſs, draw
Or eat thy poyſonous words? courage of ſtraw!
O deſperate coward, wilt thou ſeem bold, and
To thy foes and his, (who made thee to ſtand

Senti-

Sentinel in this worlds Garriſon) thus yield,
And for forbid warres leave th'appointed field?
Know thy foes: The foul devil (he, whom thou
Striv'ſt to pleaſe) for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain, his whole Realm to be quit; and as
The worlds all parts wither away and paſs,
So the worlds ſelf, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this,
Doſt love a withered and worn ſtrumpet; laſt,
Fleſh (it ſelfs death) and joyes which fleſh can taſt,
Thou loveſt; and thy fair goodly ſoul, which doth
Give this fleſh power to taſt joy, thou doſt loath,
Seek true Religion, O where: *Mirreus*
Thinking her unhouſ'd here, and fled from us;
Seeks her at *Rome*, there, becauſe he doth know
That ſhe was there a thouſand years agoe,
He loves the raggs ſo, as we here obey
The State-cloth where the Prince ſate yeſterday.
Grants to ſuch brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her only, who at *Geneva* is call'd
Religion, plain, ſimple, ſullen, young,
Contemptuous yet unhandſome. As among
Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
No wenches wholſome, but coarſe country drudges.
Grajus ſtayes ſtill at home here, and becauſe
Some Preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new like faſhions, bids him think that ſhe
Which dwels with us, is only perfect, he
Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender, as Wards ſtill
Take ſuch wives as their Guardians offer, or
Pay valews. Careleſs *Phrygius* doth abhorr
All, becauſe all cannot be good; as one
Knowing ſome women whores, dares marry none.

Gracchus

Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that ſo
As women do in divers Countries go
In divers habits, yet are ſtill one kind;
So doth, ſo is Religion; and this blind-
neſs too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force muſt one, and forc'd but one allow;
And the right; ask thy Father which is ſhe,
Let him ask his. Though truth and falſhood be
Near twins, yet truth a little elder is.
Be buſie to ſeek her; believe me this,
He's not of none, nor worſt, that ſeeks the beſt.
To adore, or ſcorn an Image, or proteſt,
May all be bad. Doubt wiſely, in ſtrange way
To ſtand inquiring right, is not to ſtray;
To ſleep, or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged, and ſteep, Truth ſtands, and he that will
Reach her, about muſt, and about it goe:
And what the hills ſuddenneſs reſiſts, win ſo,
Yet ſtrive ſo, that before age, deaths twilight,
Thy Soul reſt, for none can work in that night.
To will implyes delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds, the bodies pains; hard knowledge to
The minds indeavours reach; and myſteries
Are like the Sun, dazling, yet plain to all eyes:
Keep the truth which thou haſt found; men do not ſtand
In ſo ill caſe, that God hath with his hand
Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy ſoul be tyed
To mans laws, by which ſhe ſhall not be tryed
At the laſt day? Or will it then boot thee
To ſay a *Philip* or a *Gregory*,
A *Harry* or a *Martin* taught me this?
Is not this excuſe for meer contraries,

Equally

Equally ſtrong; cannot both ſides ſay ſo?
That thou mayeſt rightly obey power, her bounds know;
Thoſe paſt her nature, and name are chang'd; to be,
Then humble to her is Idolatry.
As ſtreams are, Power is; thoſe bleſt flowers that dwell
At the rough ſtreams calm head, thrive and do well,
But having left their roots, and themſelves given
To the ſtreams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
Through Mills, Rocks, and Woods, and at laſt almoſt
Conſum'd in going, in the ſea are loſt:
So periſh Souls, which more chuſe mens unjuſt
Power, from God claim'd, then God himſelf to truſt.

Satyre. IV.

Well; I may now receive, and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee, or to be ſeen,
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhew,
Yet went to Court; But as Glare which did go
To Maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curſe,
Before he ſcap't, So't pleas'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going,) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, luſtful, and as much in debt,
As Vain, as witleſs, and as falſe as they
Which dwel in Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I ſuffer'd this; Towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange, than on Niles ſlime, the Sun

Er

E'r bred, or all which into *Noah's* Ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd *Adam* to name:
Stranger than ſeven Antiquaries ſtudies,
Than Africks Monſters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than ſtrangers: One who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the Prentiſes 'gainſt Strangers riſe.
One whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Juſtice ſure would cry,
Sir, by your Prieſthood tell me what you are.
His cloaths were ſtrange, though coarſe, and black though bare
Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
See it plain Raſh a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and faith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th' Accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe.
He ſpeaks one language, If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe.
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt,
But Pedants motley tongue, ſouldiers bumbaſt,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, couzen ſubtleſt whores,
Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either;
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me; He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you preſer,

For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſeelily
Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.
Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir. Beza then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies I named; here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid: Nay, your Apoſtles were
Good pretty Linguiſts, ſo Panurgus was;
Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs.
But travail then, as if he would have ſould
His tongue, he praiſed it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babels bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.
He adds, if of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, not alone,
My loneneſs is, but Spartanes faſhion.
To teach by painting drunkards doth not laſt,
Now Aretines pictures have made few chaſt;
No more can Princes Courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue.
He like to a high-ſtretcht Lute-ſtring ſqueakt, O ſir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
And for his price doth with who ever comes,
Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your eares ſhall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; The way to it is Kings ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique courſe,
So are all your Engliſh men in their diſcourſe.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram,

Not

Not ſo Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaf'd him: But as Itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron grownd
Into an edge, hurts worſe: So, I (fool) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtile doth dreſs;
And asks, what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still which ſtayes
A Sembrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As, loath to inrich me, ſo tells many a ly,
More then ten Hollenſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſhold traſh, He knows; he knows
When the Queen frownd, or ſmil'd, and he knows what
A ſubtle States-man may gather of that;
He knows who loves, whom; and who by poyſon
Haſts to an Offices reverſion;
He knows who hath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licenſe, old iron, boots, ſhoos, and egge-
Shels to tranſport; Shortly, boyes ſhall not play
At ſpan counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome Courtier; and wiſer then all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale, and ſickly, like a Patient, yet
He thruſts on more; And as he had undertook
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all States and deeds that have been ſince
The Spanyards came to the loſs of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat
To hear this Makaron talk, in vain: for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a priviledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.

He names a price for every office paid;
He ſaith, our wars thrive ill, becauſe delai'd;
That offices are intailed and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great officers
Do with the Pirates ſhare, and Dunkirkers.
Who waſts in meat, in cloaths, in horſe he notes;
Who loves Whores, who boyes, and who goats.
I more amaz'd than Circes priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt my ſelf then
Becomming Traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
To ſuck me in; for hearing him, I found
That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſoars, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did ſhow
All ſignes of loathing; But ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear this croſs; but the 'hower
Of mercy now was come: He tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to ſcape his torturing,
And ſayes, Sir, can you ſpare me? I ſaid; willingly;
Nay, Sir, Can you ſpare me a Crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as Ranſom; but as fidlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you: ſo did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown: Scant
His thanks were ended when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſuch ſtrange things as he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſte than one
Who fears more actions, doth haſt from priſon.

At

At home in wholeſom ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuiters at Court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dream't he ſaw hell, did advance
It ſelf o're me: Such men as he ſaw there,
I ſaw at Court, and worſe, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not the accuſer: Then,
Shall I, none ſlave, of high born or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and, my Miſtreſs Truth, betray thee
To th' huffing braggart, puft Nobility?
No, no, Thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, Vanity,
Such as ſwells the bladder of our Court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Tranſported it, from Italy, to ſtand
With us, at London, flouts our Courtiers, for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap, nor
Taſt have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks are, their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a clock and paſt; all whom the Mues,
Baloun, Tennis, Diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the Preſence, and I, (God pardon me)
As freſh and ſweet their Apparels be, as be
The fields they ſold to buy them. For a King
Thoſe hoſe are crys the flatterer; And bring
Them next week to the Theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates. Me ſeems they do as well
At ſtage, as Court; All are players; who e'r looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'r Cheapſide Books,
Shall find their wardrobes Inventory. Now,
The Ladies come. As Pirats, which do know,

That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cutchanel,
The men board them; and praiſe (as they think) well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'r wear ſcarlet gowns, I thought
This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all reds which ſcarlets die.
He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair looſe ſet.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine,
From hat to ſhoo, himſelf at door refine,
As if the Preſence were a Moſchite: and lift
His skirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by *Durers* rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with ſuch nicety
As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes
Him not ſo much as good will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the Inquiſition;
And whiſpers by Jeſu, ſo often, that a
Purſevant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying of our Ladies Pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough careleſsneſs, good faſhion;
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear; or whom he ſpits on

He

He cares not he. His ill words do no harm
To him, he ruſhes in, as if arm, arm,
He meant to cry; And though his face be as ill
As theirs, which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe, he keeps all in awe;
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleaſ'd ſo
As men from gaols t' execution go,
Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among
Thoſe Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing Croſs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
Living, barrels of beef, and flagons of wine.
I ſhook like a ſpied Spie. Preachers which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the ſins of this place, for, for me
Which am but a ſcant brook, it enough ſhall be
To waſh the ſtains away: Although I yet
(With *Machabees* modeſty) the known merit
Of my work leſſen: yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my writs Canonical.

SATYRE. V.

THou ſhal not laugh in this leafe, Muſe, nor they
Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
Rules to make Courtiers, he being underſtood
May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?
Free's from the ſting of jeſts all who in extreme
Are wretched or wicked, of theſe two a theam
Charity and liberty give me. What is he
Who Officers rage, and Suitors miſery

Can write in jeſt? If all things be in all,
As I think, ſince all, which were, are, and ſhall
Be, be made of the ſame elements:
Each thing, each thing implyes or repreſents.
Then man is a world; in which, Officers,
Are the vaſt raviſhing ſeas; and ſuters,
Springs, now full, now ſhallow, now dry, which, to
That which drowns them, run: theſe ſelf reaſons do
Prove the world a man, in which, officers
Are the devouring ſtomach, and Suters
The excrements which they void. All men are duſt,
How much worſe are Suters, who to mens luſt
Are made preys? O worſe than duſt or worms meat,
For they do eat you now, whoſe ſelves worms ſhall eat.
They are the mills which grind you, yet you are
The wind which drives them; and a waſtful war
Is fought againſt you, and you fight it; they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
Like wittals, th' iſſue your own ruin is.
Greateſt and faireſt Empreſs, know you this?
Alas, no more than Thames calm head doth know
Whoſe meads her arms drown or whoſe corn o're-flow.
You ſir, whoſe righteouſneſs ſhe loves, whom I
By having leave to ſerve, am moſt richly
For ſervice paid, authoriz'd, now begin
To know and weed out this enormous ſin.
O Age of ruſty Iron! Some better wit
Call it ſome worſe name, if ought equal it.
The iron Age was, when juſtice was ſold, now
Injuſtice is ſold dearer far, allow
All claim'd fees and duties, Gameſters, anon
The money which you ſweat and ſwear for, is gon
Into other hands: So controverted lands
Scape, like Angelica the ſtrivers hands.

If

If Law be in the Judges heart, and he
Have no heart to reſiſt letter, or fee,
Where wilt thou appeal? power of the Courts below,
Flow from the firſt main head, and theſe can throw
Thee, if they ſuck thee in, to miſery,
To fetters, halters. But if the injury
Steel thee to dare complain, Alas, thou go'ſt
Againſt the ſtream upwards, when thou art moſt
Heavy and moſt faint; and in theſe labours they,
'Gainſt whom thou ſhould'ſt complain, will in thy way
Become great ſeas, o're which, when thou ſhalt be
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou ſhalt ſee
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before.
All things follow their like, only who have may have more.
Judges are Gods; and he who made them ſo,
Meant not men ſhould be forc'd to them to go,
By means of Angels. When ſupplications
Wee ſend to God, to Dominations,
Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if we
Should pay fees, as here, Daily bread would be
Scarce to Kings; ſo 'tis. Would it not anger
A Stoick, a Coward, yea a Martyr,
To ſee a Purſivant come in, and call
All his clothes, Copes; Books, Primers; and all
His Plate, Chalices, and miſtake them away,
And ask a fee for comming? Oh; ne'r may
Fair laws white reverend name be ſtrumpeted,
To warrant thefts: ſhe is eſtabliſhed
Recorder to Deſtiny, on earth, and ſhe
Speaks Fates words, and tells who muſt be
Rich, who poor, who in chairs, who in jayles;
She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nales,
With which ſhe ſcatcheth Suiters. In bodies
Of men, ſo in law, nailes are extremities.

So

So Officers ſtretch to more than law can do,
As our nails reach what no elſe part comes to.
Why bareſt thou to yon Officer? Fool, hath he
Got thoſe goods, for which erſt men bar'd to thee?
Fool, twice, thrice, thou haſt bought wrong, & now hungerly
Beg'ſt right, but that dole coms not till theſe dy.
Thou had'ſt much, and laws Urim and Thummim trie
Thou wouldſt for more; and for all haſt paper
Enough to cloath all the great Charricks Pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more ſhalt leeſe
Then Hammon, when he ſold his Antiquities.
O wretch, that thy fortunes ſhould moralize
Eſops fables, and make tales, propheſies.
Thou art the ſwimming dog whom ſhadows cozeneth,
Which div'ſt near drowning, for what vaniſheth.

SATYRE VI.

SLeep next, Society and true friendſhip
Mans beſt contentment, doth ſecurely ſlip.
His paſſions and the worlds troubles rock me.
O ſleep, wean'd from thy dear friends company,
In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there
VVhere poor men ly, for Kings aſleep do fear.
Here ſleeps Houſe by famous Arioſto,
By ſilver-tongu'd Ovid, and many moe,
Perhaps by golden-mouth'd Spencer too pardie,
(VVhich builded was ſome dozen Stories high)
I had repair'd, but that it was ſo rotten,
As ſleep awak'd by Ratts from thence was gotten:
And I will build no new, for by my VVill,
Thy fathers houſe ſhall be the faireſt ſtill.

In

In Exceſter. Yet, methinks, for all their Wit,
Thoſe wits that ſay nothing, beſt deſcribe it.
Without it there is no Senſe, only in this
Sleep is unlike a long Parentheſis.
Not to ſave charges, but would I had ſlept
The time I ſpent in London, when I kept
Fighting and untruſt gallants Company,
In which Natta, the new Knight, ſeized on me,
And offered me the experience he had bought
With great Expence. I found him throughly taught
In curing Burnes. His thing had had more ſcars
Then T himſelf; like Epps it often wars,
And ſtill is hurt. For his Body and State
The Phyſick and Councel (which came too late
'Gainſt Whores and Dice) he now on me beſtows:
Moſt ſuperficially he ſpeaks of thoſe.
I found, by him, leaſt ſound him who moſt knows.
He ſwears well, ſpeakes ill, but beſt of Clothes,
What fits Summer, what What Winter, what the Spring.
He had Living, but now theſe waies come in
His whole Revenues. Where his Whore now dwells,
And hath dwelt, ſince his fathers death, he tells.
Yea he tells moſt cunningly each hid cauſe
Why Whores forſake their Bawds. To theſe ſome Laws
He knows of the Duel, and on his Skill
The leaſt Jot in that or theſe he quarrel will,
Though ſober, but nere fought. I know
What made his Valour undubd Windmill go.
Within a Pint at moſt: yet for all this
(Which is moſt ſtrange) Natta thinks no man is
More honeſt than himſelf. Thus men may want
Conſcience, whilſt being brought up ignorant,
They uſe themſelves to vice. And beſides thoſe
Illiberal Arts forenam'd, no Vicar knows,

Nor

Nor other Captain leſs then he, His Schools
Are Ordinaries, where civil men ſeem fools,
Or are for being there; His beſt bookes, Plaies,
Where, meeting godly Scenes, perhaps he praies.
His firſt ſet prayer was for his fathers ill,
And ſick that he might dye: That had, until
The Lands were gone, he troubled God no more:
And then ask'd him but his Right, hat the whore
Whom he had kept, might now keep him: She ſpent,
They left each other on even terms; ſhe went
To Bridewel, he unto the Wars, where want
Hath made him valiant, and a Lieutenant
He is become: Where, as they paſs apace,
He ſteps aſide, and for his Captains place
He praies again: Tells God, he will confeſs
His ſins, ſwear, drink, dice and whore thenceforth leſs,
On this Condition, that if his Captain dye
And he ſucceed, But his Prayer did not; they
Both caſhir'd came home, and he is braver now
Than his captain: all men wonder, few know how,
Can he rob? No. Cheat? No. or doth he ſpend
His own? No. Fidus, he is thy dear friend,
That keeps him up. I would thou wert thine own,
Or thou hadſt as good a friend as thou art one.
No preſent Want nor future hope made me,
Deſire (as once I did) thy friend to be:
But he had cruelly poſſeſt thee then,
And as our Neighbours the Low-Country men,
Being (whilſt they were Loyal, with Tyranny
Oppreſt) broke looſe, have ſince refus'd to be
Subject to good Kings, I found even ſo,
Wer't thou well rid of him, thou't have no moe.
Could'ſt thou but chuſe as well as love to none

Thou

Thou ſhould'ſt be ſecond: Turtle and damon
Should give the place in ſongs, and Lovers ſick
Should make thee only Loves Hieroglyphick:
Thy Impreſs ſhould be the loving Elm and Vine,
Where now an ancient Oak with Ivy twine,
Deſtroy'd thy *Symbole* is. O dire Miſchance?
And, O vile verſe! And yet our Abraham France
Writes thus, and jeſts not. Good Fidus for this
Muſt pardon me, *Satyres* Bite when they kiſs.
But as for Natta, we have ſince faln out:
Here on his knees, he pray'd, elſe we had fought.
And becauſe God would not he ſhould be winner,
Nor yet would have the Death of ſuch a ſinner,
At his ſeeking, our Quarrel is deferr'd,
I'll leave him at his Prayers, and as I heard,
His laſt; and Fidus, you and I do know,
I was his friend, and durſt have been his foe,
And would be either yet; But he dares be
Neither yet. ſleep blots him out and takes in thee.
" The mind, you know is like a Table-book,
" The old unwipt new writing never took.
Hear how the Huiſhers Checques, Cupbord and Fire
I paſſ'd: (by which Degrees young men aſpire
In Court) And how that idle and ſhe-ſtate,
(When as my judgment cleer'd) my ſoul did hate,
How I found there (if that my trifling Pen
Durſt take ſo hard a Task) Kings were but men,
And by their Place more noted, if they erre;
How they and their Lords unworthy men prefer;
And, as unthrifts, had rather give away
Great Summs to flatterers, than ſmall debts pay;
So they their greatneſs hide, and greatneſs ſhow
By giving them that which to worth they owe:

What

What Treaſon is, and what did Eſſex kill,
Not true Treaſon, but Treaſon handled ill:
And which of them ſtood for their Countries good,
Or what might be the Cauſe of ſo much Blood;
He ſaid ſhe ſtunck, and men might not have ſaid
That ſhe was old before that ſhe was dead.
His Caſe was hard to do or ſuffer; loth
To do, he made it harder, and did both
Too much preparing loſt them all their Lives,
Like ſome in Plagues kill'd with preſervatives.
Friends, like land-ſouldiers in a ſtorm at Sea,
Not knowing what to do, for him did pray.
They told it all the world, where was their wit?
Cuffs putting on a ſword, might have told it.
And Princes muſt fear Favorites more then Foes,
For ſtill beyond Revenge Ambition goes.
How ſince Her death, with Sumpter-horſe that Scot
Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not
A Sumpter-dog. But till that I can write
Things worth thy Tenth reading (dear Nick) goodnight.

SATYRE. VII.

MEn write that love and reaſon diſagree,
But I ne'r ſaw't expreſt as 'tis in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God muſt make thee ſee,
But, thine eyes blinde too, there's no hope for thee.
Thou ſay'ſt ſhee's wiſe and witty, fair and free,
All theſe are reaſons why ſhe ſhould ſcorn thee.
Thou doſt proteſt thy love, and would'ſt it ſhow
By matching her, as ſhe would match her foe:
And would'ſt perſwade her to a worſe offence,
Than that whereof thou didſt accuſe her wench.

Reaſon

Reaſon there's none for the, but thou maiſt vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her ſex
Shun her, ſhe needs muſt change; I do not ſee
How reaſon e'r can bring that *muſt* to thee.
Thou art a mate for Juſtice to rejoyce,
Fit to be his, and not his daughters choice.
Dry'd with his threats ſhee'd ſcarcely ſtay with thee,
And wouldſt th' have this to chuſe thee, being free?
Go then and puniſh ſome ſoon gotten ſtuff,
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,
In hating thee. Thou maiſt one like this meet:
For ſpight take her, prove kind, make thy breath ſweet,
Let her ſee ſhe hath cauſe, and to bring to thee
Honeſt children, let her diſhoneſt be.
If ſhe be a widow I'le warrant her
She'l thee before her firſt husband prefer,
And will wiſh thou hadſt had her maidenhead,
(Shee'll love thee ſo) for, then thou hadſt been dead.
But thou ſuch ſtrong love, and weak reaſons haſt,
Thou muſt thrive there, or ever live diſgrac'd.
Yet pauſe a while, and thou maiſt live to ſee
A time to come, wherein ſhe may beg thee.
If thou 'lt not pauſe nor change, ſhel beg thee now,
Doe what ſhe can, love for nothing ſhe 'll allow.
Beſides, here were too much gain and merchandiſe.
And when thou art rewarded, deſert dies.
Now thou haſt ods of him ſhe loves, he may doubt
Her conſtancy, but none can put the out.
Again, be thy love true, ſhe'l prove divine
And in the end, the good on't will be thine.
For though thou muſt ne'r think of other love,
And ſo wiſt advance her as high above
Vertue as cauſe above effect can be,
'Tis vertue to be chaſt, which ſhe'll make the.

28 MR 59

The end of the Satyres.

LET-

LETTERS *TO SEVERAL* PERSONAGES.

THE STORM.

To Mr. Chriſtopher Brook, *from the Iſland voyage with the* Earl *of* Eſſex.

THOu which art I, ('tis nothing to be ſo)
Thou which art ſtill thy ſelf, by this ſhalt know
Part of our paſſage; And, a hand, or eye
By *Hilliard* drawn, is worth a Hiſtory,
By a worſe painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,
My lines are ſuch. 'Tis the preheminence,
Of friendſhip only t' impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe, what we be, and have,
Sad that her ſons did ſeek a forrain grave
(For, Fates or Fortunes drifts none can gain-ſay,
Honour and miſery have one face, and way.)
From out her pregnant intrails ſigh'd a wind
Which at th' ayres middle marble room did find
Such ſtrong reſiſtance, that it ſelf it threw
Downward again; and ſo when it did view

How,

How, in the port, our fleet dear time did leeſe,
Withering like priſoners, which lie but for fees,
Mildly it kiſt our ſailes, and freſh, and ſweet,
As, to a ſtomach ſtarv'd, whoſe inſides meet,
Meat comes, it came; and ſwole our ſails, when we
So joy'd, as *Sara* her ſwelling joy'd to ſee.
But 'twas but ſo kind, as our countrey men,
Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them then;
Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre
Aſunder meet againſt a third to warre,
The South and Weſtwinds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,
Like ſhot, not fear'd till felt, our ſails aſſail;
And what at firſt was call'd a guſt, the ſame
Hath now a ſtorms, anon a tempeſts name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curſe thoſe men,
Who when the ſtorme rag'd moſt, did wake thee then;
Sleep is pains eaſieſt ſalve, and doth fulfill
All Offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I ſaw, that I ſaw not.
I, and the Sun, which ſhould teach me, 'had forgot
Eaſt, Weſt, day, night; and I could only ſay,
If the world had laſted, now it had been day.
Thouſands our noyſes were, yet we 'mongſt all
Could none by this right name, but thunder call:
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Then if the Sun had drunk the ſea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet muſt die:
And as ſin-burd'ned ſouls from graves will creep,
At the laſt day, ſome forth their cabbins peep:
And trembling ask what news, and do hear ſo
As jealous husbands, what they would not know.

Some ſitting on the hatches, would ſeem there,
With hideous gazing to fear away fear.
There note they the ſhips ſickneſſes, the Maſt
Shak'd with an ague, and the Hold and Waſte
With a ſalt dropſie clogg'd, and all our tacklings
Snapping, like to too-high-ſtretch'd treble ſtrings.
And from our totter'd ſales rags drop down ſo
As from one hang'd in chains a year agoe.
Yea even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
Strives to break looſe, and ſcape away from thence
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gain?
Seas into ſeas thrown, we ſuck in again:
Hearing hath deaf'd our Sailers, and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to ſay.
Compar'd to theſe ſtorms, death is but a qualme,
Hell ſomewhat lightſome, the *Bermuda*'s calme.
Darkneſs lights eldeſt brother, his birth-right
Claims o'r the world, and to heaven hath chas'd light
All things are one: and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformitie
Doth cover; ſo that we, except God ſay
Another *Fiat*, ſhall have no more day,
So violent, yet long theſe furies be,
That though thine abſence ſterve me, I wiſh not thee.

The Calme.

OUr ſtorm is paſt, and that ſtorms tyrannous rage
A ſtupid calme, but nothing it doth ſwage.
The fable is inverted, and farr more
A block afflicts now, then a ſtork before.
Storms chafe, and ſoon wear out themſelves, or us;
In calms, Heaven laughs to ſee us languiſh thus.

As

As ſteady as I could wiſh my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy Miſtreſſe glaſſe, or what ſhines there;
The ſea is now, and as the Iſles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ſhips rooted be.
As water did in ſtorms: now pitch runs out:
As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one ſpout.
And all our beauty, and our trim decayes,
Like Courts removing, or like ending playes.
The fighting place now ſeamens rage ſupply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
Now uſe of Lanthorns: and in one place lay
Feathers and duſt, to day and yeſterday.
Earths hollowneſſes which the worlds lungs are,
Have no more wind then the upper vault of ayre.
We can nor loſt friends nor ſought foes recover,
But meteor-like, ſave that we move not, hover.
Onely the Calenture together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fiſhes Maws,
And on the hatches, as on Altars lies
Each one, his own Prieſt, and own Sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiplie
Where walkers in hot Ovens do not die.
If in deſpight of theſe, we ſwim, that hath
No more refreſhing, than a Brimſtone bath;
But from the ſea into the ſhip we turn,
Like parboy'ld wretches, on the coals to burne.
Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the Shepheards ſcoffe;
Or like ſlack ſinew'd *Sampſon*, his hair off,
Languiſh our ſhips. Now as a Miriade
Of Ants durſt th'Emperors lov'd Snake invade;
The crawling Gallies, Sea-goales, finny chips,
Might brave with *Venice's*, our bed-rid ſhips:
Whether a rotten ſtate, and hope of gain,
Or, to diſuſe me from the queaſie pain

Of being belov'd, and loving: or the thirſt
Of honour, or fair death, out-puſht me firſt,
I loſe my end: for here as well as I
A deſperate may live, and coward die.
Stag, dog, and all which from, or towards flies,
Is paid with life, or prey, or doing dies:
Fate grudges us all, and doth ſubtly lay
A ſcourge, 'gainſt which we all forgot to pray.
He that at ſea prayes for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
What are we then? How little more, alas,
Is man now, then, before he was, he was?
Nothing for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance, or our ſelves ſtill diſproportion it;
We have no power, no will, no ſenſe; I lie,
I ſhould not then thus feel this miſery.

To Sir Henry Wootton.

SIr, more than kiſſes, letters mingle Souls,
For, thus friends abſent ſpeak. This eaſe controuls
The tediouſneſs of my life: but for theſe
I could invent nothing at all to pleaſe,
But I ſhould wither in one day, and paſs
To a Lock of hay, that am a Bottle of graſs.
Life is a voyage, and in our lives wayes
Countryes, Courts, Towns are Rocks or Remoraes;
They break or ſtop all ſhips, yet our ſtate's ſuch
That (though then pitch they ſtain worſe) we muſt touch.
If in the furnace of the even line,
Or under th'adverſe icy pole thou pine,
Thou know'ſt two temperate Regions girded in,
Dwell there: but oh, what refuge canſt thou win

Parchd

Parch'd in the Court, and in the Country frozen?
Shall Cities built of both extremes be choſen?
Can dung or garlike be a perfume? Or can
A Scorpion, or Torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worſt of all three; of all three?
(O knotty riddle) each is worſt equally.
Cities are Sepulchres; they who dwell there
Are carcaſes, as if none ſuch there were.
And Courts are Theatres, where ſome men play
Princes, ſome ſlaves, and all end in one day.
The Country is a deſert, where no good
Gain'd, as habits, not born, is underſtood.
There men become beaſts, and prone to all evils;
In Cities blocks, and in a lewd Court, devils.
As, in the firſt Chaos, confuſedly
Each Elements qualities were in th'other three:
So pride, luſt, covetize, being ſeverall
To theſe three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their iſſue is inceſtuous.
Falſhood is denizond. Virtue is barbarous,
Let no man ſay there, Virtues flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me, I'll do none, but know all.
Men are ſpunges, which to powre out, receive:
Who know falſe play, rather than loſe, deceive.
For in beſt underſtandings ſin began,
Angels ſin'd firſt, then devils, and then man.
Onely perchance beaſts ſin not, wretched we
Are beaſts in all, but white integritie.
I think if men, which in theſe places live,
Durſt look in themſelves, and themſelves retrive,
They would like ſtrangers greet themſelves, ſeeing than
Utopian youth, grown old Italian.
Be then thine own home, and in thy ſelf dwell;
Inn any where; continuance maketh hell.

And ſeing the ſnail, which every where doth rome,
Carrying his own houſe ſtill, ſtill is at home:
Follow, (for he is eaſie pac'd) this ſnail,
Be thine own Palace, or the world's thy gail.
And in the worlds ſea do not like cork ſleep
Upon the waters face, nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line: but as
Fiſhes glide, leaving no print where they paſs,
Nor making ſound: ſo, cloſely thy coarſe goe,
Let men diſpute, whether thou breath, or no:
Only in this be no Geleniſt. To make
Courts hot ambitions wholeſome, do not take
A dram of Countries dulneſſe; do not add
Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad.
But, Sir, I adviſe not you, I rather do
Say o'r thoſe leſſons, which I learn'd of you:
Whom, free from *Germanies* Schiſmes, and lightneſſe
Of *France*, and fair *Italies* faithleſneſs,
Having from theſe ſuck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith which you carried forth,
I throughly love; But if my ſelf I have won
To know my rules, I have, and you have DONNE.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

WHo makes the laſt, a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but ſtill the ſame things reads,
Seen things he ſees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A Palace when 'tis that, which it ſhould be,
Leaves growing and ſtands ſuch, or elſe decayes:
But he which dwells there is not ſo; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raiſe.

So

So had your body'her morning, hath her noon,
And ſhall nor better; her next change is night:
But her fair larger gueſt, to whom Sun and Moon
Are ſparks, and ſhort liv'd, claims another right,

The noble Soul by age grows luſtier,
Her appetite, and her digeſtion mend;
We muſt not ſterve, nor hope to pamper her
With womans milk, and pappe, unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet, You have ſeen
All Libraries, which are Schools, Camps, and Courts;
But ask your Garners if you have not been
In harveſt, too indulgent to your ſports.

Would you redeem it? Then your ſelf tranſplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandiſh ground
Bears no more wit, than ours, but yet more ſcant
Are thoſe diverſions there, which here abound.

To be a ſtranger hath that benefit,
We can beginnings, but not habits choak.
Goe, whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
New faults till they preſcribe to us are ſmoak.

Our ſoul, whoſe Country's Heaven, and God her father,
Into this world, corruptions ſink, is ſent;
Yet ſo much in her travail ſhe doth gather,
That ſhe returns home wiſer than ſhe went;

It payes you well, if it teach you to ſpare
And make you aſham'd, to make your hawks praiſe
Which when her ſelf ſhe leſſens in the air, (yours,
You then firſt ſay, that high enough ſhe toures.

However keep the lively taſte you hold
Of God, love him now, but fear him more,
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promiſ'd him at morning prayer before.

Let falſhood like a diſcord anger you,
Elſe be not froward. But why do I touch
Things, of which none is in your practice new,
And Fables and fruit-trenchers teach as much.

But thus I make you keep your promiſe Sir,
Riding I had you, though you ſtill ſtaid there,
And in theſe thoughts, although you never ſtir,
Yon came with me to *Micham*, and are here.

To Mr. Rowland Woodward.

LIke one who in her third widowhood doth profeſs
Her ſelf a Nun, tyed to retiredneſs,
So affects my Muſe, now, a chaſt fallowneſs.

Since ſhe to few, yet to too many hath ſhown,
How Love-ſongweeds, and Satyrique thorns are grown
Where ſeeds of better Arts, were early ſown?

Though to uſe, and love Poetry, to me,
Betroth'd to no one Art, be no Adultery;
Omiſſions of good, ill, as ill deeds be.

For though to us it ſeem but light and thin,
Yet in thoſe faithful ſcales, where God throws in
Mens works, vanity weighs as much as ſin.

If

Your ſouls have ſtain'd their firſt white, yet we
May cloath them with faith, and dear honeſty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no Virtue but Religion:
Wiſe, valiant, ſober, juſt, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-couering diſcretion.

Seek we then our ſelves in our ſelves; for as
Men force the Sun with much more force to paſs,
By gathering his beams with a Chryſtal glaſs;

So we (if we into our ſelves will turn,
Blowing our ſpark of vertue) may out-burn
The ſtraw which doth about our hearts ſojourn.

You know, Phyſitians, when they would infuſe
Into any oyl the ſouls of ſimples, uſe
Places, where they may lie ſtill warm, to chuſe.

So works rètiredneſs in us; To rome
Giddily, and be every where, but at home,
Such freedom doth a baniſhment become.

We are but farmers of our ſelves, yet may,
If we can ſtock our ſelves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treaſure for the great rent day.

Manure thy ſelf then, to thy ſelf be improv'd,
And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee, and would be lov'd.

To Sir Henry Wootton.

HEre's no more new, then virtue, I may as well
Tell *Calis*,, or Saint *Michaels* Mount, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to get ſtomachs, we walk up and down,
And toyl to ſweeten reſt; ſo, may God frown,
If but to loath both, I haunt Court, and Town.

For, here, no one is from th'extremitie
Of vice, by any other reaſon free,
But that the next to him, ſtill, is worſe then he.

In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate,
(Gods Commiſſary) doth ſo throughly hate,
As in the Courts Squadron to marſhall their ſtate:

If they ſtand arm'd with ſilly honeſty,
With wiſhing, prayers, and neat integritie,
Like Indians 'gainſt Spaniſh hoſts they be.

Suſpicious boldneſs to this place belongs,
And to have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe me Sir, in my youths giddieſt dayes,
When to be like the Court was a players praiſe,
Playes were not ſo like Courts, as Courts like Playes.

Then let us at theſe mimique antiques jeaſt,
Whoſe deepeſt projects are egregeous gueſts,
And but dull Morals at a game at Cheſts.

But

But 'tis an incongruitie to ſmile,
Therefore I end; and bid farewel a while
At Court, though from Court, were the better ſtile.

To the Counteſs of Bedford.

MADAM,

REaſon is our Souls left hand, Faith her right,
By theſe we reach divinity, that's you;
Their loves who have the bleſſing of your light,
Grew from their reaſon, mine from fair faith grew.

But as although a ſquint left-handedneſs
Be ungratious, yet we cannot want that hand:
So would I, (not to encreaſe, but to expreſs
My faith) as I believe, ſo underſtand.

Therefore I ſtudy you firſt in your Saints,
Thoſe friends whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, acceſſes and reſtraints,
And what you read, and what your ſelf deviſe.

But ſoon, the reaſons why you'are lov'd by all,
Grow infinite, and ſo paſs reaſons reach,
Then back again to implicite faith I fall,
And reſt on what the Catholique voice doth teach;

That you are good: and not one Heretique
Denies it; if he did, yet you are ſo.
For rocks which high do ſeem, deep-rooted ſtick,
Waves waſh, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In every thing there naturally grows
A *Balſamum* to keep it freſh and new,

If 'twere not injur'd by extrinſique blows;
Your birth and beauty are this Balm in you.

But, you of Learning and Religion,
And virtue, 'and ſuch ingredients, have made
A Mithridate, whoſe operation
Keeps off or cures, what can be done or ſaid.

Yet this is not your phyſick, but your food,
A diet fit for you; for you are here
The firſt good Angel, ſince the worlds frame ſtood,
That ever did in womans ſhape appear.

Since you are then Gods Maſter-piece, and ſo
His Factor for our loves; do as you do,
Make your return home gracious; and beſtow
This life on that; ſo make one life of two.
For ſo God help me, I would not miſs you there
For all the good which you can do me here.

To the Counteſs of Bedford.

MADAM,

YOu have refin'd me, and to worthieſt things
Virtue, Art, Beauty, Fortune; now I ſee
Rareneſs, or uſe, not nature value brings;
And ſuch, as they are circumſtanc'd, they bee.
Two ils can ne'r perplex us, ſin t'excuſe,
But of two good things we may leave or chuſe.

Therefore at Court, which is not virtues clime,
Where a tranſcendent height (as, lowneſs me)
Makes her not ſee, or not ſhow: all my rime
Your virtues challenge, which there rareſt be;

For, as dark texts need notes ſome: there muſt be
To uſher virtue, and ſay, *This is ſhe.*

So in the Country is beauty. To this place
You are the ſeaſon, (Madam) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of ſpices till your face
Exhale them, and a thick cloſe bud diſplay.
Widow'd and recluſ'd elſe her ſweets ſh'enſhrines
As *China*, when the Sun at *Braſil* dines.

Out from your Chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falſifies both computations ſo;
Since a new world doth riſe here from your light,
We your new creatures by new reckonings go.
This ſhews that you from nature loathly ſtray.
That ſuffer not an Artificial day.

In this you have made the Court the Antipodes,
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sun,
To do prophane Autumnal offices,
Whil'ſt here to you, we ſacrificers run;
And whether Prieſts, or Organs, you we'obey,
We ſound your influence, and your Dictates ſay.

Yet to that Deitie which dwels in you,
Your virtuous Soul, I now not ſacrifice;
Theſe are *Petitions*, and not *Hymns*; they ſue
But that I may ſurvey the edifice.
In all Religions as much care hath bin
Of Temples frames, and beauty, 'as Rites within.

As all which goe to Rome do not thereby,
Eſteem Religions, and hold faſt the beſt,
But ſerve diſcourſe, and curioſity,
With that which doth Religion but inveſt,

And

And ſhun th'entangling labyrinths of Schools;
And make it wit, to think the wiſer fools:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as You are Virtues Temple, not as ſhe,
What Wals of tender cryſtal her enfold,
What eyes, hands, boſome, her pure Altars be,
And after this ſurvey, oppoſe to all
Builders of Chappels, you th'Eſcurial.

Yet not as conſecrate, but meerly 'as fair';
On theſe I caſt a lay and Countrey eye:
Of paſt and future ſtories, which are rare,
I find you all record, and propheſie.
Purge but the book of Fate that it admit
No ſad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the Tranſcript, and Original,
The Elements, the Parents, and the growth,
And every piece of you, is worth their All,
So'intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
Muſt do the ſame things ſtill; you cannot two.

But theſe (as niceſt School divinity
Serves hereſie to furder or repreſs)
Taſte of Poetique rage, or flatterie,
And need not, where all hearts one truth profeſs;
Oft from new proofs, and new phraſe, new doubts grow,
As ſtrange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then buſie praiſe, end all appeal,
To higher Courts, ſenſes decree is true.
The Mine, the Magazine, the Common-weal,
The ſtory of beauty', in Twicknam is, and you.

Who

Who hath ſeen one, would both; As, who hath bin
In Paradiſe, would ſeek the Cherubin.

To Sir Edward Herbert, *ſince Lord* Herbert *of* Cherbury, *being at the Siege of* Julyers.

MAn is a lump, where all beaſts kneaded bee,
Wiſdome makes him an Ark where all agree;
The fool, in whom theſe beaſts do live at jarre,
Is ſport to others, and a Theater,
Nor ſcapes he ſo, but is himſelf their prey;
All which was man in him, is eat away,
And now his beaſts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monſters breed:
How happy's he, which hath due place aſſign'd
To his beaſts; and diſaforeſted his minde?
Empal'd himſelf to keep them out, not in;
Can ſow, and dares truſt corn, where they have bin;
Can uſe his horſe, Goat, Wolf, and every beaſt,
And is not Aſſe himſelf to all the reſt.
Elſe, man not only is the heard of ſwine,
But he's thoſe devils too, which did incline
Them to headlong-rage, and made them worſe:
For man can add weight to heavens heavieſt curſe,
As Souls (they ſay) by our firſt touch, take in
The poyſonous tincture of Original ſin,
So, to the puniſhments which God doth fling,
Our apprehenſion contributes the ſting.
To us, as to his chickens he doth caſt
Hemlock, and we as men, his hemlock taſt;
We do infuſe to what he meant for meat,
Corroſiveneſs, or intenſe cold or heat.
For, God no ſuch ſpecifique poyſon hath
As kils, men know not how; his fierceſt wrath

Hath

Hath no antipathy, but may be good
At leaſt for phyſick, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be his pleaſure, is his rod,
And is his devil, that might be his God.
Since then our buſineſs is to rectifie
Nature, to what ſhe was; we're led awrie
By them, who man to us in little ſhow;
Greater than due, no form we can beſtow
On him; for man into himſelf can draw
All; All his faith can ſwallow, or reaſon chaw,
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill
All the round world, to man is but a pill,
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poyſonous, or Purgative, or cordiall.
For, knowledge kindles Calentures in ſome,
And is to others icy *Opium*.
As brave as true, is that profeſſion than
Which you do uſe to make; that you know man.
This makes it credible, you have dwelt upon
All worthy books; and now are ſuch an one.
Actions are Authors, and of thoſe in you
Your friends find every day a mart of new.

To the Counteſs of Bedford.

T'Have written then when you writ, ſeem'd to me
Worſt of ſpiritual vices, Simony:
And not t'have written then, ſeems little leſs
Than worſt of civil vices, thankelſneſs.
In this, my debt I ſeem'd loth to confeſs,
In that, I ſeem'd to ſhun beholdingneſs:
But 'tis not ſo. *Nothing* as I am, may
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.

Such

Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
By having leave to write ſo, than before.
Yet ſince rich mines in barren grounds are ſhown,
May not I yield, not gold, but coal or ſtone?
Temples were not demoliſh'd, though prophane:
Here *Peter*, *Joves*; there *Paul* hath *Dina's* Fane.
So whether my hymns you admit or chuſe,
In me you have 'hallowed a Pagan Muſe,
And denizen'd a ſtranger, who miſ-taught
By blamers of the times they mar'd, hath ſought
Virtues in corners, which now bravely doe
Shine in the worlds beſt part, or all it, you.
I have been told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts,
Suffer an Oſtraciſm, and departs.
Profit, eaſe, fitneſs, plenty, bid it go,
But whither, only knowing you, I know;
You, or you vertue, two vaſt uſes ſerves,
It ranſoms one ſex, and one Court preſerves;
Theres nothing but your worth, which being true,
Is known to any other, not to you:
And you can never know it; To admit
No knowledg of your worth, is ſome of it.
But ſince to you, your praiſes diſcords be,
Stoop others ills to meditate with me.
Oh to confeſs we know not what we ſhould,
Is half excuſe, we know not what we would.
Lightneſs depreſſeth us, emptineſs fills,
We ſweat and faint, yet ſtill go down the hills;
As new Philoſophy arreſts the Sun,
And bids the paſſive earth about it run,
So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends;
Only the body's buſie and pretends.
As dead low earth eclipſes and controuls
The quick high Moon: ſo doth the body, ſouls.

In none but us, are ſuch mixt engines found,
As hands of double office: For, the ground
We till with them; and them to heaven we raiſe;
Who prayer-leſs labours, or, without theſe prayes,
Doth but one half, that's none; He which ſaid, *Plough*
And look not back, to look up doth allow.
Good ſeed degenerates, and oft obeys
The ſoyles diſeaſe, and into cockle ſtrayes.
Let but the mindes thoughts be but tranſplanted ſo,
Into the body, and baſtardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
We, but no forrain tyrants, could remove
Theſe not ingrav'd, but inborn dignities
Caskets of ſouls; Temples and Palaces.
For, bodies ſhall from death redeemed be,
Souls but preſerv'd, born naturally free;
As men to' our priſons now, ſouls to us are ſent,
Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
Firſt ſeeds of every creature are in us,
What ere the world hath bad, or precious,
Mans body can produce, hence hath it been
That ſtones, worms, frogs and ſnakes in man are ſeen;
But who e'r ſaw, though nature can work ſo,
That pearl, or gold, or corn in man did grow?
We have added to the world Virginia, and ſent
Two new ſtars lately to the firmament;
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
T' increaſe with ours thoſe fair ſouls company?
But I muſt end this letter, though it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Vertue hath ſome perverſneſs; for ſhe will
Neither believe her good, nor others ill.
Even in you, vertues beſt paradiſe,
Vertue hath ſome, but wiſe degrees of vice.

Too

Too many vertues, or too much of one
Begets in you unjuſt ſuſpition.
And ignorance of vice makes vertue leſs,
Quenching compaſſion of our wretchedneſs.
But theſe are riddles: ſom aſperſion
Of vice becomes well ſome complexion.
States-men purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a ſpider with a toad.
For ſo, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
And make her do much good againſt her will;
But in your Common-wealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office, or good work to do.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordial vertue, your known nouriſhment.

To the Counteſs of Bedford

On New-years day.

THis twiligt of two years, not paſt nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who (Meteor-like, of ſtuff and form perplext,
Whoſe *what* and *where*, in diſputation is,)
If I ſhould call me *any thing ſhould miſs.*

I ſumme the years, and me, and finde me not
Debtor to th' old, nor Creditor to th' new,
That cannot ſay, My thanks I have forgot,
Nor truſt I this with hopes, and yet ſcarce true.
This bravery is ſince theſe times ſhew'd me you.

In recompence I would ſhew future times
What you were, and teach them to urge towards ſuch,

Verſe embalms vertue; and Tombs or Thrones of rimes,
Preſerve frail tranſitory fame, as much
As ſpice doth bodies from corrupt airs touch.

Mine are ſhort-liv'd; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but diſſipates as faſt,
New ſpirits; for, ſtrong agents with the ſame
Force that doth warm and cheriſh us, do waſt;
Kept hot with ſtrong extracts, no bodies laſt.

So, my verſe built of your juſt praiſe, might want
Reaſon and likelihood, the firmeſt Baſe,
And made of miracle, now faith is ſcant,
Will vaniſh ſoon, and ſo poſſeſs no place,
And you, and it, too much grace might diſgrace.

When all (as truth commands aſſent) confeſs
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(One corn of one low Ant-hills duſt, and leſs,)
Should name, know or expreſs a thing ſo high,
And (not an inch) meaſure infinite.

I cannot tell them, nor my ſelf, nor you,
But leave, leſt truth b' endanger'd by my praiſe,
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
And uſeth oft, when ſuch a heart miſ-ſaies,
To make it good, for ſuch a praiſer praies.

He will beſt teach you, how you ſhould lay out
His ſtock of *beauty*, *learning*, *favour*, *blood*;
He will perplex ſecurity with doubt,
And clear thoſe doubts; hide from you, & ſhew you good,
And ſo increaſe your appetite and food.

He

He will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloyſters, and in Court,
Indifferent there the greateſt ſpace hath got,
Some pity is not good there, ſome vain diſport,
On this ſide, ſin, with that place may comport.

Yet he as he bounds ſeas, will fix your hours,
Which pleaſure, and delight may not ingreſs,
And though what none elſe loſt, be trulieſt yours,
He will make you, what you did not, poſſeſs,
By uſing others, not vice, but weakneſs.

He will make you ſpeak truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt that others do not ſo:
He will provide you keys, and locks, to ſpy,
And ſcape ſpies, to good ends, and he will ſhow
What you will not acknowledg, what not know.

For your own Conſcience, he gives innocence,
But for your fame, a diſcreet warineſs,
And (though to ſcape, then to revenge offence
Be better,) he ſhews both, and to repreſs
Joy, when your ſtate ſwels *ſadneſs*, when tis leſs.

From need of teares he will defend your ſoul,
Or make a rebaptizing of one tear;
He cannot (that's he will not) diſ-inroul
Your name; and when with active joy we hear
This private Goſpel, then 'tis our New Year.

To the Countess of Huntingdon.

MADAM,

MAn to God's Image; *Eve*, to man was made,
Nor finde we that God breath'd a soul in her,
Canons will not, Church functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory Comets sees,
Wonders because they are rare; But a new star
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for, there, no new things are.

In women so perchance mild innocence
A seldom comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense;
For, Art and Nature this in them withstood.

As such a star, the *Magi* led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below.
By vertues beams (by fame deriv'd from you)
May apt souls, and the worst may vertue know.

If the world's age, and death be argued well
By the Suns fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
Then we might fear that vertue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be near her end.

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you,
She was in all men thinly scatter'd then,
But now a mass contracted in a few.

She

She guilded us, but you are gold; and She
Informed us, but tranſubſtantiates you:
Soft diſpoſitions which ductile be,
Elixar-like, ſhe makes not clean, but new:

Though you a wifes and mothers name retain,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not ſo,
But vertue, having made you vertue, 'is fain
T' adhere in theſe names, her and you to ſhow,

Elſe, being alike pure, we ſhould neither ſee,
As, water being into air rarifi'd,
Neither appear, till in one cloud they be,
So, for our ſakes, you do low names abide;

Taught by great conſtellations, (which being fram'd
Of the moſt ſtars, take low names, *Crab*, and *Bull*,
When ſingle planets by the gods are nam'd)
You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend
And in the vale of kindred others ſee;
To ſome you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a vertuous Prince far off, to me.

To whom, becauſe from you all vertues flow,
And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
I, which do ſo, as your true ſubject owe
Some tribute for that, ſo theſe lines are due.

If you can think theſe flatteries, they are,
For then your judgment is below my praiſe.
If they were ſo, oft, flatteries work as far,
As Counſels, and as far th' endeavour raiſe.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remain a poiſoned fountain ſtill;
And not your beauty, vertue, knowledg, blood,
Are more above all flattery, than my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
But my own judgment, who did long ago
Pronounce, that all theſe praiſes ſhould be true,
And vertue ſhould your beauty, and birth outgrow.

Now that my propheſies are all fulfill'd,
Rather than God ſhould not be honour'd too,
And all theſe gifts confeſſ'd, which he inſtill'd,
Your ſelf were bound to ſay that which I doe.

So I, but your Recorder am in this,
Or mouth, and Speaker of the univerſe,
A miniſterial Notary, for 'tis
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verſe.

I was your Prophet in your younger dayes,
And now your Chaplain, God in you to praiſe.

To M. I. W.

ALL hail ſweet Poet, and full of more ſtrong fire,
Then hath or ſhall enkindle my dull ſpirit,
I lov'd what nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not, but admire;
Who have before or ſhall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
Like infancy or age to mans firm ſtay,
Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men

Men ſay, and truly, that they better be
Which be envy'd than pitied: therefore I,
Becauſe I wiſh the beſt, do the envy:
O wouldſt thou by like reaſon, pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, alas,
(But for thy grace got in the Muſes School)
A Monſter and a begger, am a fool.

Oh how I grieve, that late born modeſty
Hath got ſuch root in eaſie waxen hearts,
That men may not themſelves their own good parts
Extoll, without ſuſpect of ſurquedry,
For, but thy ſelf, no ſubject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill reſound
Thy worth but thine: how good it were to ſee
A Poem in thy praiſe, and writ by thee!

Now if this ſong be too 'harſh for rime, yet, as
The Painters bad god made a good devil,
'Twill be good proſe, although the verſe be evill.
If thou forget the rime as thou doſt paſs,
Then write, that I may follow, and ſo be
Thy eccho, thy debtor, thy foyl, thy zanee.
I ſhall be thought (if mine like thine I ſhape)
All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

To M. T. W.

HAſt thee harſh verſe, as faſt as thy lame meaſure
Will give thee leave, to him; My pain and pleaſure
I have given thee, and yet thou art too weak,
Feet and a reaſoning ſoul, and tongue to ſpeak.

Tell

Tell him, all queſtions, which men have defended
Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended;
And 'tis decreed, our hell is but privation
Of him, at leaſt in this earths habitation:
And 'tis where I am, where in every ſtreet
Infections follow, overtake and meet.
Live I or die, by you my love is ſent,
You are my pawns, or elſe my Teſtament.

To M. T. W.

PRegnant again with th'old twins Hope and Fear,
Oft have I ask't for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were:

As in our ſtreets ſlie beggers narrowly
Watch motions of the givers hand or eye,
And evermore conceiue ſome hope thereby.

And now thy Alms is given, thy letter 'is read,
The body riſen again, the which was dead,
And thy poor ſtarveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my ſoul doth ſay grace,
And praiſe thee fort, and zealouſly embrace
Thy love, though I think thy love in this caſe
To be as gluttons, which ſay 'midſt their meat;
They love that beſt of which they moſt do eat.

Incerto

Incerto.

AT once from hence my lines and I depart,
I to my ſoft ſtill walks, they to my Heart;
I to the Nurſe, they to the child of Art.

Yet as a firm houſe, though the Carpenter
Periſh, doth ſtand: as an Embaſſadour
Lies ſafe, how e'r his King be in danger.

So, though I languiſh, preſt with Melancholy;
My verſe, the ſtrict Map of my miſery,
Shall live to ſee that, for whoſe want I dy.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent,
That from unhappy me, things happy are ſent;
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
Accept theſe lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, beſtow that love on me.

To M.C.B.

THy friend, whom thy deſerts to thee enchain,
Urg'd by this unexcuſable occaſion,
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain;
And let the love I bear to both ſuſtain
No blot nor maim by this diviſion,
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And ſtrong that love purſued with amorous pain;
But though beſides my ſelf I leave behind

Heavens

Heavens liberal, and Earths thrice fair Sun,
Going to where ſterv'd winter aye doth won,
Yet, loves hot fires which martyr my ſad mind,
Do ſend forth ſcalding ſighs, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To M. S. B.

O Thou which to ſearch out the ſecret parts
Of the India, or rather Paradiſe
Of knowledg, haſt with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vaſt Sea of Arts,
Diſdain not in thy conſtant travelling
To do as other Voyagers, and make
Some turns into leſs Creeks, and wiſely take
Freſh water at the Heliconian ſpring.
I ſing not, Siren like to tempt; for I
Am harſh; nor as thoſe Schiſmatiques with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But ſeeing in you bright ſparks of Poetry,
I, though I brought no fuel, had deſire
With theſe Articulate blaſts to blow the fire.

To M. B. B.

IS not thy ſacred hunger of ſcience
Yet ſatisfy'd? is not thy braines rich hive
Fulfill'd with hony which thou doſt derive
From the Arts ſpirits and their Quinteſſence?
Then wean thy ſelf at laſt, and thee withdraw
From Cambridg thy old nurſe, and, as the reſt,

Here

Here toughly chew, and ſturdily digeſt
Th' immenſe vaſt volumes of our common Law;
And begin ſoon, leſt my grief grieve thee too,
Which is, that that which I ſhould have begun
In my youths morning, now late muſt be done;
And I as Giddy, Travellers muſt doe,
Which ſtray or ſleep all day, and having loſt
Light and ſtrength, dark and tir'd muſt then ride poſt.

If thou unto thy Muſe be married,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
Be far from me that ſtrange Adultery
To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood;
My nurſe, (for I had one) becauſe I'm cold,
Divorc'd her ſelf, the cauſe being in me,
That I can take no new in Bigamy,
Not my will only, but power doth withhold;
Hence comes it, that theſe Rimes which never had
Mother, want matter, and they only have
A little form, the which their Father gave;
They are prophane, impefect, oh, too bad
To be counted Children of Poetry
Except confirm'd and Biſhoped by thee.

To M. R. W.

IF, as mine is, thy life a ſlumber be,
Seem, when thou read'ſt theſe lines, to dream of me,
Never did Morpheus nor his brother wear
Shapes ſo like thoſe Shapes, whom they would appear.
As this my letter is like me, for it
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind and wit;
It is my deed of gift of me to thee,
It is my Will, my ſelf the Legacie.

So

So thy retyrings I love, yea envie,
Bred in thee by a wiſe melancholy,
That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
Though I ſtay here, I can thus ſend my heart,
As kindly as any enamored Patient
His Picture to his abſent Love hath ſent.
All news I think ſooner reach thee than me;
Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
The which both Goſpel, and ſtern theatnings bring;
Guianaes harveſt is nipt in the ſpring,
I fear; and with us (me thinks) Fate deales ſo
As with the Jews guide God did; he did ſhow
Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in:
Our ſlowneſs is our puniſhment and ſin;
Perchance, theſe Spaniſh buſineſſes being done;
Which as the earth between the Moon and Sun
Eclipſe the light which Guiana would give,
Our diſcontinued hopes we ſhall retrive:
But if (as All th' All muſt) hopes ſmoak away,
Is not Almighty Vertue an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
Some thing to anſwer in ſome proportion
All the worlds riches: and in good men, this
Vertue, our forms form, and our ſouls ſoul is.

To M. I. L.

OF that ſhort Roll of friends writ in my heart
Which with thy name begins, ſince their depart
Whether in the Engliſh Provinces they be,
Or drink of Po, Sequan, or danubie,

Theres

There's none that ſometimes greets us not, and yet
Your Trent is Lethe', that paſt, us you forget.
You do not duties of Societies,
If from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you riſe,
View your fat beaſts, ſtretch'd Barnes, and labour'd fields,
Eat, play, ride, take all joyes which all day yields,
And then again to your imbracements go:
Some hours on us your friends, and ſome beſtow
Upon your Muſe, elſe both we ſhall repent,
I that my love, ſhe that her gifts on you are ſpent.

To M. I. P.

BLeſt are your North parts, for all this long time
My Sun is with you, cold and dark is our Clime,
Heavens Sun, which ſtaid ſo long from us this year,
Staid in your North (I think) for ſhe was there,
And hither by kind Nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chaſes and threatens peſtilence;
Yet I, as long as ſhe from hence doth ſtay,
Think this no South, no Sommer, nor no day,
With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
There ſacrifice it to that beauteous Sun:
So may thy paſtures with their flowery feaſts,
As ſuddenly as Lard, fat thy lean beaſts;
So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever wear
A green, and (when ſhe liſt) a golden hair;
So may all thy ſheep bring forth Twins; and ſo
In chaſe and race may thy horſe all out-go;
So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold;
Thy Son ne'r Ward; thy lov'd wife ne'r ſeem old;

But

But maiſt thou wiſh great things, and them attain,
As thou tell'ſt her, and none but her my pain.

To E. of D. with ſix holy Sonets.

SEE Sir, how as the Suns hot maſculine flame
Begets ſtrange creatures on Niles durty ſlime,
In me, your fatherly yet luſty Ryme
(For, theſe ſongs are their fruits) have wrought the ſame;
But though the ingendring force from whence they came
Be ſtrong enough, and nature doth admit
Seven to be born at once; I ſend as yet
But ſix; they ſay, the ſeventh hath ſtill ſome maim;
I chooſe your judgment which the ſame degree
Doth with her ſiſter, your invention, hold,
As fire theſe droſſie Rhymes to purifie,
Or as Elixar to change them to gold;
You are that Alchymiſt which always had
Wit, whoſe one ſpark could make good things of bad.

To Sir Henry Wotton, *at his going Ambaſſadour to Venice.*

AFter thoſe reverend papers, whoſe ſoul is
Our good and great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd name,
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almoſt the ſame,

A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ
From his Original, and a fair beam
Of the ſame warm, and dazelling Sun, though it
Muſt in another Sphere his vertue ſtream.

After

After thoſe learned papers which your hand
Hath ſtor'd with notes of uſe and pleaſure too,
From which rich treaſury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or doe.

After thoſe loving papers which friends ſend
With glad grief to your Sea-ward ſteps, farewell,
Which thicken on you now, as prayers aſcend
To heaven in troopes at a good mans paſſing bell:

Admit this honeſt paper, and allow
It ſuch an audience as your ſelf would ask;
What you muſt ſay at *Venice* this means now,
And hath for nature what you have for task.

To ſwear much love, not to be chang'd before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor ſhall I then honour your fortune, more
Than I have done your noble-wanting-wit.

But 'tis an eaſier load (though both oppreſs)
To want, than govern greatneſs; for we are
In that, our own and only buſineſs,
In this we muſt for others vices care.

'Tis therefore well your ſpirits now are plac'd
In their laſt Furnace, in Activity;
Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and wars o'r-paſt)
To touch and taſt in any beſt degree.

For me, (if there be ſuch a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be ſuch a thing as ſhe)
Spies that I bear ſo well her tyranny,
That ſhe thinks nothing elſe ſo fit for me.

But though ſhe part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increaſe, God is as ne'r me here;
And to ſend you what I ſhall begg, his ſtairs
In length and eaſe are alike every where.

To M. M.H.

MAd paper ſtay, and grudge not here to burn
With all thoſe ſons whom thy brain did create,
At leaſt lie hid with me, till thou return
To rags again, which is thy native ſtate.

What though thou have enough unworthineſs
To come unto great place as others doe,
That's much emboldneſs, pulls, thruſts, I confeſs,
But 'tis not all, thou ſhouldſt be wicked too.

And, that thou canſt not learn, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt goe, Go, ſince thou goeſt to her
Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for ſhe,
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares preſer.

But when thou com'ſt to that perplexing eye
Which equally claims *love* and *reverence*:
Thou wilt not long diſpute it, thou wilt die;
And having little now, have then no ſenſe.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand, which is
A miracle; and made ſuch to work more,
Doth touch thee (ſapleſs leaf) thou grow'ſt by this
Her creature; glorify'd more than before.

Then

Then as a mother which delights to hear
Her early childe miſ-ſpeak half uttered words,
Or, becauſe majeſty doth never fear
Ill or bold ſpeech, ſhe Audience affords.

And then, cold ſpeechleſs wretch, thou dieſt again,
And wiſely; what diſcourſe is left for thee?
From ſpeech of ill, and her thou muſt abſtain,
And is there any good which is not ſhee?

Yet maiſt thou praiſe her ſervants, though not her,
And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend,
And ſince they are but her cloaths, thou ſhalt not erre,
If thou her ſhape and beauty, and grace commend.

Who knows thy deſtiny? when thou haſt done,
Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits do run,
A neſt almoſt as full of good as ſhe.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
Were ſav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When ſhe revolves his papers, mark what ſhow
Of favour, ſhe, alone, to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, ſhe o're-skip the reſt,
Mark if ſhe read them twice, or kiſs the name;
Mark if ſhe do the ſame that they proteſt;
Mark if ſhe mark whither her woman came.

Mark if ſleight things be 'objected, and o'reblown,
Mark if her oaths againſt him be not ſtill
Reſerv'd, and that ſhe grieve ſhe's not her own,
And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

I bid thee not doe this to be my ſpie;
Nor to make my ſelf her familiar;
But ſo much I do love her choyce, that I
Would fain love him that ſhall be lov'd of her.

To the Counteſs of Bedford.

HOnour is ſo ſublime perfection,
And ſo refin'd; that when God was alone
And creatureleſs at firſt, himſelf had none;

But as of the elements, theſe which we tread,
Produce all things with which we are joy'd or fed,
And, thoſe are barren both above our head:

So from low perſons doth all honour flow;
Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us ſhow,
And but *direct* our honour, not *beſtow*.

For when from herbs the pure part muſt be won
From groſs, by ſtilling, this is better done
By deſpis'd dung, than by the fire or Sun:

Care not then Madam, 'how low your praiſes ly;
In labourers ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in *Te deums* melody.

And, Ordinance rais'd on Towers, ſo many mile
Send not their voyce, nor laſt ſo long a while,
As fires from th' earths low vaults in *Sicil* Iſle.

Should I ſay I liv'd darker then were true,
Your radiation can all clouds ſubdue,
But one, 'tis beſt light to contemplate you.

You, for whoſe Body God made better clay,
Or took Soules ſtuff, ſuch as ſhall late decay,
Or ſuch as needs ſmall change at the laſt day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,
Coverings diſcover your quick Soul; that we
May in your through-ſhine front our hearts thoughts ſee.

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the uſe of ſpecular ſtone,
Through which all things within without were ſhown.

Of ſuch were Temples; ſo, and ſuch you are;
Being and *ſeeming* is your equal care;
And *vertues* whole *ſumm* is but *Know* and *dare*.

Diſcretion is a wiſe mans Soul, and ſo
Religion is a Chriſtians, and you know
How theſe are one, her yea, is not her no.

But as our Souls of growth and Souls of ſenſe,
Have birthright of our reaſons Soul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor ſeek precedence:

Natures firſt leſſon, ſo, diſcretion,
Muſt not grudge zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not baniſh it ſelf, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to ſoder ſtill and knit
Theſe two, and dare to break them; nor muſt wit
Be colleague to Religion, but be it.

In thoſe poor types of God (round circles) ſo
Religions types the peecel e ſs centers flow,
And are in all the lines which alwayes go.

If either ever wrought in you alone
Or principally, then Religion
Wrought your ends, and your ways diſcretion.

Go thither ſtill, go the ſame way you went,
Who ſo would change, doth covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

To the Counteſs of Huntingdon.

THat unripe ſide of earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like *Adams* time
Before he eat; mans ſhape, that would yet be
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beaſts companie)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradiſe ſo great a diſtance were,
As yet the news could not arrived be
Of *Adam*'s taſting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free ſtate which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet bear the ſin.
But, as from extreme heights who downward looks,
Sees men at childrens ſhapes, Rivers at brooks,
And loſeth younger formes; ſo, to your eye,
Theſe (Madam) that without your diſtance lie,
Muſt either miſt, or nothing ſeem to be,
Who are at home but wits mere *Atomi*.
But, I who can behold them move, and ſtay,
Have found my ſelf to you, juſt their midway;
And now muſt pity them: for, as they do
Seem ſick to me, juſt ſo muſt I to you,
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to ſee
A ſighing Ode, nor croſs-arm'd Elegie.
I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like ſome white-liver'd dotard that would part

Elſe

Elſe from his ſlippery ſoul with a faint groan,
And faithfully, (without your ſmile) were gone.
I cannot feel the tempeſt of a frown,
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down,
Though I can pity thoſe ſigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whiſpers it ſelf away.
Yet ſince all love is *feveriſh*, who to trees
Doth talk yet doth in loves cold ague freeze.
'Tis love, but with ſuch fatal weakneſs made,
That it deſtroys it ſelf with its own ſhade.
Who firſt look't ſad, griev'd, pin'd, and ſhew'd his pain,
Was he that firſt taught women, to diſdain.
As all things were but one nothing, dull and weak,
Untill this raw diſordered heap did break,
And ſeveral deſires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the air did ſtay,
Fire roſe, and each from other but unty'd,
Themſelves unpriſon'd were and purify'd:
So was love, firſt in vaſt confuſion hid,
An unripe willingneſs which nothing did,
A thirſt, an Appetite which had no eaſe,
That found a want, but knew not what would pleaſe.
What pretty innocence in that day mov'd?
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;
Both ſigh'd and enterchang'd a ſpeaking eye,
Both trembled and were ſick, yet knew not why.
That natural fearfulneſs that ſtruck man dumb;
Might well (thoſe times conſidered) man become.
As all diſcoverers whoſe firſt aſſay
Findes but the place, after, the neareſt way;
So paſſion is to womans love, about,
Nay, farther off, than when we firſt ſet out.
It is not love that ſueth, or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.

Man's better part conſiſts of purer fire,
And findes it ſelf allowed, e're it deſire.
Love is wiſe here, keeps home, gives reaſon ſway,
And journeys not till it finde ſummer-way.
A weather-beaten Lover but once known,
Is ſport for every girl to practiſe on.
Who ſtrives through womans ſcorns, women to know,
Is loſt, and ſeeks his ſhadow to outgo;
It is meer ſickneſs after one diſdain,
Though he be call'd aloud, to look again.
Let others ſin, and grieve; one cunning ſleight
Shall freez my Love to Cryſtal in a night.
I can love firſt, and (if I win) love ſtill;
And cannot be remov'd, unleſs ſhe will.
It is her fault, if I unſure remain,
She only can untie, I bind again.
The honeſties of love with eaſe I do,
But am no porter for a tedious woe.
But (Madam) I now think on you; and here
Where we are at our heights, you but appear,
We are but clouds, you riſe from our noon-ray,
But a foul ſhadow, not your break of day.
You are at firſt hand all that's fair and right;
And others good reflects but back your light.
You are a perfectneſs, ſo curious hit,
That youngeſt flatteries do ſcandal it;
For, what is more doth what you are reſtrain.
And though beyond, is down the hill again,
We have no next way to you, we croſs to it;
You are the ſtraight line, thing prais'd, attribute,
Each good in you's a light; ſo many a ſhade
You make, and in them are your motions made.
Theſe are your pictures to the life. From far
We ſee you move, and here your *Zani*'s are:

So that no fountain good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dimm actions faintly ſhow :
Then finde I, if mans nobleſt part be love,
Your pureſt luſter muſt that ſhadow move.
The ſoul with body, is a heaven combin'd
With earth, and for mans eaſe, nearer joyn'd.
Where thoughts the ſtars of ſoul we underſtand,
We gueſs not their large natures, but command.
And love in you, that bounty is of light,
That gives to all and yet hath infinite.
Whoſe heat doth force us thither to intend,
But ſoul we finde too earthly to aſcend,
'Till ſlow acceſs hath made it wholly pure,
Able immortal clearneſs to endure.
Who dare aſpire this journey with a ſtain,
Hath weight will force him headlong back again.
No more can impure man retain and move
In that pure region of a worthy love :
Then earthly ſubſtance can unforc'd aſpire,
And leave his nature to converſe with fire :
Such may have eye, and hand ; may ſigh, may ſpeak ;
But like ſwoln Bubbles when they are higheſt they brake
Though far remov'd Northern Iſles ſcarce finde
The Sun's ſweet comfort, yet ſome think him too kind.
There is an equal diſtance from her eye,
Men periſh too far off, and burn too nigh.
But as ayre takes the Sun-beams equal bright
From the Raies firſt, to his laſt oppoſite :
So happy man, bleſt with a vertuous Love,
Remote or near, or howſoe'r they move ;
Their vertue breaks all clouds that might annoy,
There is no Emptineſs, but all is Joy.
He much profanes (whom valiant heats do move)
To ſtile his wandring rage of paſſion, *Love*,

Love

Love that imports in every thing delight,
Is fancied by the Soul, not appetite,
Why love among the vertues is not known,
Is, that love is them all contract in one.

A Dialogue between Sir Henry Wootton, *and Mr.* Donne.

IF her diſdain leaſt change in you can move,
you do not love,
For when that hope gives fuel to the fire,
you ſell deſire.
Love is not love, but given free,
And ſo is mine, ſo ſhould yours be.

Her heart that melts to hear of others moan,
to mine is ſtone.
Her eyes that weep a ſtrangers eyes to ſee,
joy to wound me:
Yet I ſo well affect each part,
As (caus'd by them) I love my ſmart.

Say her diſdainings juſtly muſt be grac't
with name of chaſt.
And that ſhe frowns leſt longing ſhould exceed,
and raging breed;
So her diſdaines can ne'r offend;
Unleſs ſelf-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold diſdain
kills that again,
As water cauſeth fire to fret and fume,
till all conſume.

Who can of love more rich gift make,
Then to Loves ſelf for loves own ſake?

I'll never dig in Quarry of an heart
to have no part,
Nor roſt in fiery eyes, which alwaies are
Canicular.
Who this way would a Lover prove,
May ſhew his patience, not his love.

A frown may be ſometimes for phyſick good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is ſure
A gentler Cure.
Why bar you love of private end,
Which never ſhould to publique tend?

To the Counteſs of Bedford

Begun in France, but never perfected.

THough I be *dead* and buried, yet I have
(Living in you) Court enough in my grave,
As oft as there I think my ſelf to be,
So many reſurrections waken me;
That thankfulneſs your favours have begot
In me, embalmes me, that I do not rot;
This ſeaſon as 'tis Eaſter, as 'tis ſpring,
Muſt both to growth and to confeſſion bring
My thoughts diſpos'd unto your influence, ſo
Theſe verſes bud, ſo theſe confeſſions grow;
Firſt I confeſs I have to others lent
Your ſtock, and over prodigally ſpent

Your

Your treaſure, for ſince I had never known
Vertue and beauty, but as they are grown
In you, I ſhould not think or ſay they ſhine,
(So as I have) in any other Mine;
Next I confeſs this my confeſſion,
For, 'tis ſome fault thus much to touch upon
Your praiſe to you, where half rights ſeem too much
And make your minds ſincere complexion bluſh.
Next I confeſs my 'mpenitence, for I
Can ſcarce repent my firſt fault, ſince thereby
Remote low Spirits, which ſhall ne'r read you,
May in leſs leſſons find enough to do,
By ſtudying copies, not Originals,
Deſunt cætera.

A Letter to the Lady Carey, *and* Mris Eſſex Riche, *from Amyens.*

MADAM,

HEre where by All, All Saints invoked are,
'Twere two much ſchiſm to be ſingular,
And 'gainſt a practice general to war.

Yet turning to Sanicts, ſhould my 'humility
To other Sainct than you directed be,
That were to make my ſchiſm hereſie.

Nor would I be a Convertite ſo cold,
As not to tell it; If this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply ſold.

Where

Where becauſe Faith is in too low degree,
I thought it ſome Apoſtleſhip in me
To ſpeak things which by faith alone I ſee.

That is, of you who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown, or ſpent,
They are your materials, not your ornament.

Others whom we call vertuous, are not ſo
In their whole ſubſtance, but, their vertues grow
But in their humours, and at ſeaſons ſhow.

For when, through taſtleſs flat humidity
In dowe-bak'd men ſome harmleſsneſs we ſee,
'Tis but his *flegm* that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee:

So is the Blood ſometimes; Who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was than
No better than a *ſanguine*-Vertuous man.

So cloyſteral men, who, in pretence of fear
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and only there.

Spiritual *Cholerique* Critiques which in all
Religions finde faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, through this zeal, Vertue but in their Gall.

We are thus but parcel guilt; to Gold we are grown
When Vertue is our Souls complexion;
Who knows his Vertues name or place hath none.

Vertue's but aguiſh, when 'tis ſeveral,
By occaſion wak'd, and circumſtantial,
True vertue is *Soul*, Alwaies in all deeds *All.*

This Vertue thinking to give dignity
To your ſoul, found there no infirmity,
For, your ſoul was as good Vertue as ſhe;

She therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is ſcarce leſs than ſoul, as ſhe could do,
And ſo hath made your beauty, Vertue too.

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts
As others, with prophane and ſenſual Darts,
But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts.

But if ſuch friends by the honour of your ſight
Grow capable of this ſo great a light
As to partake your vertues, and their might:

What muſt I think that influence muſt do,
Where it finds ſympathy and matter too,
Vertue, and beauty of the ſame ſtuffe, as you?

Which is, your noble worthy ſiſter; ſhe
Of whom, if what in this my Extaſie
And revelation of you both I ſee,

I ſhould write here, as in ſhort Galleries
The Maſter at the end large glaſſes ties,
So to preſent the room twice to our eyes:

So

So I ſhould give this letter length, and ſay
That which I ſaid of you; there is no way
From either, but to the other, not to ſtray.

May therefore this be enough to teſtify
My true devotion, free from flattery;
He that beleeves himſelf, doth never lie.

To the Counteſs of Salisbury. Auguſt. 1614.

FAir, great, and good, ſince ſeeing you we ſee
What heaven can doe, and what any Earth can be:
Since now your beauty ſhines, now when the Sun
Grown ſtale, is to ſo low a value run,
That his diſhevel'd beams, and ſcattered fires
Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres
In Lovers Sonnets: you come to repair
Gods book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
Since now, when all is withered, ſhrunk and dry'd,
All vertues eb'd out to a dead low tyde,
All the worlds frame being crumbled into ſand,
Where every man thinks by himſelf to ſtand,
Integrity, friendſhip and confidence,
(Ciments of greatneſs) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little ſhares,
Courts, City, Church, are all ſhops of ſmall-wares,
All having blown to ſparkes their noble fire,
And drawn their ſound gold ingot, into wyre;
All trying by a love of littleneſs
To make abridgments and to draw to leſs,
Even that nothing, which at firſt we were,
Since in theſe times your greatneſs doth appear,

And

And that we learn by it, that man to get
Towards him that's infinite, muſt firſt be great.
Since in an age ſo ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuſe, much leſs mend it,
(For who can judge, or witneſs of thoſe times,
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
Where he that would be good, is thought by all
A monſter, or at beſt phantaſtical:
Since now you durſt be good, and that I do
Diſcern by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
Through your lights largeneſs, vertue underſtood:
If in this ſacrifice of mine, be ſhown
Any ſmall ſpark of theſe, call it your own:
And if things like theſe have been ſaid by me
Of others; call not that Idolatrie.
For had God made man firſt and man had ſeen
The third daies fruits and flowers, and various green,
He might have ſaid the beſt that he could ſay
Of thoſe fair creatures which were made that day:
And when next day he had admir'd the birth
Of Sun, Moon, Stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,
He might have ſaid the beſt that he could ſay,
And not be chid for praiſing yeſterday:
So though ſome things are not together true,
As, that another is worthieſt, and, that you:
Yet, to ſay ſo, doth not condemn a man,
If when he ſpoke them, they were both true than.
How fair a proof of this in our ſoul grows,
We firſt have ſouls of growth, and ſenſe; and thoſe
When our laſt ſoul, our ſoul immortal came,
Were ſwallow'd into it, and have no name
Nor doth he injure thoſe ſouls, which doth caſt
The power and praiſe of both them on the laſt;

No

No more do I wrong any, if I adore
The ſame things now which I ador'd before,
The ſubject chang'd, and meaſure; the ſame thing
In a low conſtable, and in the King
I reverence; His power to work on me;
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good, but more, now I am come
From having found their *walks*, to finde their *home*.
And as I owe my firſt ſouls thanks, that they
For my laſt ſoul did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whoſe worth
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great leſſon, thus to ſtudy you;
Which none, not reading others, firſt, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
In a dark Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie;
For as your fellow Angels, ſo you doe
Illuſtrate them who come to ſtudy you.
The firſt whom we in Hiſtories do find
To have profeſt all Arts, was one born blind:
He lackt thoſe eyes beaſts have as well as we,
Not thoſe, by which Angels are ſeen and ſee;
So, though I am born without thoſe eyes to live,
Which Fortune, who hath none her ſelf, doth give,
Which are fit means to ſee bright courts and you,
Yet may I ſee you thus, as now I doe;
I ſhall by that all goodneſs have diſcern'd,
And though I burn my Library, be learn'd.

To the Counteſs of Bedford.

YOu that are ſhe, and you that's double ſhe;
In her dead face, half of your ſelf ſhall ſee;

She was the other part, for ſo they do
Which build them friendſhips, become one of the two;
So two, that but themſelves no third can fit
Which were to be ſo, when they were not yet.
Twins, though their birth *Cuſco*, and *Muſco* take,
As divers ſtars one Conſtellation make,
Pair'd like two eyes, have equal motion, ſo
Both but one means to ſee, one way to go;
Had you dy'd firſt, a carcaſs ſhe had been;
And we your rich Tomb in her face had ſeen;
She like the ſoul is gone, and you here ſtay,
Not a live friend, but th' other half of clay;
And ſince you act that part, As men ſay, here
Lies ſuch a Prince, when but one part is there;
And do all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole, ſo we all reverence you;
For ſuch a friendſhip, who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before,
Not all as if ſome periſhed by this,
But ſo, as all in you contracted is;
As of this all, though many parts decay,
The pure which elemented them ſhall ſtay;
And though diffus'd, and ſpred in infinite,
Shall recollect and in one All unite:
So Madam, as her Soul to heaven is fled,
Her fleſh reſts in the earth, as in the bed;
Her vertues doe, as to their proper ſphear,
Return to dwell with you of whom they were:
As perfect motions are all circular,
So they to you, their ſea, whence leſs ſtreams are.
She was all ſpices, you all metals; ſo
In you two we did both rich Indies know.
And as no fire nor ruſt can ſpend or waſte
One dramm of Gold, but what was firſt ſhall laſt;

Though

Though it be forc'd in water, earth, ſalt, air,
Expans'd in infinite, none will impair;
So, to your ſelf you may additions take,
But nothing can you leſs, or changed make.
Seek not in ſeeking new, to ſeem to doubt;
That you can match her, or not be without;
But let ſome faithful book in her room be,
Yet but of *Judith* no ſuch book as ſhee.

Sapho to *Philænis.*

WHere is that holy fire, which *Verſe* is ſaid
To have? is that inchanting force decay'd?
Verſe that draws *Natures* work, from *Natures* law,
Thee, her beſt work, to her work cannot draw.
Have my tears quench'd my old *Poetique* fire;
Why quench'd they not as well, that of *deſire*?
Thoughts, my minds creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their liberty;
Onely thine image, in my heart, doth ſit,
But that is wax, and fires environ it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence;
And I am rob'd of *Picture*, *Heart*, and *Senſe*.
Dwells with me ſtill, mine irkſome *Memory*:
Which, both to keep, and loſe grieves equally.
That tells me how fair thou art: Thou art ſo fair,
As *gods*, when *gods* to thee I do compare,
Are grac'd thereby; And to make blinde men ſee,
What things *gods* are, I ſay they 'are like to thee,
For, if we juſtly call each ſilly *man*
A *little world*, what ſhall we call thee than?

Thou art not ſoft, and clear, and ſtraight, and fair,
As, *Downe*, as *Stars*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye onely
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my *Phao* a while, but ſhall be never,
As thou, waſt, art, and, oh, maiſt thou be ever.
Here lovers ſwear in their *Idolatry*,
That I am ſuch; but *Grief* diſcolours me.
And yet I grieve the leſs, leſt grief remove
My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love.
Playes ſome ſoft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
A mutual feeling which ſhould ſweeten it.
His chin, a thorny hairy unevenneſs
Doth threaten, and ſome daily change poſſeſs.
Thy body is a natural *Paradiſe*,
In whoſe ſelf, unmanur'd, all pleaſure lies,
Nor needs *perfection*; why ſhouldſt thou than
Admit the tillage of a harſh rough man?
Men leave behind them that which their ſin ſhows,
And are, as theeves trac'd, which rob when it ſnows,
But of our dallyance no more ſigns there are,
Than *fiſhes* leave in ſtreames, or *Birds* in air.
And between us all ſweetneſs may be had;
All, all that *Nature* yeelds, or *Art* can adde.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
But ſo, as thine from one another do:
And, oh, no more; the likeneſs being ſuch,
Why ſhould they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to ſtrange hand, lip to lip none denies;
Why ſhould they breſt to breſt, or thighs to thighs?
Likeneſs begets ſuch ſtrange ſelf-flatterie,
That touching my ſelf all ſeems done to thee.
My ſelf I embrace, and mine own hands I kiſs,
And amorouſly thank my ſelf for this.

Me,

Me, in my glaſs, I call thee; But alas,
When I would kiſs, tears dim mine *eyes*, and *glaſs*.
O cure this loving madneſs, and reſtore
Me to me; thee my *half*, my *all*, my *more*.
So may thy cheeks red outwear ſcarlet die,
And their white, whiteneſs of the *Galaxy*,
So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
Envy in all *women*, and in all *men love*,
And ſo be change and ſickneſs far from thee,
As thou by coming near, keep'ſt them from me.

To Ben. Johnſon, 6. Jan. 1603.

THe State and mens affairs are the beſt playes
Next yours, 'Tis not more nor leſs than due praiſe;
Write, but touch nor the much deſcending race
Of Lord's houſes, ſo ſettled in worths place,
As but themſelves none can think them uſurpers.
It is no fault in thee to ſuffer theirs.
If the Queen Maſque, or King a hunting go,
Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know
Like them in goodneſs that Court ne'r will be,
For that were vertue, and not flatterie.
Forget we were thruſt out. It is but thus,
God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords do us.
Judge of ſtrangers, Truſt and beleeve your friend,
And ſo me; And when I true frindſhip end,
With guilty conſcience let me be worſe ſtung
Then with *Pophams* ſentence theeves, or *Cooks* tongue
Traitors are. Friends are our ſelves. This I thee tell
As to my friend, and to my ſelf as Counſel:
Let for a while the times unthrifty rout
Contemn learning, and all your ſtudies flout.

Let them ſcorn Hell, they will a Sergeant fear,
More than we them; that ere long God may forbear,
But Creditors will not. Let them increaſe
In riot and exceſs as their means ceaſe,
Let them ſcorn him that made them, and ſtill ſhun
His Grace, but love the whore who hath undone
Them and their ſouls. But; that they that allow
But one God, ſhould have religions enough
For the Queens Maſque, and their husbands, for more
Then all the Gentiles knew, or *Atlas* bore.
Well, let all paſs, and truſt him who nor cracks
The bruiſed Reed, nor quencheth ſmoaking flax.

To Ben. Johnſon, 9. Novembris, 1603.

IF great men wrong me, I will ſpare my ſelf;
If mean I will ſpare them, I know the pelf
Which is ill got the Owner doth upbraid,
It may corrupt a Judge, make me afriad
And a Jury. But twill revenge in this,
That, though himſelf be Judge, he guilty is,
What care I though of weakneſs men tax me?
I had rather ſufferer than doer be.
That I did truſt, it was my Natures praiſe.
For breach of word I knew but as a phraiſe.
That judgment is, that ſurely can compriſe
The world in precepts, moſt happy and moſt wiſe.
What though? Though leſs, yet ſome of both have we
Who have learn'd it by uſe and miſery.
Poor I, whom every pety croſs doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt that's done me double,
Am of this (though it ſhould ſink me) careleſs,
It would but force me to a ſtricter goodneſs.

They

They have great gain of me, who gain do win,
(If ſuch gain be not loſs) from every ſin.
The ſtanding of great mens lives would afford
A pretty ſumm, if God would ſell his Word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too.
How unlike they are that they are likened to?
Yet I conclude, they are amidſt my evils,
If good, like Gods, the naught are ſo like devils.

To Sir Tho. Rowe. 1603.

Dear Tom:

TEll her if ſhe to hired ſervants ſhew
Diſlike, before they take their leave they go;
When nobler ſpirits ſtart at no diſgrace,
For who hath but one mind, hath but one face.
If then why I take not my leave ſhe ask,
Ask her again why ſhe did not unmask.
Was ſhe or proud or cruel, or knew ſhe
'Twould make my loſs more felt, and pityed me?
Or did ſhe fear one kiſs might ſtay for moe?
Or elſe was ſhe unwilling I ſhould go?
I think the beſt. and love ſo faithfully,
I cannot chuſe but think that ſhe loves me.
If this prove not my faith, then let her try
How in her ſervice I would fructifie.
Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
That decay'd worth, and prove the times paſt true.
Then he whoſe wit and verſe grows now ſo lame,
With ſongs to her will the wild Iriſh tame.
Howe'r, I'll wear the black and white ribband,
White for her fortunes, black for mine ſhall ſtand.

I do eſteem her favour, not the ſtuff;
If what I have was given, I have enough,
And all's well, for had ſhe lov'd, I had not had
All my friends hate, for now departing ſad
I feel not that: Yet as the Rack the Gout
Cures, ſo hath *this* worſe grief *that* quite put out:
My firſt diſeaſe nought but that worſe cureth,
Which (I dare foreſay) nothing cures but death.
Tell her all this before I am forgot,
That not too late ſhe grieve ſhe lov'd me not.
Burdened with this, I was to depart leſs
Willing then thoſe which die, and not confeſs.

The end of the Letters.

28 MR 59

ANA-

ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

Wherein,
By occaſion of the untimely death of Miſtris
ELIZABETH DRURY, the frailty
and the decay of this whole World
is repreſented.

The firſt Anniverſary.

To the praiſe of the dead, and the
ANATOMY.

WEll dy'd the World, that we might live to ſee
This world of wit, in his Anatomie:
No evil wants his good, ſo wilder heirs
Bedew their Fathers Tombes with forced tears,
Whoſe ſtate requites their loſs: whiles thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I conſent the world is dead
Whiles this Muſe lives? which in his ſpirits ſtead
Seems to inform a world; and bids it be,
In ſpight of loſs or frail mortality?
And thou the ſubject of this wellborn thought,
Thrice noble maid, couldſt not have found nor ſought
A fitter time to yeeld to thy ſad Fate,
Then whiles this ſpirit lives that can relate

Thy

Thy worth ſo well to our laſt Nephews eyne,
That they ſhall wonder both at his and thine:
Admired match! where ſtrives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil, and the comely face:
A task which thy fair goodneſs made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch;
Enough it is to praiſe them that praiſe thee,
And ſay, that but enough thoſe praiſes be,
Which, hadſt thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
From the angry checkings of thy modeſt red:
Death bars reward and ſhame, when envy's gone,
And gain, 'tis ſafe to give the dead their own.
As then the wiſe Ægyptians wont to lay
More on their Tombs, than houſes: theſe of clay,
But thoſe of braſs, or marble were: ſo we
Give more unto thy Ghoſt, than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'ſt to us,
And may'ſt but thank thy ſelf, for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'ſt and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profeſt all due, where 'tis repaid.
So theſe high ſongs that to thee ſuited bin,
Serve but to ſound thy Makers praiſe and thine,
Which thy dear ſoul as ſweetly ſings to him
Amid the quire of Saints, and Seraphim,
As any Angels tongues can ſing of thee;
The ſubjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love, thy vertues did preſage
What high part thou bear'ſt in thoſe beſt of Songs,
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on thou virgin Soul, whole loſsful gain
Thy love-ſick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Never may thy name be in ſongs forgot,
Till we ſhall ſing thy ditty and thy note.

An

An Anatomy of the World.

The first Anniversary.

WHen that rich Soul which to her heaven is gone,
Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one,
(For who is sure he hath a Soul, unless
It see, and judg, and follow worthiness,
And by deeds praise it? he who doth not this,
May lodg an inmate soul, but 'tis not his)
When that Queen ended here her progress time,
And, as t' her standing house to heaven did clime;
Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the Quire and Song:
This World, in that great earthquake languished;
For in a common bath of tears it bled,
Which drew the strongest vital spirits out:
But succour'd them with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gain in this,
(Because since now no other way there is,
But goodness, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as she)
This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
And, as men think, that Agues physick are,
And th' ague being spent, give over care:
So thou sick world, mistak'st thy self to be
Well, when alas, thou art in a Lethargie:
Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than
Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sun, or man.
That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.

'Twas

'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
But this is worſe that thou art ſpeechleſs grown.
Thou haſt forgot thy name thou hadſt; thou waſt
Nothing but ſhe, and her thou haſt o'rpaſt.
For as a child kept from the fount, until
A Prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadſt laid,
Had not her comming, thee her palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and frame,
And thou forgett'ſt to celebrate thy name.
Some moneths ſhe hath been dead (but being dead,
Meaſures of time are all determined)
But long ſhe hath been away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
But as in States doubtful of future heirs,
When ſickneſs without remedie impairs
The preſent Prince, they'r loath it ſhould be ſaid,
The Prince doth languiſh or the Prince is dead:
So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
A ſtronge example gone, equal to law,
The Cyment which did faithfully compact,
And give all vertues, now reſolv'd and ſlack'd,
Thought it ſome blaſphemy to ſay ſhe was dead,
Or that our weakneſs was diſcovered
In that confeſſion; therefore ſpoke no more,
Than tongues, the Soul being gone, the loſs deplore.
But though it be too late to ſuccour thee,
Sick World, yea dead, yea putrified, ſince ſhe
Thy 'intrinſique balm, and thy preſervative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
I (ſince no man can make thee live) will trie,
What we may gain by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy pureſt part.

Let

Let no man ſay, the world it ſelf being dead,
'Tis labour loſt to have diſcovered
The worlds infirmities, ſince there is none
Alive to ſtudy this diſſection;
For there's a kind of World remaining ſtill,
Though ſhe which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this laſt long night,
Her Ghoſt doth walk, that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weak love of vertue, and of good
Reflects from her, on them which underſtood
Her worth, and though ſhe have ſhut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth ſtay;
Which, from the carcaſs of the old world, free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be
Produc'd: the matter and the ſtuffe of this,
Her vertue, and the form our practiſe is:
And though to be thus elemented, arm
Theſe creatures, from homeborn intrinſique harm,
(For all aſſum'd unto this dignitie,
So many weedleſs Paradiſes be,
Which of themſelves produce no venomous ſin,
Except ſome forain Serpent bring it in)
Yet becauſe outward ſtorms the ſtrongeſt break,
And ſtrength it ſelf by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be ſafer, being told
The dangers and diſeaſes of the old:
For with due temper men do them forgoe,
Or covet things, when they their true worth know,
There is no health; Phyſitians ſay that we,
At beſt, enjoy but a neutrality.
And can there be worſe ſickneſs, than to know,
That we are never well, nor can be ſo?
We are born ruinous: poor mothers cry,
That Children come not right nor orderly,

Except

Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How wity's ruin, how importunate
Upon mankind? it labour'd to fruſtrate
Even Gods purpoſe; and made woman, ſent
For man's relief, cauſe of his languiſhment;
They were to good ends, and they are ſo ſtill,
But acceſſory, and principal in ill;
For that firſt marriage was our funeral:
One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
And ſingly, one by one they kill us now.
We do delightfully our ſelves allow
To that conſumption; and profuſely blinde
We kill our ſelves to propagate our kinde,
And yet we do not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankind, which was then,
When as the Sun and man did ſeem to ſtrive,
(Joynt-tenants of the world) who ſhould ſurvive;
When, Stag, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'd in minority;
When, if a ſlow pac'd ſtar had ſtoln away
From the obſervers marking, he might ſtay
Two or three hundred years to ſee't again,
And then make up his obſervation plain;
When as the age was long, the ſiſe was great;
Mans growth confeſs'd, and recompenc'd the meat;
So ſpacious and large, that every Soul
Did a fair Kingdom, and large Realm controul:
And when the very Stature thus erect,
Did that Soul a good way towards heaven direct,
Where is this mankind now; who lives to age,
Fit to be made *Methuſalem* his page?
Alas, we ſcarce live long enough to try
Whether a true made clock run right or ly.

Old

Old Granſires talk of yeſterday with ſorrow:
And for our children we reſerve to morrow.
So ſhort is life, that every peſant ſtrives,
In a torn houſe, or field, to have three lives,
And as in laſting, ſo in length is man,
Contracted to an inch, who was a ſpan;
For had a man at firſt in forreſts ſtraid,
Or ſhip-wrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an Elephant or Whale,
That met him, would not haſtily aſſail,
A thing ſo equal to him: now alas,
The Fairies, and the Pygmies well may paſs
As credible; mankind decays ſo ſoon,
We 'are ſcarce our Fathers ſhadows caſt at noon:
Only death adds t'our length: nor are we grown
In ſtature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our leſs volume hold
All the old Text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their ſilver, or diſpos'd into leſs glaſs
Spirits of vertue, which then ſcatter'd was:
But 'tis not ſo: w'are not retir'd, but dampt;
And as our bodies, ſo our minds are crampt:
'Tis ſhrinking, not cloſe weaving that hath thus,
In mind and body both bedwarfed us.
We ſeem ambitious Gods whole work t'undoe;
Of nothing he made us, and we ſtrive too,
To bring our ſelves to nothing back; and we
Doe what we can, to do't ſo ſoon as he:
With new diſeaſes on our ſelves we war,
And with new Phyſick, a worſe Engine far.
This man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home;
And if in other creatures they appear,
They are but mans Miniſters, and Legats there,

To

To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to Civility, and to mans uſe:
This man, whom God did woo, and loth t' attend
Till man, came up, did down to man deſcend:
This man ſo great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle, and poor thing he is!
If man were any thing, he's nothing now:
Help, or at leaſt ſome time to waſte, allow
To 'his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom we lament, he loſt his heart.
She of whom th' Ancients ſeem'd to propheſie.
When they call'd vertues by the name of She;
She, in whom vertue was ſo much refin'd,
That for allay unto ſo pure a minde
She took the weaker Sex: ſhe that could drive
The poyſonous tincture, and the ſtain of Eve,
Out of her thoughts and deeds; and purifie
All by a true religious Alchimy;
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead; when thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how poor a trifling thing man is,
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
The heart being periſh'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The ſupernatural food, Religion,
Thy better growth grows withered, and ſcant;
Be more than man, or thou 'art leſs than an Ant.
Then as mankind, ſo is the worlds whole frame
Quite out of joynt, almoſt created lame:
For, before God had made up all the reſt,
Corruption entred, and deprav'd the beſt:
It ſeis'd the Angels, and then firſt of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joynt of th' univerſal frame,

The

The nobleſt part, man, felt it firſt: and than
Both beaſts and plants, curſt in the curſe of man:
So did the world from the firſt hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day,
And now the Springs and Summers which we ſee
Like ſons of women after fifty be.
And new Philoſophy calls all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out:
The Sun is loſt, and th' Earth, and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confeſs that this world's ſpent,
When in the Planets, and the firmament
They ſeek ſo many new; they ſee that this
Is crumbled out again to his Atomies.
'Tis all in peeces, all coherence gone,
All juſt ſupply, and all Relation:
Prince, Subject, Father, Son, are things forgot;
For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a Phœnix, and that then can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
This is the worlds condition now, and now
She that ſhould all parts to reunion bow,
She that had all magnetique force alone,
To draw and faſten ſundred parts in one;
She whom wiſe nature had invented then
When ſhe obſerv'd that every ſort of men
Did in their voyage, in this worlds Sea ſtray;
And needed a new Compaſs for their way;
She that was beſt, and firſt original
Of all fair copies, and the general
Steward to fate; ſhe whoſe rich eyes and breſt
Guilt the Weſt-Indies, and perfum'd the Eaſt,
Whoſe having breath'd in this world, did beſtow
Spice on thoſe Iſles, and bad them ſtill ſmell ſo;

And that rich Indie, which doth gold inter,
Is but as ſingle mony coyn'd from her:
She to whom this world muſt it ſelf refer,
As ſuburbs, or the Microcoſm of her,
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead: when thou know'ſt this
Thou know'ſt how lame a creeple this world is,
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
That this worlds general ſickneſs doth not ly
In any humour, or one certain part;
But as thou ſaweſt it rotten at the heart,
Thou ſeeſt a Hectique feaver hath got hold
Of the whole ſubſtance, not to be contrould,
And that thou haſt but one way, not t' admit
The worlds infection, to be none of it.
For the worlds ſubtilſt immaterial parts
Feel this conſuming wound, and ages darts.
For the worlds beauty is decay'd, or gone,
Beauty, that's colour and proportion,
We think the heavens enjoy their Spherical,
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed courſe,
Obſerv'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to find out ſo many Eccentrique parts,
Such divers down-right lines; ſuch overthwarts,
As diſproportion that pure form: It tears
The Firmament in eight and forty ſhiers,
And in theſe Conſtellations then ariſe
New ſtars, and old do vaniſh from our eyes:
As though heav'n ſuffered earth-quakes, peace or war
When new towers riſe, and old demoliſh'd are.
They have impal'd within a Zodiake
The free-born Sun, and keep 12 ſignes awake
To watch his ſteps; the Goat and Crab controul
And fright him back, who elſe to either Pole

(D

(Did not theſe tropiques fetter him) might run:
For his courſe is not round, nor can the Sun
Perfect a Circle, or maintain his way
One inch direct, but where he roſe to day
He comes no more but with a cozening line,
Steales by that point, and ſo is Serpentine:
And ſeeming weary of his reeling thus,
He means to ſleep, being now faln nearer us.
So, of the Stars which boaſt that they do run
In Circle ſtill, none ends where he begun.
All their proportion's lame, it ſinks, it ſwells:
For of Meridians, and Parallels,
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the Heavens, and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
We ſpur, we rein the ſtars, and in their race
They'are diverſly content t'obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion ſtill?
Doth not a *Tenarus* or higher hill
Riſe ſo high like a Rock, that one might think
The floating Moon would ſhipwrack there and ſink?
Seas are ſo deep, that Whales being ſtruck to day,
Perchance to morrow ſcarce at middle way
Of their wiſh'd journeys end, the bottom, die:
And men, to ſound depths, ſo much line unty,
As one might juſtly think, that there would riſe
At end thereof, one of th' Antipodies:
If under all, a vault infernal be,
(Which ſure is ſpacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there muſt
Millions into a ſtraight hot room be thruſt)
Then ſolidneſs and roundneſs have no place.
Are theſe but warts, and pockholes in the face

Of th' earth? Think ſo, but yet confeſs, in this
The worlds proportion disfigur'd is;
That thoſe two leggs whereon it doth rely,
Reward and puniſhment, are bent awry:
And, oh, it can no more be queſtioned,
That beauties beſt, proportion is dead,
Since even grief it ſelf, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She by whoſe lines proportion ſhould be
Examin'd, meaſure of all Symmetry,
Whom had that Ancient ſeen, who thought ſouls made
Of Harmony, he would at next have ſaid
That Harmony was ſhe, and thence infer
That Souls were but Reſultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow:
She, who if thoſe great Doctors truly ſaid
That th' Ark to mans proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both Elements and Paſſions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civil warr to ceaſe.
She after whom, what form ſoe'r we ſee,
Is diſcord and rude incongruity;
She, ſhe is dead, ſhe's dead! when thou know'ſt this,
Thou knoweſt how ugly a monſter this world is:
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
That here is nothing to enamour thee:
And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poyſoning the fountains, whence our actions ſpring,
Endanger us: but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To ſatisfie wiſe, and good lookers on,

Since

Since moſt men be ſuch as moſt think they be,
They are lothſome too, by this deformity.
For good, and well, muſt in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worſe than indiſcreet.
But beauties other ſecond Element,
Colour, and luſtre now, is as near ſpent.
And had the world his juſt proportion,
Were it a ring ſtill yet the ſtone is gone,
As a compaſſionate Turcoyſe, which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well:
As gold falls ſick being ſtung with Mercury,
All the worlds parts of ſuch complexion be.
When nature was moſt buſie, the firſt week,
Swadling the new-born earth, God ſeem'd to like
That ſhe ſhould ſport herſelf ſometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day:
And then, as though ſhe could not make enow,
Himſelf his various Rainbow did allow.
Sight is the nobleſt ſenſe of any one,
Yet ſight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: ſummers robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft-dy'd Garment ſhows.
Our bluſhing red, which us'd in cheeks to ſpred,
Is inward ſunk, and only our ſouls are red.
Perchance the World might have recovered,
If ſhe whom we lament had not been dead:
But ſhe, in whom all white, and red, and blew
(Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradiſe, from whom
Did all things verdure, and their luſtre come,
Whoſe compoſition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For Air, and Fire but thick groſs bodies were,
And livelieſt ſtones but drowſie and pale to her)

She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how wan a Ghoſt this our world is:
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
That it ſhould more affright than pleaſure thee:
And that, ſince all fair colour then did ſink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude mens ſenſe.
Nor in ought more this worlds decay appears,
Than that her influence the heaven forbears,
Or that the Elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is.
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not powr,
In the due birth time, down the balmy ſhowr;
Th' ayre doth not motherly ſit on the earth,
To hatch her ſeaſons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
And falſe-conceptions fill the general wombs;
Th' ayr ſhows ſuch Meteors, as none can ſee,
Not only what they mean, but what they be.
Earth ſuch new worms, as would have troubled much
Th' Egyptian *Mages* to have made more ſuch.
What Artiſt now dares boaſt that he can bring
Heaven hither, or conſtellate any thing,
So as the influence of thoſe ſtars may be
Impriſon'd in a Herb, or Charm, or Tree,
And doe by touch, all which thoſe ſtars could do?
The art is loſt, and correſpondence too,
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes leſs,
And man leaſt knows their trade and purpoſes.
If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
She, for whoſe loſs we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully, and pow'rfully on us:

Since

Since herbs, and roots by dying loſe not all,
But they, yea aſhes too, are medicinal,
Death could not quench her vertue ſo, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
And all the world would be one dying ſwan,
To ſing her funeral praiſe, and vaniſh than.
But as ſome Serpents poyſon hurteth not,
Except it be from the live Serpent ſhot,
So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
That unto us; ſhe working more than it.
But ſhe, in whom to ſuch maturity
Vertue was grown, paſt growth, that it muſt die;
She, from whoſe influence all impreſſion came,
But by receivers impotencies, lame,
Who, though ſhe could not tranſubſtantiate
All ſtates to gold, yet guilded every ſtate,
So that ſome Princes have ſome temperance;
Some Councellors, ſome purpoſe to advance
The common profit; and ſome people have
Some ſtay, no more than Kings ſhould give to crave;
Some women have ſome taciturnity,
Some Nunneries ſome graines of chaſtity.
She that did thus much, and much more could do,
But that our Age was Iron, and ruſty too,
She, ſhe is dead, ſhe's dead; when thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how dry a Cinder this world is.
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomie,
That 'tis in vain to dew, or mollifie
It with thy tears, or ſweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or periſhing,
But thoſe rich joyes which did poſſeſs her heart,
Of which ſhe's now partaker, and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
The body will not laſt out, to have read

On every part, and therefore men direct
Their ſpeech to parts, that are of moſt effect;
So the worlds carcaſs would not laſt, If I
Were punctual in this Anatomy;
Nor ſmells it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their diſeaſe, who fain would think they 're well,
Here therefore be the end: and bleſſed maid,
Of whom is meant what ever hath been ſaid,
Or ſhall be ſpoken well by any tongue,
Whoſe name refines coorſe lines, and makes proſe ſong,
Accept this tribute, and his firſt years rent,
Who till his dark ſhort tapers end be ſpent,
As oft as thy feaſt ſees this widowed earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy ſecond birth,
That is, thy death; for though the ſoul of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis born but than
When man doth die, our body's as the womb,
And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
And you her creatures, whom ſhe works upon,
And have your laſt, and beſt concoction
From her example and her vertue, if you
In reverence to her do think it due,
That no one ſhould her praiſes thus rehearſe,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not verſe:
Vouchſafe to call to mind that God did make
A laſt, and laſting'ſt peece, a ſong. He ſpake
To *Moſes* to deliver unto all
That ſong, becauſe he knew they would let fall
The Law, the Prophets, and the Hiſtory,
But keep the ſong ſtill in their memory:
Such an opinion; in due meaſure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade:
Nor could incomprehenſibleneſs deter
Me from thus trying to impriſon her;

Which when I ſaw that a ſtrict grave could do,
I ſaw not why verſe might not do ſo too.
Verſe hath a middle nature, Heaven keeps Souls,
The Grave keeps bodies, Verſe the Fame enrouls.

A Funeral Elegy.

'Tis loſs to truſt a Tomb with ſuch a gueſt,
Or to confine her in a marble cheſt,
Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie,
Pris'd with the Chryſolite of either eye,
Or with thoſe Pearls, and Rubies, which ſhe was?
Joyn the two Indies in one Tomb, 'tis glaſs;
And ſo is all to her materials,
Though every inch were ten Eſcurials;
Yet ſhe's demoliſh'd: can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can theſe memorials, rags of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they muſt live?
Sickly, alas, ſhort liv'd, Abortive be
Thoſe carcaſs verſes, whoſe ſoul is not ſhe;
And can ſhe, who no longer would be ſhe,
(Being ſuch a Tabernacle) ſtoop to be
In paper wrapt; or when ſhe would not lie
In ſuch an houſe, dwell in an Elegy?
But 'tis no matter; we may well allow
Verſe to live ſo long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for arms, and Counſellors for braines,
Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,
The rich for ſtomacks, and for backs the poor;

The

The officers for hands, Merchants for feet,
By which, remote and distant Countrys meet:
But those fine spirits, which do tune, and set
This Organ, are those peeces, which beget
Wonder and love; and these were shee; and she
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be;
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can find nothing after her, to kill,
Except the world it self, so great was she.
Thus brave and confident may Nature be,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because she cannot such another show.
But must we say she's dead; may't not be said
That as a sundred clock is peecemeal laid,
Not to be lost, but by the Makers hand
Repolish'd, without errour then to stand;
Or, as the Affrique Niger stream enwombs
It self into the earth, and after comes
(Having first made a Natural bridge, to pass
For many leagues) far greater than it was,
May't not be said, that her grave shall restore
Her, greater, purer, firmer than before?
Heaven may say this, and joy in't but can we
Who live, and lack her here, this vantage see?
What is't to us, alas, if there have been
An angel made a Throne, or Cherubin?
We lose by't: and as aged men are glad
Being tastless grown, to joy in joyes they had,
So now the sick-starv'd world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gon.
Rejoyce then Nature, and this world, that you,
Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue
Your force and vigor, ere it were near gon,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;

One

One, whoſe clear body was ſo pure and thin,
Becauſe it need diſguiſe no thought within,
'Twas but a through light ſcarf her mind t' enroul;
Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soul.
One, whom all men, who durſt no more, admir'd:
And whom, who ere had worth enough, deſir'd;
As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
To which of them it ſhall be conſecrate.
But, as when heaven looks on us with new eyes,
Thoſe new ſtars every Artiſt exerciſe,
What place they ſhould aſſign to them they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till thoſe ſtars go out;
So the world ſtudied whoſe this peece ſhould be,
Till ſhe can be no bodies elſe, nor ſhe:
But like a lamp of Balſamum, deſir'd
Rather t'adorn, than laſt, ſhe ſoon expir'd,
Cloath'd in her virgin white integrity,
For marriage, though it doth not ſtain, doth die.
To ſcape the infirmities which wait upon
Woman, ſhe went away before ſh' was one;
And the worlds buſie noyſe to overcome,
Took ſo much death as ſerv'd for *Opium*;
For though ſhe could not, nor could chuſe to die,
Sh'ath yeelded to too long an extaſie:
He which not knowing her ſad Hiſtory,
Should come to read the book of deſtiny,
How fair, and chaſt, humble and high ſh'ad been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen,
And meaſuring future things, by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either deſtiny miſtook,
Or that ſome leaves were torn out of the book,
But 'tis not ſo; Fate did but uſher her
To years of reaſons uſe, and then infer

Her

Her deſtiny to her ſelf, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die,
Her modeſty not ſuffering her to be
Fellow-Commiſſioner with Deſtiny,
She did no more but die; if after her
Any ſhall live, which dare true good prefer;
Every ſuch perſon is her delegate,
T' accompliſh that which ſhould have been her Fate.
They ſhall make up that Book, and ſhall have thanks
Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blanks.
For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
Which from the gift of her example riſe;
And 'tis in heav'n part of ſpiritual mirth,
To ſee how well the good play her, on earth.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

Wherein,

By Occaſion of the Religious Death of Miſtris ELIZABETH DRURY, the Incommodities of the Soul in this life, and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated.

The ſecond Anniverſary.

The Harbinger to the PROGRESS.

TWo Souls move here, and mine (a third) muſt move
Paces of admiration, and of love;
Thy Soul (dear Virgin) whoſe this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortal Sphear to lively bliſs;
And yet moves ſtill, and ſtill aſpires to ſee
The worlds laſt day, thy glories full degree:
Like as thoſe ſtars which thou o'relookeſt far,
Are in their place, and yet ſtill moved are:
No ſoul (whiles with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee half way;
Or ſee thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
So faſt as now the lightning moves but ſlow:

But

But now thou art as high in heaven flown
As heaven's from us; what ſoul beſides thine own
Can tell thy joyes, or ſay he can relate
Thy glorious journals in that bleſſed ſtate?
I envy thee (Rich ſoul) I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory ſee:
And thou (great Spirit) which hers follow'd haſt
So faſt, as none can follow thine ſo faſt;
So far, as none can follow thine ſo far,
(And if this fleſh did not the paſſage bar,
Hadſt caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
Which long agon hadſt loſt the vulgar ſight,
And now mak'ſt proud the better eyes, that they
Can ſee thee leſſened in thine ayery way;
So while thou mak'ſt her ſoul by progreſs known
Thou mak'ſt a noble progreſs of thine own,
From this worlds carcaſs having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality;
Since thine aſpiring thoughts themſelves ſo raiſe,
That more may not beſeem a creatures praiſe,
Yet ſtill thou vow'ſt her more; and every year
Mak'ſt a new progreſs, whilſt thou wandreſt here;
Still upward mount; and let thy Makers praiſe
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy layes:
And ſince thy Muſe her head in heaven ſhrouds,
Oh let her never ſtoop below the clouds:
And if thoſe glorious ſainted ſouls may know
Or what we do, or what we ſing below,
Thoſe acts, thoſe ſongs ſhall ſtill content them beſt
Which praiſe thoſe awful Powers that make them bleſt.

OF

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

The ſecond Anniverſary.

NOthing could make me ſooner to confeſs
That this world had an everlaſtingneſs,
Then to conſider that a year is run,
Since both this lower worlds, and the Suns Sun,
The luſtre and the vigour of this all
Did ſet; 'twere blaſphemy to ſay, did fall.
But as a ſhip which hath ſtrook ſail doth run
By force of that force which before it won:
Or as ſometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at thoſe two Red ſeas, which freely ran,
One from the Trunk, another from the Head,
His ſoul be ſail'd, to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roul,
As though he beckned and call'd back his ſoul,
He graſps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And ſeems to reach, and to ſtep forth to meet
His ſoul; when all theſe motions which we ſaw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:
Or as a Lute, which in moiſt weather, rings
Her knel alone, by cracking of her ſtrings.
So ſtruggles this dead world, now ſhe is gone:
For there is motion in corruption.

As

As ſome daies are, at the Creation nam'd,
Before the Sun, the which fram'd dayes, was fram'd:
So after this Sun's ſet, ſome ſhew appears,
And orderly viciſſitude of years.
Yet a new deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the main reſerve of all;
Yet in this deluge, groſs and general,
Thou ſeeeſt me ſtrive for life; my life ſhall be,
To be hereafter prais'd for praiſing thee,
Immortal Maid, who though thou wouldſt refuſe
The name of mother, be unto my Muſe
A Father, ſince her chaſt ambition is
Yearly to bring forth ſuch a child as this.
Theſe Hymnes may work on future wits, and ſo
May great Grand-children of thy praiſes grow.
And ſo, though not revive, embalm and ſpice
The world, which elſe would putrifie with vice.
For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
Until man do but vaniſh, and not dy.
Theſe Hymnes thy iſſue may increaſe ſo long,
As till Gods great *Venite* change the ſong.
Thirſt for that time, O my inſatiate ſoul,
And ſerve thy thirſt with God's ſafe ſealing Bowl.
Be thirſty ſtill, and drink ſtill till thou go
To th' only Health; to be Hydroptique ſo,
Forget this rotten world; And unto thee
Let thine own times as an old ſtory be,
Be not concern'd: ſtudy not why or when;
Do not ſo much as not believe a man.
For though to erre, be worſt, to try truths forth
Is far more buſineſs than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcaſs; thou art fed
By it, but as a worm that carcaſs bred;

And why ſhould'ſt thou poor worm, conſider more
When this world will grow better than before.
Then thoſe thy fellow worms do think upon
That carkaſſes laſt reſurrection;
Forget this world, and ſcarce think of it ſo,
As of old clothes, caſt off a year ago.
To be thus ſtupid is Alacrity;
Men thus Lethargique have beſt memory.
Look upward; that's towards her, whoſe happy ſtate
We now lament not, but congratulate.
She, to whom all this world was but a ſtage,
Where all ſate harkning how her youthful age
Should be imploy'd, becauſe in all ſhe did,
Some figure of the golden times was hid.
Who could not lack, what e'r this world could give,
Becauſe ſhe was the form that made it live;
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be ſtaid in, than when ſhe was in it.
She that firſt try'd indifferent deſires
By vertue, and vertue by religious fires.
She to whoſe perſon Paradiſe adhear'd,
As Courts to Princes: ſhe whoſe eyes enſphear'd
Star-light enough, t' have made the South controul
(Had ſhe been there) the Star-ful Northern Pole;
She, ſhe is gone ſhe's; gone: when thou know'ſt this,
What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
Thou know'ſt; and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my ſoul, that death is but a groom,
Which brings a Tapour to the outward room,
Whence thou ſpieſt firſt a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy ſight:
For ſuch approaches doth heaven make in death.
Think thy ſelf labouring now with broken breath,

And think thoſe broken and ſoft notes to be
Diviſion, and thy happieſt Harmony.
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, looſe and ſlack;
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy ſoul from thence.
Think thy ſelf parch'd with feavers violence,
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy Phyſick; chide the ſlackneſs of the fit.
Think that thou hear'ſt thy knell, and think no more,
But that, as Bells call'd thee to Church before,
So, this to the Triumphant Church calls thee.
Think Satan's Sergeants round about thee be,
And think that but for Legacies they truſt;
Give one thy Pride, to 'nother give thy Luſt:
Give them thoſe ſins which they gave thee before,
And truſt th' immaculate blood to waſh thy ſcore.
Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
Weep but becauſe they goe not yet thy way.
Think that they cloſe thine eyes, and think in this,
That they confeſs much in the world, amiſs,
Who dare not truſt a dead mans eye with that,
Which they from God and Angels cover not.
Think that they ſhroud thee up, and think from thence
They re-inveſt thee in white innocence
Think that thy body rots, and (if ſo low,
Thy ſoul exalted ſo, thy thoughts can goe.)
Think thee a Prince, who of themſelves create
Worms, which inſenſibly devour their ſtate:
Think that they bury thee, and think that right
Layes thee to ſleep but a Saint Lucies night.
Think theſe things cheerfully, and if thou be
Drowſie or ſlack, remember then that ſhe,
She whoſe complexion was ſo even made,
That which of her ingredients ſhould invade

The

The other three, no Fear, no Art could gueſs:
So far were all remov'd from more or leſs.
But as in Mithridate, or juſt perfumes,
Where all good things b'ing met, no one preſumes
To govern, or to triumph on the reſt,
Onely becauſe all were, no part was beſt.
And as though all do know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from points ariſe,
None can theſe lines or quantities unjoynt,
And ſay, this is a line, or this a point:
So though the Elements and humours were
In her, one could not ſay, this governs there,
Whoſe even conſtitution might have won
Any diſeaſe to venture on the Sun,
Rather than her; and make a ſpirit fear,
That he too diſuniting ſubject were,
To whoſe proportions if we would compare
Cubes, th' are unſtable; Circles, Angular;
She who was ſuch a chain as Fate employes
To bring Mankind all Fortunes it enjoyes:
So faſt, ſo even wrought, as one would think,
No accident could threaten any link;
She, ſhe embrac'd a ſickneſs, gave it meat,
The pureſt blood, and breath, that e'r it eat;
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith,
And though he may pretend a conqueſt, ſince
Heaven was content to ſuffer violence,
Yea though he plead a long poſſeſſion too,
(For they are in heaven on earth whoſe heavens works do)
Though he had right and power and place, before,
Yet death muſt uſher and unlock the dore;
Think further on thy ſelf, my Soul, and think
How thou at firſt waſt made but in a ſink;

Think that it argued ſome infirmity,
That thoſe two ſouls, which then thou foundſt in me
Thou fedſt upon, and drew'ſt into thee both
My ſecond ſoul of ſenſe, and firſt of growth.
Think but how poor thou waſt, how obnoxious;
Whom a ſmall lump of fleſh could poiſon thus.
This curded milk, this poor unlittered whelp
My body, could beyond eſcape or help,
Infect thee with Original ſin, and thou
Couldſt neither then refuſe, nor leave it now.
Think that no ſtubborn ſullen Anchorit,
Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth ſit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels
So foully as our ſouls in their firſt-built Cells,
Think in how poor a priſon thou doſt ly,
After enabled but to ſuck, and cry,
Think when 'twas grown to moſt, 'twas a poor In,
A Province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
And that uſurp'd, or threatned with a rage
Of ſickneſſes, or their true Mother, Age.
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou haſt thy 'xpanſion now, and liberty;
Think that a ruſty Peece diſcharg'd, is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy Soul allow,
Think thy ſhell broke, think thy ſoul hatcht but now,
And think this ſlow-pac'd ſoul which late did cleave
T' a body, and went but by the bodys leave,
Twenty perchance or thirty mile a day,
Diſpatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heaven and earth; ſhe ſtays not in the air,
To look what Meteors there themſelves prepare;
She carries no deſire to know, nor ſenſe,
Whether th' aires middle region be intenſe;

For th' Element of fire, ſhe doth not know,
Whether ſhe paſs'd by ſuch a place or no;
She baits not at the Moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world men live, and dy.
Venus retards her not t' enquire how ſhe
Can (being one ſtar) *Heſper* and *Veſper* be;
He that charm'd *Argus* eyes, ſweet *Mercury*,
Works not on her, who now is grown all ey;
Who if ſhe meet the body of the Sun,
Goes through, not ſtaying till his courſe be run;
Who finds in *Mars* his Camp no Corps of Guard,
Nor is by *Jove*, nor by his father barr'd;
But ere ſhe can conſider how ſhe went,
At once is at, and through the firmament.
And as theſe ſtars were but ſo many beads
Strung on one ſtring, ſpeed undiſtinguiſh'd leads
Her through thoſe ſphears, as through thoſe beads a ſtring
Whoſe quick ſucceſſion makes it ſtill one thing:
As doth the pith, which leaſt our bodies ſlack,
Strings faſt the little bones of neck and back;
So by the ſoul doth death ſtring Heaven and Earth;
For when our ſoul enjoys her third birth,
(Creation gave her one, a ſecond, grace,)
Heaven is near, and preſent to her face,
As colours are, and objects in a room
Where darkneſs was before, when Tapers come.
This muſt, my Soul, thy long-ſhort Progreſs be
T' advance theſe thoughts; Remember then that ſhe,
She, whoſe fair body no ſuch priſon was,
But that a Soul might well be pleas'd to paſs
An Age in her; ſhe whoſe rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for ſo much as they were like to her;
She, in whoſe body (if we dare prefer

This low world, to ſo high a mark as ſhe,)
The Weſtern treaſure, Eaſtern ſpicery,
Europe, and Africk, and the unknown reſt
Were eaſily found, or what in them was beſt;
And when w' have made this large diſcovery
Of all, in her ſome one part than will be
Twenty ſuch parts, whoſe plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty ſuch worlds as this;
She, whom had they known, who did firſt betroth
The Tutelar Angels, and aſſigned one, both
To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
To functions, officies, and dignities,
And to each ſeveral man, to him, and him,
They would have given her one for every lim;
She, of whoſe ſoul, if we may ſay, 'twas gold,
Her body was th' Electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that; we underſtood
Her by her ſight; her pure, and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheekes, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one might almoſt ſay, her body thought;
She, ſhe thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone:
And chides us ſlow-pac'd ſnails who crawl upon
Our priſons priſon, earth, nor think us well;
Longer than whil'ſt we bear our brittle ſhell.
But 'twere but little to have chang'd our room,
If, as we were in this our living Tomb
Oppreſs'd with ignorance, we ſtill were ſo,
Poor ſoul, in this thy fleſh what doſt thou know?
Thou know'ſt thy ſelf ſo little, as thou know'ſt not,
How thou didſt dy, nor how thou waſt begot.
Thou neither know'ſt, how thou at firſt cam'ſt in,
Nor how thou tookſt the poyſon of mans ſin.
Nor doſt thou, (though thou know'ſt that thou art ſo)
By what way thou art made immortal, know.

Thou

Thou art too narrow, wretch to comprehend
Even thy ſelf, yea though thou would'ſt but bend
To know thy body. Have not all ſouls thought
For many ages, that our body's wrought
Of air, and fire, and other Elements;
And now they think of new ingredients.
And one Soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and tis an even lay.
Know'ſt thou but how the ſtone doth enter in
The bladders cave, and never break the skin?
Know'ſt thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th' other go?
And for the putrid ſtuff which thou doſt ſpit,
Know'ſt thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no paſſages, ſo that there is
(For ought thou know'ſt) piercing of ſubſtances.
And of thoſe many opinions which men raiſe
Of Nails and Hairs, doſt thou know which to praiſe?
What hope have we to know our ſelves, when we
Know not the leaſt things, which for our uſe be?
We ſee in Authors, too ſtiff to recant,
A hundred controverſies of an Ant;
And yet one watches, ſtarves, freezes, and ſweats,
To know but Catechiſms and Alphabets
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
How others on our ſtage their parts did Act?
What *Cæſar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* ſaid,
Why graſs is green, or why our bloud is red,
Are myſteries which none have reach'd unto,
In this low form, poor ſoul, what wilt thou do?
When wilt thou ſhake off this Pedantry,
Of being taught by ſenſe and Fantaſie?
Thou look'ſt through ſpectacles; ſmall things ſeem great
Below; But up unto the Watch-towre git,

And ſee all things deſpoil'd of fallacies:
Thou ſhalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor hear through Labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit, or collections to diſcern,
In heaven thou ſtraight know'ſt all, concerning it,
And what concerns it not, ſhall ſtraight forget.
There thou (but in no other ſchool) maiſt be
Perchance, as learned, and as full, as ſhe,
She who all Libraries had throughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practiſed
So much good as would make as many more:
She whoſe example they muſt all implore,
Who would or do, or think well, and confeſs
That all the vertuous Actions they expreſs,
Are but a new, and worſe edition
Of her ſome one thought or one action:
She, who in th' art of knowing Heaven, was grown
Here upon earth to ſuch perfection,
That ſhe hath, ever ſince to heaven ſhe came,
(In a far fairer print,) but read the ſame;
Shee, ſhe nor ſatisfied with all this waight,
(For ſo much knowledge as would over-fraight
Another, did but ballaſt her) is gone
As well t' enjoy, as get perfection,
And calls us after her, in that ſhe took,
(Taking her ſelf) our beſt and worthieſt book.
Return not, my ſoul, from this extaſie,
And meditation of what thou ſhalt be,
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear,
With whom thy converſation muſt be there.
With whom wilt thou converſe? what ſtation
Canſt thou chooſe out free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine?

Shalt

Shalt thou not finde a ſpungy ſlack Divine
Drink and ſuck in th' inſtructions of great men,
And for the word of God vent them agen?
Are there not ſome Courts (and then, no things be
So like as Courts) which in this let us ſee,
That wits, and tongues of Libellers are weak,
Becauſe they doe more ill than theſe can ſpeak?
The poyſon's gone through all, poiſons affect
Chiefly the chiefeſt parts: but ſome effect
In nails, and hairs, yea excrements will ſhow;
So lies the poiſon of ſin in the moſt low.
Up, up, my drowſie ſoul, where thy new ear
Shall in the Angells ſongs no diſcord hear;
Where thou ſhalt ſee the bleſſed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that, which men have ſaid.
Where ſhe is exalted more for being good,
Then for her intereſt of Mother-hood.
Up to thoſe Patriarchs, which did longer ſit
Expecting Chriſt, then they have enjoy'd him yet.
Up to thoſe Prophets, which now gladly ſee
Their propheſies grown to be Hiſtory.
Up to th'-Apoſtles, who did bravely run
All the Suns courſe, with more light than the Sun:
Up to thoſe Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oyle to th' Apoſtles Lamps, dew to their ſeed.
Up to thoſe Virgins, who thought, that almoſt
They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghoſt,
If they to any ſhould his Temple give.
Up, up, for in that ſquadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities.
Shee who being to her ſelf a State, enjoy'd;
All royalties which any State employ'd;

For

For ſhe made wars, and triumph'd; reaſon ſtill
Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will:
And ſhe made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty, and chaſtity together kiſs:
She did high juſtice, for ſhe crucifi'd
Every firſt motion of rebellions pride:
And ſhe gave pardons, and was liberal,
For, only her ſelf except, ſhe pardoned all:
She coyn'd, in this, that her impreſſion gave
To all our actions all the worth they have:
She gave protections; the thoughts of her breſt,
Satans rude Officers could ne'r arreſt.
As theſe prerogatives being met in one,
Made her a ſoveraign State; Religion
Made her a Church; and theſe two made her all.
She who was all this All, and could not fall
To worſe, by company, (for ſhe was ſtill
More Antidote, then all the world was ill,)
She, ſhe doth leave it, and by Death, ſurvive
All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not ſtrive
The more, becauſe ſhe's there, de doth not know
That accidental joyes in Heaven do grow,
But pauſe, my ſoul, And ſtudy, ere thou fall
On accidental joyes, th' eſſential.
Still before Acceſſories doe abide
A trial, muſt the principall be tride.
And what eſſential joy canſt thou expect
Here upon earth? what permanent effect
Of tranſitory cauſes? Doſt thou love
Beauty? (And beauty worthy'ſt is to move)
Poor couſened couſener, *that* ſhe, and *that* thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now.
You are both fluid, chang'd ſince yeſterday;
Next day repairs, (but ill) laſt daies decay.

Nor

Nor are, (although the river keep the name)
Yeſterdaies waters, and to dayes the ſame.
So flows her face, and thine eyes; neither now,
That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whil'ſt you think you be
Conſtant, y' are hourly in inconſtancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Becauſe *that* God did live ſo long above
Without this Honour, and then lov'd it ſo,
That he at laſt made creatures to beſtow
Honour on him, not that he needed it,
But that, to his hands man might grow more fit.
But ſince all Honours from inferiours flow,
(For they do give it; Princes do but ſhow
Whom they would have ſo honour'd) and that this
On ſuch opinions, and capacities
Is built, as riſe and fall, to more and leſs:
Alas, 'tis but a caſual happineſs.
Hath ever any man t' himſelf aſſign'd
This or that happineſs to arreſt his mind,
But that another man which takes a worſe,
Thinks him a fool for having tane that courſe?
They who did labour Babels tow'r to 'erect,
Might have conſidered, that for that effect,
All this whole ſolid Earth could not allow
Nor furniſh forth materials enow;
And that his Center, to raiſe ſuch a place,
Was far too little to have been the Baſe;
No more affords this world, foundation
To erect true joy, were all the means in one.
But as the Heathen made them ſeveral gods
Of all Gods benefits, and all his rods,
(For as the Wine, and Corn, and onions are
Gods unto them, ſo Agues be, and War)

And

And as by changing that whole precious Gold
To ſuch ſmall Copper coynes, they loſt the old,
And loſt their only God, who ever muſt
Be ſought alone, and not in ſuch a thruſt:
So much mankind true happineſs miſtakes;
No joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
Then, Soul, to thy firſt pitch work up again;
Know that all lines which circles do contain,
For once that they the Center touch, do touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou ſuch;
Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth employ'd;
All will not ſerve; only who have enjoy'd
The ſight of God in fulneſs, can think it;
For it is both the object, and the wit.
This is eſſential joy, where neither he
Can ſuffer diminution, nor we;
'Tis ſuch a full, and ſuch a filling good;
Had th' Angels once look'd on him, they had ſtood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
She whom we celebrate is gone before.
Shee, who had here ſo much eſſential joy,
As no chance could diſtract, much leſs deſtroy;
Who with God's preſence was acquainted ſo,
(Hearing, and ſpeaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural ſtone or tree,
Better than when in Images they be:
Who kept by diligent devotion,
Gods Image, in ſuch reparation,
Within her heart, that what decay was grown,
Was her firſt Parents fault and not her own:
Who being ſollicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his ſafe precontract:
Who by a faithful confidence, was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;

Whoſe

Whoſe twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
Who dreamt devoutlier than moſt uſe to pray;
Who being here fill'd with grace, yet ſtrove to be
Both where more grace, and more capacity
At once is given: ſhe to Heaven is gone,
Who made this world in ſome proportion
A Heaven, and here became unto us all,
Joy, (as our joyes admit) eſſential.
But could this low world joyes eſſential touch,
Heavens accidental joyes would paſs them much.
How poor and lame muſt then our caſual be;
If thy Prince will his ſubjects to call thee
My Lord, and this do ſmell thee, thou art than,
By being greater, grown to be leſs Man.
When no Phyſitian of redreſs can ſpeak,
A joyful caſual violence may break
A dangerous Apoſtem in thy breſt;
And whil ſt thou joy'ſt in this, the dangerous reſt,
The bag may riſe up, and ſo ſtrangle thee.
What e'r was caſual, may ever be.
What ſhould the nature change? or make the ſame
Certain, which was but caſual, when it came?
All caſual joy doth loud and plainly ſay,
Only by coming, that it can away.
Onely in Heaven joyes ſtrength is never ſpent,
And accidental things are permanent.
Joy of a ſouls arrival ne'r decays;
For that ſoul ever joyes, and ever ſtays.
Joy that their laſt great Conſummation
Approaches in the Reſurrection;
When earthly bodies more celeſtial
Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall;
This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of loſing it.

In

In this freſh joy, 'tis no ſmall part that ſhe,
She, in whoſe goodneſs, he that names degree,
Doth injure her; ('Tis loſs to be call'd beſt,
There where the ſtuff is not ſuch as the reſt;)
She, who left ſuch a body, as even ſhe,
Only in Heaven could learn, how it can be
Made better; for ſhe rather was two ſouls,
Or like to full on both ſides written Rolls,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin,
As ſtrong Records for God, as minds within.
Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
Peeces a Circle and ſtill keeps it ſo,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
Where ſhe receives and gives addition.
Here in a place, where miſdevotion frames
A thouſand prayers to Saints, whoſe very names
The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet,
And where what laws of Poetry admit,
Laws of Religion have at leaſt the ſame,
Immortal Maid, I might invoke thy name.
Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here ſhould'ſt make me a French convertite.
But thou would'ſt not; nor would'ſt thou be content,
To take this, for my ſecond years true Rent,
Did this coyn bear any other ſtamp, than his,
That gave thee power to do, me, to ſay this:
Since his will is, that to poſterity,
Thou ſhouldſt for life and death a pattern be,
And that the world ſhould notice have of this,
The purpoſe and th' authority is his;
Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
The trumpet, at whoſe voice the people came.

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

Upon

The deaths of ſundry Perſonages.

An Elegie on the untimely death of the incomparable Prince HENRY.

LOok to me faith, and look to my faith, God;
For both my centers feel this period.
Of waight one center, one of greatneſs is;
And Reaſon is that center, Faith is this;
For into' our reaſon flow, and there do end
All, that this natural world doth comprehend:
Quotidian things, and equidiſtant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference:
But for th' enormous greatneſſes, which are
So diſproportion'd, and ſo angulare,
As is God's Eſſence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what ſouls do, departed hence,
Theſe things (eccentrique elſe) on faith do ſtrike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For reaſon, put to her beſt extenſion,
Almoſt meets faith, and makes both centers one.

And

And nothing ever came ſo near to this,
As contemplation of that Prince we miſs.
For all that faith might credit mankind could,
Reaſon ſtill ſeconded, that this Prince would,
If then leaſt moving of the Center make
More, than if whole hell belch'd, the world to ſhake,
What muſt this do, centers diſtracted ſo,
That we ſee not what to believe or know?
Was it not well believ'd till now, that he,
Whoſe reputation was an extaſie,
On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
Till he diſcover'd what waies he would take;
For whom, what Princes angled, when they try'd,
Met a *Torpedo* and were ſtupifi'd;
And others ſtudies, how he would be bent,
Was his great fathers greateſt inſtrument,
And activ'ſt ſpirit, to convey and ty
This ſoul of peace to Chriſtianity?
Was it not well believ'd, that he would make
This general peace th' Eternal overtake,
And that his times might have ſtretcht out ſo far,
As to touch thoſe of which they emblemes are?
For to confirm this juſt belief, that now
The laſt daies came, we ſaw heaven did allow,
That, but from his aſpect and exerciſe,
In peaceful times rumours of warrs ſhould riſe.
But now this faith is hereſie: we muſt
Still ſtay, and vex our great grand-mother, Duſt.
Oh, is God prodigal? hath he ſpent his ſtore
Of plagues on us; and only now when more
Would eaſe us much, doth he grudg miſery,
And will not let's enjoy our curſe; to dy
As for the earth thrown loweſt down of all,
'Twere an ambition to deſire to fall,

So

So God, in our deſire to dy, doth know
Our plot for eaſe, in being wretched ſo:
Therefore we live, though ſuch a life we have,
As but ſo many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done,
When, what we are his putrefaction
Suſtains in us, Earth which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now, other Soul than that.
And could grief get ſo high as heav'n, that Quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would deſire
(With grief to ſee him) he had ſtaid below,
To rectifie our errours they foreknow.
Is th' other center, Reaſon, faſter then?
Where ſhould we look for that, now we 'are not men?
For if our Reaſon be our connexion
Of cauſes, now to us there can be none.
For, as if all the ſubſtances were ſpent,
'Twere madneſs, to enquire of accident,
So is' to look for reaſon, he being gone,
The only ſubject reaſon wrought upon.
If fate have ſuch a chain, whoſe divers links
Induſtrious man diſcerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and ſo ſteal in,
A new link; man knows not where to begin:
At a much deader fault muſt reaſon be,
Death having broke off ſuch a link as he.
But now, for us, with buſy proof to come,
That we have no reaſon, would prove we had ſome,
So would juſt lamentations: Therefore we
May ſafelier ſay, that we are dead, than he,
So, if our griefs we do not well declare,
We 'have double excuſe, he 's not dead, we are.
Yet would not I die yet; for though I be
Too narrow to think him, as he is he,

(Our Souls beſt baiting and mid-period,
In her long journey, of conſidering God)
Yet (no diſhonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
Oh may I, (ſince I live) but ſee or hear,
That ſhe-Intelligence which mov'd this ſphear,
I pardon Fate, my life: who ere thou be,
Which haſt the noble conſcience, thou art ſhe,
I conjure thee by all the charms he ſpoke,
By th' oaths, which only you two never broke,
By all the ſouls ye ſigh'd, that if you ſee
Theſe lines, you wiſh, I knew your hiſtory.
So much, as you, two mutual heav'ns were here,
I were an Angel ſinging what you were.

To the Counteſs of *Bedford.*

MADAM,

I Have learned by thoſe laws wherein I am little conver-ſant, that he which beſtows any coſt upon the dead, obli-ges him which is dead, but not his heir; I doe not there-fore ſend this paper to your Ladiſhip, that you ſhould thank me for it, or think that I thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are ſo much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which muſt expreſs it: But, Madam, ſince your noble bro-thers fortune being yours, The evidences alſo concerning it are yours: ſo his vertues being yours, the evidences conce-ning that belong alſo to you, of which by your acceptance I

may be one peece, in which quality I humbly preſent it, and as a teſtimony how intirely your family poſſeſſeth

Your Ladiſhips moſt humble,
and thankful ſervant,

JOHN DONNE.

Obſequies on the Lord *Harrington*, &c.

To the Counteſs of Bedford.

FAir ſoul, which waſt, not only as all ſouls be,
Then when thou waſt infuſed, harmony,
But did'ſt continue ſo; and now doſt bear
A part in Gods great Organ, this whole Sphear;
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious,
Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mens actions do
Come to your knowledg and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodneſs grown, that I can ſtudy thee,
And by theſe meditations refin'd,
Can unapparel and inlarge my mind,
And ſo can make by this ſoft extaſie,
This place a map of heaven, my ſelf of thee.
Thou ſeeſt me here at midnight, now all reſt;
Times dead-low water; when all minds diveſt
To morrows buſineſs, when the labourers have
Such reſt in bed, that their laſt Church-yard grave,

Subject to change, will ſcarce be a type of this,
Now when the Client, whoſe laſt hearing is,
To morrow, ſleeps, when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes, muſt ſhut them than
Again by death,) although ſad watch he keep,
Doth practiſe dying by a little ſleep,
Thou at this midnight ſeeſt me, and as ſoon
As that ſun riſes to me, midnight's noon,
All the world grows tranſparent, and I ſee
Through all both Church and State, in ſeeing thee;
And I diſcern by favour of this light,
My ſelf, the hardyeſt object of the ſight.
God is the glaſs; as thou when thou doſt ſee
Him who ſees all, ſeeſt all concerning thee:
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All, in theſe mirrours of thy waies and end;
Though God be our true glaſs, through which we ſee
All, ſince the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perſpective,
Deeds of good men: for by their being here,
Vertues, indeed remote, ſeem to be near.
But where can I affirm or where arreſt
My thoughts on his deeds? which ſhall I call beſt?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can indure a contemplation;
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Thoſe ſpirits, humours, blood I did laſt year,
And, as if on a ſtream I fix mine eye,
That drop, which I look'd on, is preſently
Puſht with more waters from my ſight, and gone:
So in this ſea of vertues, can no one
Be 'inſiſted on, Vertues as rivers paſs,
Yet ſtill remains that vertuous man there was;

And as if man feed on mans fleſh, and ſo
Part of his body to another ow,
Yet at the laſt two perfect bodies riſe,
Becauſe God knows where every Atome lies;
So, if one knowledge were made of all thoſe,
Who knew his minutes well, he might diſpoſe
His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Deſtiny,
Should I divide and diſcontinue ſo
Vertue, which did in one intireneſs grow.
For as he that ſhould ſay, ſpirits are fram'd
Of all the pureſt parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not ſpirits half ſo much, as he
Which ſaies they have no parts, but ſimple be:
So is't of vertue, for a point and one
Are much intirer than a million.
And had Fate meant t' have had his vertues told,
It would have let him live to have been old.
So, then, that vertue in ſeaſon, and, then, this,
We might have ſeen, and ſaid, that now he is
Witty, now wiſe, now temperate, now juſt:
In good ſhort lives, vertues are fain to thruſt,
And to be ſure betimes to get a place,
When they would exerciſe, laſt time, and ſpace.
So was it in this perſon, forc'd to be
For lack of time, his own Epitome.
So to exhibite in few years as much,
As all the long breath'd Chroniclers can touch.
As when an Angel down from heav'n doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company,
We cannot think, now he is at the Sun,
Now through the Moon, now through th' air doth run,
Yet when he 'is come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sun, Moon, and Air;

And as this Angel in an inſtant knows,
And yet we know this ſodain knowledg grows,
By quick amaſſing ſeveral forms of things,
Which he ſucceſſively to order brings;
When they, whoſe ſlow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot go
So faſt as he, think that he doth not ſo;
Juſt as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every ſyllable, nor ſtay to ſpell,
Yet without doubt he doth diſtinctly ſee,
And lay together every A, and B;
So, in ſhort liv'd good men, is not underſtood
Each ſeveral vertue, but the compound good.
For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
As Angels go, and know, and as men read.
O why ſhould then theſe men, theſe lumps of balm
Sent hither the worlds tempeſt to becalm,
Before by deeds, they are diffus'd and ſpred,
And ſo make us alive, themſelves be dead?
O Soul! O circle, why ſo quickly be
Thy ends, thy birth, and death clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compaſs ſtill was plac'd
In heav'n, the other might ſecurely have pac'd
In the moſt large extent through every path,
Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath.
Thou know'ſt, that though the tropique circles have
(Yea and thoſe ſmall ones which the Poles engrave,)
All the ſame roundneſs, evenneſs, and all
The endleſneſs of th' Equinoctial:
Yet, when we come to meaſure diſtances,
How here, how there, the Sun affected is,
When he doth faintly work, and when prevail;
Only great circles, then, can be our ſcale:
So though thy circle to thy ſelf expreſs
All, tending to thy endleſs happineſs;

And we by our good uſe of it may try,
Both how to live well (young) and how to dy,
Yet ſince we muſt be old, and age indures
His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
Of hot ambition, irreligions ice,
Zeales agues; and hydroptique avarice,
(Infirmities, which need the ſcale of truth,
As well as luſt, and ignorance of youth;)
Why didſt thou not for theſe give medicines too,
And by thy doing tell us what to do?
Though as ſmall pocket-clocks, whoſe every wheel
Doth each miſ-motion and diſtemper feel,
Whoſe *hands* gets ſhaking palſies, and whoſe *ſtring*
(His ſinews) ſlackens, and whoſe *Soul*, the ſpring,
Expires, or languiſhes; whoſe pulſe, the *flee*,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly,
Whoſe voyce, the *Bell*, doth rattle or grow dumb,
Or idle, as men, which to their laſt hour come,
If theſe clocks be not wound, or be wound ſtill,
Or be not ſet, or ſet at every will;
So, youth is eaſieſt to deſtruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none.
Yet, as in great clocks, which in ſteeples chime,
Plac'd to inform whole towns, to 'imploy their time,
An errour doth more harm, being generall,
When ſmall clocks faults only 'on the wearer fall.
So work the faults of age, on which the eye,
Of children, ſervants, or the State rely,
Why wouldſt not thou then, which hadſt ſuch a ſoul,
A clock ſo true, as might the Sun controul,
And daily hadſt from him, who gave it thee,
Inſtructions, ſuch as it could never be
Diſordered, ſtay here, as a generall
And great Sun-dyal, to have ſet us All?

Oh why wouldſt thou be an inſtrument
To this unnatural courſe, or why conſent
To this, not miracle, but prodigy,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Vertue, whoſe flood did with thy youth begin,
Should ſo much faſter ebbe out, than flow in?
Though her flood were blown in, by thy firſt breath,
All is at once ſunk in the whirle-pool death.
Which word I would not name, but that I ſee
Death elſe a deſart, grown a Court by thee.
Now I am ſure that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Me-thinks all Cities, now but Ant-hills be,
Where when the ſeveral labourers I ſee,
For children, houſe, proviſion taking pain,
They are all but Ants, carrying eggs, ſtraw, and grain;
And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
The moſt repair, that are in goodneſs rich.
There is the beſt concourſe and confluence,
There are the holy ſuburbs, and from thence
Begins Gods City, new Jeruſalem,
Which doth extend her utmoſt gates to them;
At that gate then, Triumphant ſoul, doſt thou
Begin thy Triumph. But ſince laws allow
That at the Triumph day, the people may,
All that they will, 'gainſt the Triumpher ſay,
Let me here uſe that freedom, and expreſs
My grief, though not to make thy triumph leſs.
By law to Triumphs none admitted be,
Till they as Magiſtrates get victory,
Though then to thy force, all youths foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
To which thy rank in this ſtate deſtin'd thee,
That there thy counſels might get victory,

And ſo in that capacity remove
All jealouſies 'twixt Prince and Subjects love,
Thou couldſt no title to this Triumph have,
Thou didſt intrude on death, uſurpe a grave.
Then (though victoriouſly) thou hadſt fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youths deſires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou ſhouldſt ſucceſsfully advance,
Thine arms 'gainſt forain enemies, which are
Both Envy, and Acclamations popular,
(For, both theſe Engines equally defeat,
Though by a divers Mine, thoſe which are great)
Till then thy war was but a civil War,
For which to Triumph none admitted are;
No more are they, who though with good ſucceſs,
In a defenſive war, their power expreſs.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Muſt be *enlarg'd* and not *preſerv'd* alone;
Why ſhouldſt thou then, whoſe battels were to win
Thy ſelf, from thoſe ſtraits nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that ſtate,
Of which he gave thee the Vicariate,
(Which is thy ſoul and body) as intire
As he, who takes Indentours doth require,
But didſt not ſtay, t' inlarge his Kingdom too,
By making others, what thou didſt to do;
Why ſhouldſt thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more
Hath got by getting thee, than 't had before?
For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedſt here,
Of one another in poſſeſſion were;
But this from Triumph moſt diſables thee,
That, that place which is conquered, muſt be
Left ſafe from preſent war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out;

And

And hath he left us ſo? or can it be
This territory was no more than He?
No, we were all his charge, the Diocis
Of every exemplar man, the whole world is,
And he was joyned in commiſſion
With Tutelar Angels, ſent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraid, and chide
Him who Triumph'd, were lawful, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at Pompey jeſt, but they might not
At that Authority by which he got
Leave to Triumph, before by age he might;
So, though triumphant ſoul, I dare to write
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus,
That thou ſo early wouldſt abandon us;
Yet I am far from daring to diſpute
With that great ſoveraignty, whoſe Abſolute
Prerogative hath thus diſpens'd with thee,
'Gainſt natures laws, which juſt impugners be
Of early triumps; And I (though with pain)
Leſſen our loſs, to magnifie thy gain
Of triumph, when I ſay it was more fit,
That all men ſhould lack thee, than thou lack it.
Though then in our times, be not ſuffered
That teſtimony of love, unto the dead,
To dy with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives, and French Soldarii did;
And though in no degree I can expreſs
Grief in great Alexanders great exceſs,
Who at his friends death made whole towns diveſt
Their walls and bulworks, which became them beſt:
Do not fair ſoul this ſacrifice refuſe.
That in thy grave I do interr my Muſe,

Which

Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being caſt
Behind hand, yet hath ſpoke, and ſpoke her laſt.

An Elegie on the Lady Markham.

MAn is the World, and death th' Ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
God hath ſet marks and bounds, 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and ſtill pretend
To break our bank, when ere it takes a friend:
Then our land waters (tears of paſſion) vent;
Our waters then above our firmament,
(Tears which our Soul doth for her ſins let fal)
Take all a brackiſh taſte, and Funeral.
And even thoſe tears, which ſhould waſh ſin, are ſin.
We, after God, new drown our world again.
Nothing but man of all invenom'd things
Doth work upon it ſelf with inborn ſtings.
Tears are falſe ſpectacles, we cannot ſee
Through paſſions miſt, what we are, or what ſhe.
In her this Sea of death hath made no breach,
But as the tide doth waſh the ſlimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the ſand,
So is her fleſh refin'd by deaths cold hand.
As men of China, after an ages ſtay
Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay;
So at this grave, her limbeck (which refines
The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearls and Mines
Of which, this fleſh was) her ſoul ſhall inſpire
Fleſh of ſuch ſtuff, as God, when his laſt fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it ſhall,
Make and name them th' Elixar of this All.

They

They ſay, the ſea, when it gaines, loſeth too;
If carnal Death (the younger brother) do
Uſurp the body; our ſoul, which ſubject is
To th' elder death, by ſin, is freed by this;
They periſh both, when they attempt the juſt;
For, graves our Trophies are, and both death's duſt.
So, unobnoxious now ſhe hath buried both;
For, none to death ſins, that to ſin is loath.
Nor do they dy, which are not loath to die,
So hath ſhe this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from ſin, yet made her repent.
Of what ſmall ſpots pure white complaines! Alas,
How little poiſon cracks a cryſtal glaſs?
She ſin'd but juſt enough to let us ſee
That God's Word muſt be true, All ſinners be.
So much did zeal her conſcience rarifie,
That extreme truth lack'd little of a lie;
Making omiſſions acts; laying the touch
Of ſin, on things that ſometime may be ſuch.
As *Moſes* Cherubins, whoſe natures do
Surpaſs all ſpeed, by him are winged too:
So would her ſoul, already in heaven, ſeem then,
To climb by tears, the common ſtairs of men.
How fit ſhe was for God, I am content
To ſpeak, that death his vain haſt may repent.
How fit for us, how even and how ſweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet,
To have reform'd this forward hereſie,
That women can no parts of friendſhip be;
How Moral, how Divine, ſhall not be told,
Leſt they that hear her vertues, think her old.
And leſt we take deaths part, and make him glad
Of ſuch a prey, and to his triumph add.

Elegie

Elegie on Miſtris Boulſtred.

DEath I recant, and ſay, Unſaid by me
What ere hath ſlip'd, that might diminiſh thee.
Spiritual treaſon, atheiſm 'tis, to ſay,
That any can thy Summons diſobey.
Th' earths face is but thy Table; there are ſet
Plants, cattel, men, diſhes for Death to eat.
In a rude hunger now he millions draws
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or ſterv'd jaws.
Now he will ſeem to ſpare and doth more waſte,
Eating the beſt firſt, well preſerv'd to laſt.
Now wantonly he ſpoyls, and eats us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
Nor will this earth ſerve him; he ſinks the Deep
Where harmleſs fiſh Monaſtique ſilence keep.
Who (were Death dead) the Rows of living ſand
Might ſpung that element, and make it land.
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnique notes
In birds, Heavens choriſters, organique throats,
Which (if they did not dy) might ſeem to be
A tenth rank in the heavenly hierarchie.
O ſtrong and long-liv'd Death, how cam'ſt thou in?
And how without Creation didſt begin?
Thou haſt, and ſhalt ſee dead, before thou dyeſt,
All the four Monarchies, and Antichriſt.
How could I think thee nothing, that ſee now
In all this All, nothing elſe is, but thou?
Our births and lives, vices and vertues, be
Waſteful conſumptions, and degrees of thee.
For, we to live, our bellows wear, and breath,
Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death.

And

And though thou beeſt (O mighty bird of prey)
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou muſt lay
All that thou kill'ſt at his feet, yet doth he
Reſerve but few, and leaves the moſt for thee.
And of thoſe few, now thou haſt overthrown
One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own;
She was more ſtories high: hopeleſs to come
To her Soul, thou 'haſt offer'd at her lower room.
Her Soul and body was a King and Court:
But thou haſt both of Captain miſs'd and fort.
As houſes fall not, though the Kings remove,
Bodies of Saints reſt for their ſouls above.
Death gets 'twixt ſouls and bodies ſuch a place
As ſin inſinuates 'twixt juſt men and grace,
Both work a ſeparation, no divorce,
Her Soul is gone to uſher up her Coarſe,
Which ſhall be almoſt another ſoul, for there
Bodies are purer than beſt ſouls are here.
Becauſe in her, her vertues did outgo
Her years, would'ſt thou, O emulous death, do ſo,
And kill her young to thy loſs? muſt the coſt
Of beauty and wit, apt to do harm, be loſt?
What though thou found'ſt her proof 'gainſt ſins of youth?
Oh, every age a divers ſin purſu'th.
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſtay'd, and taken better hold,
Shortly ambitious; covetous, when old,
She might have prov'd: and ſuch devotion
Might once have ſtray'd to ſuperſtition.
If all her vertues muſt have grown, yet might
Abundant vertue 'have bred a proud delight.
Had ſhe perſever'd juſt, there would have been
Some that would ſin, miſ-thinking ſhe did ſin.
Such as would call her friendſhip love, and fain
To ſociableneſs a name prophane;

Or

Or ſin by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wiſhing, though they never told her what.
Thus mightſt thou have ſlain more ſouls hadſt thou not croſt
Thy ſelf, and to triumph, thine army loſt.
Yet though theſe waies be loſt, thou haſt left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that ſhe is gone:
But we may ſcape that ſin, yet weep as much,
Our tears are due, becauſe we are not ſuch:
Some tears that knot of friends, her death muſt coſt,
Becauſe the chain is broke, though no link loſt.

Elegie.

BY our firſt ſtrange and fatal interview
By all deſires which thereof did enſue,
By our long ſtriving hopes, by that remorſe
Which my words maſculine perſwaſive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which ſpies and rivals threatned me,
I calmly beg. But by thy fathers wrath,
By all pains, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee; and all the oaths which I
And thou have ſworn to ſeal joynt conſtancy,
I here unſwear, and overſwear them thus,
Thou ſhalt not love by means ſo dangerous.
Temper, O fair love, loves impetuous rage,
Be my true Miſtris, not my faigned Page;
I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behinde
Thee, only worthy to nurſe in my mind,
Thirſt to come back; O if thou die before,
My ſoul from other lands to thee ſhall ſoar,
Thy (elſe almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,

Nor

Nor tame wild Boreas harſhneſs; Thou haſt read
How roughly he in pieces ſhivered
The fair *Orithea*, whom he ſwore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madneſs to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd; feed on this flattery,
That abſent Lovers one in th'other be.
Diſſemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy bodies habit, nor minde, be not ſtrange
To thy ſelf only. All will ſpy in thy face
A bluſhing womanly diſcovering grace.
Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as ſoon
Eclips'd as bright we call the Moon the Moon,
Men of *France*, changeable Chamelions,
Spittles of diſeaſes, ſhops of faſhions,
Lives ſuellers, and the righteſt company
Of Players, which upon the worlds ſtage be,
Will too too quickly know thee; and alas,
Th' indifferent *Italian*, as we paſs
His warm land, well content to think thee Page,
Will hunt thee with ſuch luſt, and hideous rage,
As *Lot*'s fair gueſts were vext. But none of theſe
Nor ſpungy Aydroptique Dutch ſhall thee diſpleaſe,
If thou ſtay here. O ſtay here, for, for thee
England is only a worthy Gallery,
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greateſt King call thee to his preſence.
When I am gon, dream me ſome happineſs,
Nor let thy looks our long hid love confeſs,
Nor praiſe, nor diſpraiſe me, nor bleſs, nor curſe,
Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurſe
With midnights ſtartings, crying out, oh, oh,
Nurſe, O my love is ſlain, I ſaw him go
O're the white Alpes alone; I ſaw him, I,
Aſſail'd, fight, taken, ſtabb'd, bleed, fall, and dy.

Augure

Augure me better chance, except dread *Jove*
Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

On himſelf.

MY Fortune and my choice this cuſtome break,
When we are ſpeechleſs grown, to make ſtones ſpeak:
Though no ſtone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inſide ſeeſt what thou art now:
Yet thou art not yet ſo good, till death us lay
To ripe and mellow here, we are ſtuborn Clay.
Parents make us earth, and ſouls dignifie
Us to be glaſs; here to grow gold we lie;
Whilſt in our ſouls ſin bred and pamper'd is,
Our ſouls become worm-eaten carcaſſes;
So we our ſelves miraculouſly deſtroy,
Here bodies with leſs miracle enjoy
Such priviledges, enabled here to ſcale
Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre ſhall then exhale.
Hear this, and mend thy ſelf, and thou mendſt me,
By making me being dead, do good for thee,
And think me well compos'd, that I could now
A laſt-ſick hour to ſyllables allow.

Elegie.

MADAM,

THat I might make your Cabinet my tomb,
And for my fame, which I love next my ſoul,
Next to my ſoul provide the happieſt room,
Admit to that place this laſt funeral ſcrowl.

Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
Dying, of you do beg a Legacy.

My fortune and my will this cuſtom break,
When we are ſenſeleſs grown to make ſtones ſpeak,
Though no ſtone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inſide ſee what thou art now:
Yet th' art not yet ſo good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, w'are ſtubborn clay,
Parents make us earth, and ſouls dignifie
Us to be glaſs, here to grow gold we ly;
Whilſt in our ſouls ſin bred and pamper'd is,
Our ſouls becom worm-eaten Carcaſſes.

Elegy on Miſtris Boulſtred.

DEath be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow,
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow,
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to deſtroy the juſt is not thy part.
Thy comming, terrour, anguiſh, grief denounces;
Her happy ſtate, courage, eaſe, joy pronounces.
From out the Cryſtal palace of her breſt,
The clearer ſoul was call'd to endleſs reſt,
(Not by the thundering voice, wherewith God threats,
But, as with crowned Saints in heaven he treats,)
And, waited on by Angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers fought,
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The doors 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock.
Nor boaſt, the faireſt frame was made thy prey,
Becauſe to mortal eyes it did decay;

A better

A better witneſs than thou art aſſures,
That though diſſolv'd, it yet a ſpace endures;
No dram thereof ſhall want or loſs ſuſtain,
When her beſt ſoul inhabits it again.
Go then to people curſt before they were,
Their ſouls in Triumph to thy conqueſt bear,
Glory not thou thy ſelf in theſe hot tears
Which our face, not for her, but our harm wears:
The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee,
Which wills our ſouls in theſe ſtreams waſht ſhould be,
And on our hearts, her memories beſt tomb,
In this her Epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were thoſe eyes, ſaw not how bright did ſhine
Through fleſhes miſty vail thoſe beams divine;
Deaf were the eares, not charm'd with that ſweet ſound
Which did i'th' ſpirits inſtructed voice abound;
Of flint the conſcience, did not yeeld and melt,
At what in her laſt act it ſaw and felt.
Weep not, nor grudg then, to have loſt her ſight,
Taught thus, our after ſtayes but a ſhort night:
But by all ſouls not by corruption choaked
Let in high rais'd notes that power be invoked,
Calm the rough ſeas, by which ſhe ſails to reſt,
From ſorrows here, to a kingdom ever bleſt.
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and ſing,
The grave no conqueſt gets, Death hath no ſting.

Elegie on the L. C.

SOrrow, that to this houſe ſcarce knew the way,
Is, Oh, heir of it, our All is his Pay.
This ſtrange chance claims ſtrange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be ſo ſtrange, as to weep thus.

'Tis well, his lifes loud ſpeaking works deſerve,
And give praiſe too, our cold tongues could not ſerve:
'Tis well, he kept tears from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill, we might have ſtore.
Oh, if a ſweet-bryer climb up by a tree,
If to a paradiſe that tranſplanted be,
Or fell'd, and burnt for holy ſacrifice,
yet, that muſt wither, which by it did riſe,
As we for him dead: though no family
'Ere rigg'd a ſoul for heavens diſcovery
With whom more Venturers more boldly dare
Venture their ſtates, with him in joy to ſhare,
We looſe what all friends lov'd, him, he gains now
But life by death, which worſt foes would allow,
If he could have foes, in whoſe practiſe grew
All vertues, whoſe name ſubtle School-men knew;
What eaſe, can hope that we ſhall ſee him, beget,
When we muſt dy firſt, and cannot dy yet?
His children are his pictures, Oh they be
Pictures of him dead, ſenſleſs, cold as he.
Here needs no marble tomb, ſince he is gone,
He, and about him, his, are turn'd to ſtone.

28 MR 59

The end of Funeral Elegies.

Upon Mr. Thomas Coryats *Crudities.*

OH to what height will love of greatneſs drive
Thy learned ſpirit, *Seſqui-ſuperlative?*
Venice vaſt lake thou haſt ſeen, and would ſeek than,
Some vaſter thing, and found'ſt a Courtizan.
That in-land Sea, having diſcovered well,
A Cellar gulf, where one might ſail to hell

From

From *Heydelberg*, thou long'ſt to ſee: and thou
This book, greater than all, produceſt now.
Infinite work, which doth ſo far extend,
That none can ſtudy it to any end.
'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor root.
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, becauſe he can
Reaſon and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One half being made, thy modeſty was ſuch,
That thou on th' other half wouldſt never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
Not till thou exceed the world? Canſt thou be like
A proſperous noſe-born wen, which ſometimes grows
To be far greater than the mother noſe?
Go then, and as to thee when thou didſt go,
Munſter did Towns and *Geſner* Authors ſhow;
Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus*; appear
As deep a Stateſman as a Garretteir.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'ſt back,
Talk of *Will. Conquerour*, and *Preſter Jack*.
Go baſhful man, leſt here thou bluſh to look
Upon the progreſs of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies ſacrifices ſend;
The Weſt ſent gold, which thou didſt freely ſpend,
Meaning to ſee't no more upon the preſs.
The Eaſt ſends hither her deliciouſneſs;
And thy leaves muſt embrace what comes from hence
The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincenſe.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they ſtoop
To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey theſe wares in parcels unto men;
If for vaſt Tuns of Currants, and of Figs,
Of medicinal and Aromatique twigs,

Thy

Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces ſub-divide;
If they ſtoop lower yet, and vent our wares
Home-manufactures to thick popular Fairs,
If omni-pregnant there, upon warm ſtalls,
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;
Then thus thy leaves we juſtly may commend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means which th' Ancients never took,
A Pandect mak'ſt, and univerſal book.
The braveſt Heroes for publike good,
Scattered in divers lands their limbs and blood.
Worſt malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do publike good, cut in Anatomies;
So will thy book in peeces; for a Lord
Which caſts at Porteſcues, and all the board
Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
For friends to paſs time, and keep company.
Can all carouſe up thee? no, thou muſt fit
Meaſures; and fill out for the half-pint wit:
Some ſhall wrap pills, and ſave a friends life ſo,
Some ſhall ſtop muskets, and ſo kill a foe.
Thou ſhalt not eaſe the Criticks of next age
So much, as once their hunger to aſſwage:
Nor ſhall wit-pirats hope to finde thee ly
All in one bottom, in one Library.
Some leaves may paſte ſtrings there in other books,
And ſo one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you;
But hardly much; and yet I think this true.
As *Sibils* was, your book is myſtical,
For every peece is as much worth as all.
Therefore mine impotency I confeſs,
The healths which my brain bears muſt be far leſs:

Thy

Thy Gyant-wit 'orethrows me, I am gone;
And rather than read all, I would read none.

I. D.

Sonnet. The Token.

SEnd me ſome Tokens, that my hope may live,
Or that my eaſeleſs thoughts may ſleep and reſt;
Send me ſome honey to make ſweet my hive,
That in my paſſions I may hope the beſt.
I beg nor ribbond wrought thine own hands,
To knit our loves in the fantaſtick ſtrain
Of new-touch't youth; nor Ring to ſhew the ſtands
Of our affection, that as that's round and plain,
So ſhould our loves meet in ſimplicity.
No, nor the Corals which thy wriſt infold,
Lac'd up together in congruity,
To ſhew our thoughts ſhould reſt in the ſame hold.
No, nor thy picture, though moſt gracious,
And moſt deſired, 'cauſe 'tis like the beſt;
Nor witty Lines, which are moſt copious,
Within the Writings which thou haſt addreſt.
Send men or this, nor that, t' increaſe my ſcore,
But ſwear thou think'ſt I love thee, and no more.

LETTERS.

HEN. GOODERE.

ETiam vulgari lingua ſcriptæ teſtantur literæ nos amicorum meminiſſe, ſed aliena, nos de illis meditari. In illis enim affulgent nobis de amicis cogitatiunculæ, ſed ut matutinæ ſtellæ tranſeunt, & evaneſcunt: In his autem haremus, & immoramur, & amicos uti ſolem ipſum permanentem nobiſcum degentemque contemplamur; Habes cur latiné. Ipſius etiam ſcribendi audi rationem. Peto conſilium, in quo ſimul amicitiam profiteor meam, tuamque agnoſco: Etenim non libenter noſmetipſos exuimus aut ingenii prudentiæve dotibus aliorum nos fatemur indigos. Nec certe quicquam quiſquam (ſit modo ingenuus) ei denegabit à quo conſilium petiit. Quod enim divina ſapientia extremum charitatis terminum poſuerat, animam ponere, idem regularum Eccleſiæ tractatores (quod ipſimet Canonici craſſam aquitatem vocant) de fama & honore cedendum aſſerunt & uſurpant. Certe, non tam beneficiis obnoxii quam conſiliis reddimur. Sed ad rem. Philoſophentur otioſiores, aut quibus otia ſua negotia appellare lubet: Nobis enim nos dudum perſpicui ſumus & feneſtrati, Eluceſcit mihi nova, nec inopportuna, nec inutilis (paulo quam optarum fortaſſis magis inhonora) occaſio extera viſendi regna, liberoſque perquam amantiſſimæ conjugis chariſſima pignora, cæteraque hujus aura oblectamenta, aliquot ad annos relinquendi. De hoc ut tecum agerem

agerem te convenire cupio. Quod (etſi nec id recuſem) nollem in ædibus Barlotianis. Habeo cur abſtineam. Amicitiæ enim nec veteris, nec ita ſtrictæ munera paulo quam deceat imprudentiori impetu mihi videor ibi peregiſſe. Prandere ſi vacat foras aut cœnare, horulamve perdere pomeridianam, aut matutinam, liceat mihi illud apud Rabbinum Tincombum jam commoranti per te intelligere, & ſatis mihi fiet. Interim ſeponas oro chartulas meas, quas cum ſponſione citæ redhibitionis (ut barbare, ſed cum ingenioſiſſimo Appollinari loquar) accepiſti. Inter quas, ſi epigrammata mea Latina, & Catalogus librorum ſatyricus non ſunt, non ſunt; extremum judicium, hoc eſt, manum ultimam jamjam ſubituræ ſunt. Earum nonnullæ Purgatorium ſuum paſſuræ, ut correctiores emanent. Alia quorum me inſcio in mundum erepſerunt, exempla tamen in arce typis igne abſumpta fatebuntur ſe à me ad Inferos damnata eſſe. Reliquæ quæ aut virgines ſunt (niſi quod à multis contrectatæ) aut ita infeliciter ſteriles, ut ab illis nulla ingenita ſunt exemplaria, penitus in annihilationem (quod flagitioſiſſimis non minatur Deus) corruent & dilabentur. Vale & amore meo fruere, quem vetat fortuna ſola ne uti poſſis. Et niſi animo candido ingenuave mea libertate gaudere malis, habe tibi mancipium

JOHN DONNE.

DE

DE LIBRO CUM MUTUARETUR, Impresso, Domi à pueris frustratim lacerato, & post reddito Manuscripto.

Doctissimo Amicissimoque v. D.D. Andrews.

Parturiunt madido quæ nixu prælа, recepta,
Sed quæ scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.
Transiit in Sequanam Mœnus; Victoris in ædes,
Et Francofurtum, te revehente meat.
Qui liber in pluteos, blattis, cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit præli sanguine tinctus, abit,
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involat & veterum scrinia summa Patrum.
Dicat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.
Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos,
Hæc nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.
Si veterem faciunt, pueri, qui nuperus, Annos
Ipse Pater, Juvenem, me dabit arte, senem?
Hei miseris seribus! nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Juvenem.
Hoc tibi servasti præstandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo viso, & vivit, & juvenescit Adam.
Interea, infirmæ fallamus tædia vitæ,
Libris, & Cœlorum æmula amicitia.
Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit.

I. D.

To

To Sir H. G.

I Send not my Letters as tribute, nor intereſt, nor recompence, nor for commerce, nor as teſtimonials of my love, nor provokers of yours, nor to juſtifie my cuſtome of writing, nor for a vent and utterance of my meditations; For my Letters are either above or under all ſuch offices, yet I write very affectionately, and I chide and accuſe my ſelf of diminiſhing that affection which ſends them, when I ask my ſelf why. Only I am ſure that I deſire that you might have in your hands letters of mine of all kindes, as conveyances and deliverers of me to you, whether you accept me as a friend, or as a patient, or as a penitent, or as a Bedes-man, for I decline no juriſdiction, nor refuſe any tenure. I would not open any door upon you, but look in when you open it. Angels have not, nor affect not other knowledg of one another, than they liſt to reveal to one another. It is then in this onely, that friends are Angels, that they are capable and fit for ſuch revelations when they are offered. If at any time I ſeem to ſtudy you more inquiſitively, it is for no other end, but to know how to preſent you to God, in my prayers, and what to ask of him for you; for even that holy exerciſe may not be done inopportunely, no nor importunely. I finde little errour in that Grecians counſel, who ſayes, If thou ask any thing of God, offer no ſacrifice, nor ask elegantly, nor vehemently, but remember that thou wouldſt not give to ſuch an asker. Nor is his other countryman, who affirms, ſacrifice of blood to be ſo unproportionable to God, that perfumes, though much more ſpiritual, are too groſs; yea words, which are our ſubtleſt and delicateſt out-

outward creatures, being compoſed of thoughts and breath, are ſo muddy, ſo thick, that our thoughts themſelves are ſo, becauſe (except at the firſt riſing) they are ever leavened with paſſions and affections. And that advantage of nearer familiarity with God. Which the Act of incarnation gave us, is grounded upon Gods aſſuming us, not our going to him. And our acceſſes to his preſence are but his deſcents into us. And when we get any thing by prayer, he gave us before hand the thing and the petition: for, I ſcarce think any ineffectual prayer free from both ſin and the puniſhment of ſin: Yet as God ſepoſed a ſeventh of our time for his exteriour worſhip, and as his Chriſtian Church early preſented him a Type of the whole year in a Lent, and after impoſed the obligation of canonique hours, conſtituting thereby moral Sabbaths every day. I am far from dehorting thoſe fixed devotions: But I had rather it were beſtowed upon thankſgiving than petition, upon praiſe than prayer: Not that God is indeared by that, or wearied by this; All is one in the receiver, but not in the ſender. And thanks doth both offices. For nothing doth ſo innocently provoke new graces, as gratitude. I would alſo rather make ſhort prayers than extend them, though God can neither be ſurpriſed, nor beſieged: for long prayers have more of the man, as ambition of eloquence, and a complacency in the work, and more of the devil by often diſtractions: For after in the beginning we have well intreated God to hearken, we ſpeak no more to him. Even this letter is ſome example of ſuch infirmity; which being intended for a letter, is extended and ſtrayed into a Homily. And whatſoever is not what it was purpoſed, is worſe. Therefore it ſhall at laſt end like a letter by aſſuring you I am, &c.

To

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

NAture hath made all bodies like, by mingling and kneading up the ſame elements in every one. And amongſt men, the other nature, cuſtom, hath made every mind like ſome other. We are patterns or copies, we inform or imitate. But as he hath not preſently attain'd to write a good hand, which hath equalled one excellent Maſter in his A, another in his B, much leſs he which hath ſought all the excellent maſters, and employed all his time to exceed in one letter, becauſe not ſo much an excellency of any nor every one, as an evenneſs and proportion, and reſpect to one another gives the perfection; So is no man vertuous by particular example. Not he which doth all actions to the pattern of the moſt valiant, or liberal, which Hiſtories afford: Nor he which chuſes from every one their beſt actions, and thereupon doth ſomething like thoſe. Perchance ſuch may be *in via perſiciendorum*, which Divines allow to Monaſtical life, but not *Perfectorum*, which, by them is onely due to Prelacy; for vertue is even, and continual, and the ſame, and can therefore break no where, nor admit ends, nor beginnings; It is not only not broken, but not tyed together. He is not vertuous, out of whoſe actions you can pick an excellent one. Vice and her fruits may be ſeen, becauſe they are thick bodies, but not virtue, which is all light. And vices have ſwellings and fits, and noiſe, becauſe being extreams, they dwell farre aſunder, and they maintain both a forraign war againſt vertue, and a civil againſt one

one another, and affect ſoveraignty, as vertue doth ſociety. The later Phyſitians ſay, that when our natural inborn preſervative is corrupted or waſted, and muſt be reſtored by like extracted from other bodies, the chief care is, that the mummy have in it no excelling quality, but an equally digeſted temper: And ſuch is true vertue. But men who have preferred money before all, think they deal honourably with vertue, if they compare her with mony: And think, that as money is not called baſe, till the allay exceed the pure: So, they are vertuous enough if they have enough to make their actions currant, which is, if either they get praiſe, or (in a lower abaſing) if they incurr not infamy or penalty. But you know who ſaid, *Anguſta innocentia eſt ad legem bonum eſſe*, which rule being given for poſitive laws, ſevere miſtakers apply even to Gods law, and (perchance againſt his commandment) bind themſelves to his counſels, beyond his laws. But they are worſe, that think that becauſe ſome men formerly waſteful, live better with half their rents, than they did with all, being now advantaged with diſcretion and experience, therefore our times need leſs moral virtue than the firſt, becauſe we have Chriſtianity, which is the uſe and application of all vertue. As though our religion were but an art of thrift, to make a little vertue go farr. For as plentiful ſprings are fitteſt, and beſt become large Aqueducts, ſo doth much vertue ſuch a ſteward and officer as a Chriſtian. But I muſt not give you a Homily for a letter, I ſaid a great while ſince, that cuſtom made men like; We who have been accuſtomed to one another are like in this, that we love not buſineſs. This therefore ſhall not be to you nor me a buſy letter. I end with a Probleme, whoſe errand is, to ask for his fellows. I pray before you ingulf your ſelf in the Progreſs, leave them for me, and ſuch other of my papers as you will lend me till your return.

And

And beſides this allegorical lending, lend me truly your counſels. And love God and me, whilſt I love him and you.

To the La. G.

MADAM,

I Am not come out of *England*, if I remain in the nobleſt part of it, your minde; Yet I confeſs, it is too much diminution to call your mind any part of England, or this world, ſince every part even of your body, deſerves titles of higher dignity. No Prince would be loath to die, that were aſſured of ſo fair a tomb to preſerve his memory: But I have a greater advantage then ſo; for, ſince there is a religion in friendſhip, and a death in abſence, to make up an intire friend, there muſt be an heaven too: and there can be no heaven ſo proportional to that religion, and that death, as your favour, and I am gladder that it is a heaven, than that it were a Court or any other high place of this world, becauſe I am likelier to have a room there, than here, and better cheap: Madam, my beſt treaſure is time, and my beſt imployment of that (next my thoughts of thankfulneſs for my Redeemer) is to ſtudy good wiſhes for you, in which, I am by continual meditation, ſo learned, that any creature (except your own good Angel) when it would do you moſt good, might be content to come and take inſtructions from

Your humble and affectionate

Amyens the
7. of Febr.
here 1611.

ſervant,

J.D.

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Your humble and affectionate

Amyens the
7. of Febr.
here 1611.

ſervant,

J. D.

To my honored friend G. G. Esquire.

SIR,

NEither your letters, nor silence, needs excuse; your friendship is to me an abundant possession, though you remember me but twice in a year: He that could have two harvests in that time, might justly value his land at a high rate; but, Sir, as we do not only then thank our land, when we gather the fruit, but acknowledg that all the year she doth many motherly offices in preparing it: so is not friendship than only to be esteemed, when she is delivered of a letter, or any other real office, but in her continual propensness and inclination to doe it. This hath made me easie in pardoning my long silences, and in promising my self your forgiveness for not answering your letter sooner. For my purpose of proceeding in the profession of the law, so far as to a title you may be pleased to correct that imagination, wheresoever you find it: I ever thought the study of it my best entertainment, and pastime, but I have no ambition, nor design upon the stile. Of my Anniversaries, the fault that I acknowledg in my self, is to have descended to print any thing in verse, which though it have excuse even in our times by men who profess, and practise much gravity; yet I confess I wonder how I declin'd to it, and do not pardon my self; But for the other part of the imputation of having said too much, my defence is, That my purpose was to say as well as I could: for since I never saw the Gentlewoman, I cannot be understood to have bound my self to have spoken just truths, but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise her, or any other in ryme; except I took such a person, as might

might be capable of all that I could ſay: If any of thoſe Ladies think that Miſtris *Drewry* was not ſo, let that Lady make her ſelf fit for all thoſe praiſes in the book, and they ſhall be hers. Sir, this meſſenger makes ſo much haſte that I cry you mercy, for ſpending any time of this letter in other imployment than thanking you for yours. I hope before *Chriſtmas* to ſee *England*, and kiſs your hand, which ſhall ever, (if it diſdain not that office) hold all the keys of the liberty and affection, and all the faculties of

Your moſt affectionate

Paris the 14 of April here 1612.

ſervant,

J.D.

To my honour'd friend G. G. Eſquire.

SIR,

I Should not only ſend you an account by my ſervant, but bring you an account often by my ſelf, (for our letters are our ſelves, and in them abſent friends meet) how I do, but that two things make me forbear that writing; firſt, becauſe it is not for my gravity to write of feathers, and ſtraws; and in good faith, I am no more, conſidering in my body, or fortune; and then becauſe whenſoever I tell you how I do, by a letter, before that letter comes to you, I ſhall be otherwayes than when it left me: At this time (I humbly thank God) I am only not worſe, for I ſhould as ſoon look for Roſes, at this ſeaſon of the year, as look for increaſe of ſtrength; and if I be no worſe all ſpring, than now, I am much better; for I make account

Thoſe Church-ſervices which I am loath to decline, will ſpend ſomewhat; and if I can gather ſo much as will bear my charges, recover ſo much ſtrength at London, as I ſhall ſpend at London, I ſhall not be loath to be left in that ſtate I am now, after that is done; but, I do but diſcourſe, I do not wiſh; life or health, or ſtrength, I thank God, enter not into my prayers, for my ſelf; for others they often do, and amongſt others, for your ſelf and ſon, whom I beſeech God to bleſs with the ſame bleſſing which I beg for the children, and for the perſon of

Your friend and humble ſervant

Alery hatch,
Novemb. 2.
1630.

In Chriſt Jeſus.

J. D.

To my honored friend G. G. Eſquire.

SIR,

THis advantage you my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I am ſo much the oftener at the gates of heaven, and this advantage by the ſolitude, and cloſe impriſonment, that they reduce me to after, that I am thereby the oftner at my prayers, in which I ſhall never leave out your happineſs, and I doubt not, but amongſt his many other bleſſings, God will adde ſome one to you for my prayers. A man would be almoſt content to dy, (if there were no other benefit in death) to hear of ſo much ſorrow, and ſo much good teſtimony from good men, as I (God be bleſſed for it) did upon the report of my death; yet I perceive it went not thorow all, for one writ to me, that ſome (and he ſaid of my friends) con-

conceived I was not ſo ill as I pretended, but withdrew my ſelf to live at eaſe, diſcharged of preaching: It is an unfriendly, and God knows, an ill-grounded interpretation, for I have alwaies been ſorryer when I could not preach, than any could be they could not hear me. It hath been my deſire (and God may be pleaſed to grant it) that I might die in the Pulpit, if not that, yet that I might take my death in the Pulpit, that is, die the ſooner by occaſion of thoſe labours. Sir, I hope to ſee you about Candlemas, about which time alſo will fall my Lent Sermon at Court, except my Lord Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and leave me out, for as long as I live, and am not ſpeechleſs, I would not decline that Service: I have better leaſure to write than you to read, yet I will not oppreſs you with two much letter: God bleſs you and your Son, as I wiſh.

Your poor friend and ſervant

January 7.
1630.

in Chriſt Jeſus,

J. D.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

THis Tueſday morning, which hath brought me to London, preſents me with all your letters. Methought it was a rent day, I mean ſuch as yours, and not as mine: And yet ſuch too, when I conſidered how much I ought you for them. How good a mother, how fertile and aboundant the underſtanding is if ſhe have a good Father. And how well friendſhip performes that office. For that which is denyed in other generations is done in this of yours. For

here is ſuperfætation, child upon child, and, that which is more ſtrange, twins at a latter conception. If in my ſecond religion, friendſhip, I had a Conſcience, either *Errantem* to miſtake good and bad and indifferent, or *Opinantem* to be raviſhed by others opinions or examples, or *Dubiam* to adhere to neither part, or *ſcrupuloſam* to incline to one, but upon reaſons light in themſelves or indiſcuſſed in me (which are almoſt all the diſeaſes of conſcience) I might miſtake your often, long, and buſie letters, and fear you did but intreat me to have mercy upon you, and ſpare you. For you know our Court took the reſolution, that it was the beſt way to diſpatch the French Prince back again quickly to receive him ſolemnly, ceremonioufly, and expenſively, when he hoped a domeſtique and durable entertainment. I never meant to excell you in weight nor price, but in number and bulk I thought I might: becauſe he may caſt up a greater ſumm who hath but forty ſmall moneys, than he with twenty Portugueſſes. The memory of friends, (I mean only for Letters) neither enters ordinarily into buſied men, becauſe they are ever imployed within, nor into men of pleaſure, becauſe they are never at home. For theſe wiſhes therefore which you won out of your pleaſure and recreation, you were as excuſable to me if you writ ſeldom, as Sir *H. Wootton* is, under the oppreſſion of buſineſs, or the neceſſity of ſeeming ſo: Or more than he, becauſe I hope you have both pleaſure and buſineſs. Onely to me, who have neither, this omiſſion were ſin. For though writing be not of the precepts of friendſhip, but of the counſels: yet, as in ſome caſes to ſome men, counſels become precepts, though not immediately from God, yet very roundly and quickly from his Church, (as ſelling and dividing goods in the firſt time, continence in the Roman Church, and order and decency in ours) ſo to me who can do nothing

elſe

elſe, it ſeems to bind my conſcience to write. And it is ſin to do againſt the conſcience, though that erre. Yet no mans letters might be better wanted than mine, ſince my whole letter is nothing elſe but a confeſſion that I ſhould and would write. I ought you a letter in verſe before by my own promiſe, and now that you think that you have hedged in that debt by a greater, by your letter in verſe, I think it now moſt ſeaſonable and faſhional for me to break. At leaſt, to write preſently were to accuſe my ſelf of not having read yours ſo often as ſuch a letter deſerves from you to me. To make my debt greater (for ſuch is the deſire of all, who cannot or mean not to pay) I pray read theſe two problems: for ſuch light flaſhes as theſe have been my hawkings in my Surry journies. I accompany them with another ragge of verſes, worthy of that name for the ſmalneſs and age, for it hath long lyen among my other Papers, and laughs at them that have adventured to you: for, I think, till now you ſaw it not, and neither you, nor it ſhould repent it. Sir, if I were any thing my love to you might multiply it, and dignifie it: But infinite nothings are but one ſuch: Yet ſince even Chymeraes have ſome name and titles, I am alſo

Yours.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

IN the hiſtory or ſtile of friendſhip, which is beſt written both in deeds and words, a letter which is of a mixed nature, and hath ſomething of both, is a mixt parentheſis: It may be left out, yet it contributes, though not to the being, yet to the verdure, and freſhneſs there-

of. Letters have truly the ſame office, as oaths. As theſe amongſt light and empty men, are but fillings, and pauſes, and interjections: but with weightier, they are ſad atteſtations: So are letters to ſome complement, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorized my ſervant to ly in my behalf, (for if it were officious in him, it might be worſe in me) ſo I allow my letters much leſs that civil diſhoneſty, both becauſe they goe from me more conſiderately, and becauſe they are permanent, for in them I may ſpeak to you in your chamber a year hence before I know not whom, and not hear my ſelf. They ſhall therefore ever keep the ſincerity and intemerateneſs of the fountain, whence they are derived. And as whereſoever theſe leaves fall, the root is in my heart, ſo ſhall they, as that ſucks good affections toward you there, have ever true impreſſions thereof. Thus much information is in very leaves, that they can tell what the tree is, and theſe can tell you I am a friend, and an honeſt man. Of what generall uſe, the fruit ſhould ſpeak, and I have none: and of what particular profit to you, your application and experimenting ſhould tell you, and you can make none of ſuch a nothing; yet even of barren Sycamores, ſuch as I, there were uſe, if either any light flaſhings, or ſcorching vehemencies, or ſudden ſhowrs made you need ſo ſhadowy an example or Remembrancer. But (Sir) your fortune and minde do you this happy injury, that they make all kind of fruits uſeleſs unto you; Therefore I have placed my love wiſely where I need communicate nothing.

All this, though perchance you read it not till Michaelmas, was told you at Michin. 15. *Aug.* 1607.

To

To Sir H.G.

SIR,

IT ſhould be no interruption to your pleaſures to hear me often ſay that I love you, and that you are as much my meditation as my ſelf: I often compare not you and me, but the Sphere in which your reſolutions are, and my wheel; both I hope concentrique to God: for me thinks the new Aſtronomy is thus appliable well; that we which are a little earth ſhould rather move towards God, than that he which is fulfilling, and can come no whither, ſhould move towards us. To your life full of variety, nothing is old, nor new to mine. And as to that life, all ſtickings and heſitations ſeem ſtupid and ſtony, ſo to this, all fluid ſlipperineſſes and tranſitory migrations ſeem giddy and feathery. In that life one is ever in the porch or poſtern, going in or out, never within his houſe, himſelf: It is a garment made of remnants, a life raveld out into ends, a line diſcontinued, and a number of ſmall wretched points; uſeleſs, becauſe they concur not: a life built of paſt and future, not propoſing any conſtant preſent, they have more pleaſures then we, but no more pleaſure: they joy oftner, we longer; and no man but of ſo much underſtanding as may deliver him from being a fool, would change with a mad man, which had a better proportion of wit in his often *Lucidis*. You know, they which dwell fartheſt from the Sunne, if in any convenient diſtance, have longer daies, better appetites, better digeſtion, better growth, and longer life. And all theſe advantages, have their mindes who are well removed from the ſchorchings, and dazlings and exhalings of the worlds glory; but neither of our lives are in ſuch extreams; for you living at Court

without ambition, which would burn you, or envy which would deveſt others, live in the Sun, not in the fire; and I which live in the Country without ſtupyfying, and not in darkneſs, but in ſhadow, which is no light, but a pallid, wateriſh and diluted one. As all ſhadows are of one colour if you reſpect the body from which they are caſt (for our ſhadows upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden, green and flowery,) ſo all retirings into a ſhadowy life are alike from all cauſes, and alike to the barbarouſneſs and inſipid dulneſs of the country: Only the imployment, and that upon which you caſt and beſtow your pleaſure, buſineſs or books, gives it the tincture or beauty. But truly, whereſoever we are, if we can but tell our ſelves truly what and where we would be, we may make any ſtate and place ſuch: For we are ſo compoſed, that if abundance, or glory ſcorch and melt us, we have an earthly cave, our bodies, to go into by conſideration, and cool our ſelves: and if we be frozen, and contracted with lower and dark fortunes, we have within us a torch, a ſoul, lighter and warmer than any without: we are therefore our own umbrella's, and our own Suns. Theſe Sir, are the Sallads, and Onyons of Michin, ſent to you with as wholeſom affection as your other friends ſend Melons and quelque choſes from Court and London. If I preſent you not as good dyet as they, I would yet ſay grace to theirs, and bid much good do it you. I ſend you, with this, a letter which I ſent to the Counteſs. It is not my uſe nor duty to do ſo. But for your having of it, there were but two conſents, and I am ſure you have mine, and you are ſure you have hers. I alſo writ to her Ladiſhip for the verſes ſhe ſhewed in the garden, which I did not only to extort them, nor onely to keep my promiſe of writing, for that I had done in the other letter, and perchance ſhe hath forgotten the promiſe, nor only becauſe I think my letters juſt good enough

for

for a Progreſs, but becauſe I would write apace to her, whilſt it is poſſible to expreſs that which I yet know of her, for by this growth I ſee how ſoon ſhe will be inef-fable.

To the Counteſs of Bedford.

Happieſt and worthyeſt Lady,

I Do not remember that ever I have ſeen a petition in verſe, I would not therefore be ſingular, nor adde theſe to your other papers. I have yet adventured ſo near as to make a petition for verſe, it is for thoſe your Ladiſhip did me the honour to ſee in Twicknam garden, except you repent your making and having mended your judgment by thinking worſe, that is, better, becauſe juſter, of their ſubject. They muſt needs be an excellent exerciſe of your wit, which ſpeak ſo well of ſo ill. I humbly beg them of your Ladiſhip, with two ſuch promiſes, as to any other of your compoſitions were threatnings: That I will not ſhew them, and that I will not believe them; And nothing ſhould be ſo uſed which comes from your brain or heart. If I ſhould confeſs a fault in the boldneſs of asking them, or make a fault by doing it in a longer letter, your Ladiſhip might uſe your ſtile and old faſhion of the Court towards me, and pay me with a pardon. Here therefore I humbly kiſs your Ladiſhips fair learned hands, and wiſh you good wiſhes and ſpeedy grants.

Your Ladiſhips ſervant,

JOHN DONNE.

To Sir H.G.

SIR,

BEcauſe I am in a place and ſeaſon where I ſee every thing bud forth I muſt do ſo two, and vent ſome of my meditations to you, the rather becauſe all other buds being yet without taſte or vertue, my letters may be like them. The pleaſantneſs of the ſeaſon diſpleaſes me. Every thing refreſhes; and I wither, and I grow older, and not better. My ſtrength diminiſhes, and my load grows, and being to paſs more and more ſtorms, I find that I have not only caſt out all my ballaſt, which nature and time gives, reaſon and diſcretion, and ſo am as empty and light as vanity can make mee, but I have over-fraught my ſelf with vice, and ſo am riddingly ſubject to two contrary wracks, ſinking and over-ſetting, and under the iniquity of ſuch a diſeaſe as enforces the patient when he is almoſt ſtarv'd, not onely to faſt, but to purge; for I have much to take in, and much to caſt out. Sometimes I think it eaſier to diſcharge my ſelf of vice then of vanity, as one may ſooner carry the fire out of a room, then the ſmoak: And then I ſee it was a new vanity to think ſo. And when I think ſometimes that vanity, becauſe it is thin and ayery, may be expelled with vertue or buſineſs, or ſubſtantial vice; I find that I give entrance thereby to new vices; Certainly as the earth and water, one ſad, the other fluid, make but one body, ſo to vice, and vanity, there is but one *Centrum morbi.* And that which latter Phyſitians ſay of our bodies, is fitter for our mindes; for that which they call deſtruction, (which is a corruption and want of thoſe fundamental parts whereof we conſiſt) is vice: And that *Collectio Stercorum* (which is but the excrement of that corruption) is our vanity and

nd indiſcretion. Both theſe have but one root in me, nd muſt be pulled out at once, or never. But I am ſo farre from digging to it, that I know not where it is. For it is not in mine eyes onely, but in every ſenſe, not in my concupiſcence onely, but in every power and affection: Sir, I was willing to let you ſee how impotent a man you love, not to diſhearten you from doing ſo ſtill (for my vices are not infectious, nor wandring, they came not yeſterday, nor mean to go away to day: They Inne not, but dwell in me, and ſee themſelves ſo wellcome, and finde in me ſo good bad company of one another, that they will not change, eſpecially to one not apprehenſive, nor eaſily acceſſible) but I doe it that your counſel might cure me, and if you deny that, your example ſhall, for I will as much ſtrive to be like you, as I will wiſh you to continue good.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

I Hope you are now well come to London, and well, and well comforted in your fathers health and love, and well contented that we ask you how you do, and tell you how we are, which yet I cannot of my ſelf; If I knew that I were ill, I were well; For we conſiſt of three parts, a Soul, a Body, and Minde: which I call thoſe thoughts and affections, and paſſions, which neither Soul nor body hath alone, but have been begotten by their communication, as Muſick reſults out of our breath and a Cornet. And of all theſe the diſeaſes are cures, if they be known. Of our Souls ſickneſſes, which are ſinnes, the knowledg is to acknowledg and that is her phyſick, in which we are not dieted by

by drams and ſcruples, for we cannot take too much. Of our bodies infirmities, though our knowledge be partly *ab extrinſeco*, from the opinion of the Phyſitian, and that the ſubject and matter be flexible, and various, yet their rules are certain; and if the matter be rightly applyed to the rule, our knowledg thereof is alſo certain. But of the diſeaſes of the minde, there is no Criterium, no Canon, no rule; for our own taſte and apprehenſion and interpretation ſhould be the judge, and that is the diſeaſe it ſelf. Therefore ſometimes when I finde my ſelf tranſported with jollity, and love of company, I hang leads at my heels, and reduce to my thoughts my fortunes, my years, the duties of a man, of a friend, of a husband, of a father, and all the incumbencies of a family. When ſadneſs dejects me, either I countermine it with another ſadneſs, or I kindle ſquibs about me again, and fly into ſportfulneſs and company. And I find ever after all, that I am like an Exorciſt, which had long laboured about one, which at laſt appears to have the Mother, that I ſtill miſtake my diſeaſe. And I ſtill vex my ſelf with this becauſe if I know it not, no body can know it. And I comfort my ſelf becauſe I ſee diſpaſſioned men are ſubject to the like ignorances. For divers mindes out of the ſame thing often draw contrary concluſions, as Auguſtine thought devout Anthony to be therefore full of the holy Ghoſt, becauſe, not being able to read, he could ſay the whole Bible, and interpret it. And Thyræus the Jeſuite for the ſame reaſon doth think all the Anabaptiſts to be poſſeſſed. And ſo often out of contrary things men draw one concluſion. As, To the Roman Church, Magnificence and Splendor hath ever been an argument of Gods favour: and Poverty and affliction, to the Greek. Out of this variety of mindes it proceeds, that though all our Souls would go to one end, heaven; and all our bodies muſt go to one end, the earth

earth; yet our third part, the minde, which is our natural Guide here, chuſes to every man a ſeveral way. Scarce any man likes what another doth, nor adviſedly, that which himſelf. But, Sir, I am beyond my purpoſe; I mean to write a letter, and I am faln into a diſcourſe, and I doe not only take you from ſome buſineſs, but I make you a new buſineſs by drawing you into theſe meditations. In which yet let my openneſs be an argument of ſuch love as I would fain expreſs in ſome worthier faſhion.

The end of the Letters.

28 MR 59

IN-

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16. Auguſti 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Poëma Satyricon.

EPISTLE.

Others at the Porches and entries of their buildings ſet their Arms; I, my picture; if any colours can deliver a mind ſo plain, and flat, and through light as mine. Naturally at a new Author, I doubt, and ſtick, and do not ſay quickly, good. I cenſure much and tax; And this liberty coſts me more than others, by how much my own things are worſe than others. Yet I would not be ſo rebellious againſt my ſelf, as not to do it, ſince I love it; nor ſo unjuſt to others, to do it *ſine talione.* As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they muſt pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trent Councell forbids not books, but Authors, damning what ever ſuch a name hath or ſhall write. None write ſo ill, that he gives not ſomething exemplary, to follow, or fly. Now when I begin this book, I have no purpoſe to come into any mans debt

debt, how my ſtock will hold out I know not; perchance waſte, perchance increaſe in uſe; If I do borrow any thing of Antiquity, beſides that I make account that I pay it to poſterity, with as much, and as good: you ſhall ſtill find me to acknowledg it, and to thank not him only that hath digg'd out treaſure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no ſuch Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not onely carry one ſoul from man to man, nor man to beaſt, but indifferently to plants alſo: and therefore you muſt not grudge to finde the ſame ſoul in an Emperour, in a Poſt-horſe, and in a Maceron, ſince no unreadineſs in the ſoul, but an indiſpoſition in the Organs works this. And therefore though this ſoul could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me, at what laſcivious banquet it was ſerv'd. And though it could not ſpeak, when it was a Spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who uſed it for poyſon to attain dignity. How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own, which makes me ſo ſeriouſly deliver you by her relation all her paſſages from her firſt making when ſhe was that apple which EVE eate, to this time when ſhe is ſhe, whoſe life you ſhall find in the end of this book.

THE

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

First Song.

I.

I Sing the progreſs of a deathleſs ſoul,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controul,
Plac'd in moſt ſhapes; all times before the law
Yoak'd us, and when, and ſince, in this I ſing,
And the great world t' his aged evening,
From infant morn, through manly noon I draw,
What the gold Chaldee, or ſilver Perſian ſaw,
Greek braſs, or Roman iron, 'is in this one;
A work to out-wear *Sethʃ* pillars, brick and ſtone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yeeld to none.

II.

THee, eye of Heaven, this great Soul envies not,
By thy male force, is all we have begot.
In the firſt Eaſt, thou now beginſt to ſhine,
Suck'ſt early balm, and Iland ſpices there,
And wilt anon in thy looſe-rein'd careere
At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
And ſee at night thy Weſtern land of Mine,

Yet

Yet haſt thou not more Nations ſeen then ſhe,
That before thee one day began to be,
And thy frail light being quench'd, ſhall long, long outlive thee.

III.

NOr holy *Janus* in whoſe ſoveraign boat
The Church, and all the Monarchies did float;
That ſwimming Colledge, and free Hoſpitall
Of all mankinde, that Cage and vivary
Of fowles, and beaſts, in whoſe womb, Deſtiny
Us, and our lateſt Nephews did inſtall
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All)
Didſt thou in that great ſtewardſhip embark
So diverſe ſhapes into that floating park,
As have been moved, and inform'd by this heavenly ſpark.

IV.

GReat Deſtiny the Commiſſary of God,
That haſt mark'd out a path and period
For every thing, who, where we off-ſpring took,
Our ways and ends, ſeeſt at one inſtant. Thou
Knot of all cauſes, thou whoſe changeleſſe brow
Ne'r ſmiles nor frowns, O vouchſafe thou to look
And ſhew my ſtory, in thy eternal book,
That (if my prayer be fit) I may underſtand
So much my ſelf, as to know with what hand,
How ſcant, or liberal this my lifes race is ſpand.

V.

TO my ſix luſters almoſt now out-wore,
Except thy book owe me ſo many more,
Except my legend be free from the letts
Of ſteep ambition, ſleepy poverty,

Spirit quenching ſickneſſe, dull captivity,
Diſtracting buſineſſe, and from beauties nets,
And all that calls from this, and t'others whets,
O let me not launch out, but let me ſave
Th' expence of brain and ſpirit; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwaſted man may have.

VI.

BUt if my dayes be long, and good enough
In vain this ſea ſhall enlarge, or enrough
It ſelf; for I will through the wave, and ſome,
And hold in ſad lone ways, a lively ſpright
Make my dark heavy Poem light, and light.
For though through many ſtraights, and lands I roam,
I launch at Paradiſe, and I ſaile towards home;
The courſe I there began, ſhall here be ſtaid,
Sailes hoiſed there, ſtroke here, and Anchors laid
In *Thames*, which were at *Tygris* and *Euphrates* waid.

VII.

FOr the great ſoul which here amongſt us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
Which as the Moon the ſea moves us, to hear
Whoſe ſtory, with long patience you will long;
(For 'tis the crown, and laſt ſtrain of my ſong)
This ſoul to whom *Luther* and *Mahomet* were
Priſons of fleſh; this ſoul which oft did tear,
And mend the wracks of th' Empire, and late *Rome*,
And liv'd when every great change did come,
Had firſt in Paradiſe, a low, but fatal roome.

VIII.

VIII.

YEt no low room, nor then the greateſt, leſſe,
If (as devout and ſharp men fitly gueſſe)
That Croſſe, our joy, and griefe, (where nailes did tie
That All, which always was all, every where,
Which could not ſinne, and yet all ſinnes did bear;
Which could not die, yet could not chuſe but die;)
Stood in the ſelf-ſame room in Calvary,
Where firſt grew the forbidden learned tree,
For on that tree hung in ſecuritie
This ſoul made by the Makers will from pulling free.

IX.

PRince of the Orchard, fair as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as ſoon as born
That apple grew, which this ſoul did enlive
Till the then climing ſerpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankinde weeps,
Took it, and t'her whom the firſt man did wive
(Whom and her race, onely forbiddings drive)
He gave it, ſhe, t' her husband, both did eat;
So periſhed the eaters, and the meat,
And we (for treaſon taints the bloud) thence die and ſweat.

X.

MAn all at once was there by woman ſlain,
And one by one we' are here ſlain o'r again
By them. The mother poyſon'd the well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets,
No ſmalneſs ſcapes, no greatneſs breaks their nets,

She thruſt us out, and by them we are led
Aſtray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
Were priſoners judges, 'twould ſeem rigorous,
She ſinn'd, we bear; part of our pain is, thus
To love them, whoſe fault to this painful love yoak'd us.

XI.

SO faſt in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare aske why we ſhould be ſo,
Would God (diſputes the curious Rebell) make
A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
His creatures will croſſe his? Of every man
For one, will God (and be juſt) vengeance take?
Who ſinn'd? 'twas not forbidden to the Snake
Nor her, who was not then made; nor is 't writ
That *Adam* cropt, or knew the Apple, yet
The worm, and ſhe, and he, and we endure for it.

XII.

BUt ſnatch me heavenly Spirit, from this vain
Reckoning their vanity, leſs is their gain
Then hazard ſtill to meditate on ill,
Though with good mind, their reaſons like thoſe toyes
Of glaſſie bubbles, which the gameſome boyes
Stretch to ſo nice a thinneſſe through a quill,
That they themſelves break, and do themſelves ſpill,
Arguing is heretiques game, and Exerciſe
As wraſtlers perfects them; Not liberties
Of ſpeech, but ſilence; hands, not tongues, end hereſies.

XIII.

XIII.

JUſt in that inſtant when the ſerpents gripe
Broke the ſleight veines, and tender conduit pipe,
Through which this ſoul from the trees root did draw
Life, and growth to this Apple, fled away,
This looſe ſoul, old, one and another day.
As lightning, which one ſcarce dare ſay, he ſaw,
'Tis ſo ſoon gone, (and better proof the law
Of ſenſe, then faith requires) ſwiftly ſhe flew
T' a dark and foggy Plot; Her, her fates threw
There through th'earths pores, & in a Plant hous'd her anew.

XIV.

THe plant thus abled, to it ſelf did force
A place, where no place was; by natures courſe
As aire from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies, by this root throng'd ſo
His ſpungy confines gave him place to grow:
Juſt as in our ſtreets, when the people ſtay
To ſee the Prince, and ſo fill up the way
That weaſels ſcarce could paſſe, when ſhe comes near.
They throng, and cleave up, and a paſſage cleare,
As if for that time their round bodies flatned were.

XV.

HIs right Arm he thruſt out towards the Eaſt,
Weſtward his left; th' ends did themſelves digeſt
Into ten leſſer ſtrings, theſe fingers were:
And as a ſlumberer ſtretching on his bed;
This way he this, and that way ſcattered

His

His other legge, which feet with toes up bear;
Grew on his middle part, the firſt day, hair,
To ſhow, that in loves buſineſs he ſhould ſtill
A dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill:
His apples kindle; his leaves, force of conception kill.

XVI.

A Mouth but dumbe, he hath; blind eyes, deaf eares,
And to his ſhoulders dangle ſubtle hairs;
A young *Coloſſus* there he ſtands upright,
And as that ground by him were conquered,
A leafie garland weares he on his head
Enchas'd with little fruits, ſo red and bright,
That for them you would call your loves lips white,
So, of alone unhaunted place poſſeſt
Did this ſouls ſecond Inne, built by the gueſt
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, reſt.

XVII.

NO luſtful woman came this plant to grieve,
But 'twas becauſe there was none yet but *Eve*:
And ſhe (with other purpoſe) kill'd it quite;
Her ſinne had now brought in infirmities,
And ſo her cradled child, the moiſt-red eyes
Had never ſhut, nor ſlept ſince it ſaw light,
Poppy ſhe knew, ſhe knew the mandrakes-might;
And tore up both, and ſo cool'd her childs blood;
Unvertuous weeds might long unvex'd have ſtood;
But he's ſhort liv'd, that with his death can doe moſt good

XVIII.

XVIII.

TO an unfetter'd ſouls quick nimble haſte
Are falling ſtarres, and hearts thoughts, but ſlow pac'd:
Thinner then burnt aire flies this ſoul, and ſhe
Whom four new coming, and four parting Suns
Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runs
Thoughtleſſe of change, when her firm deſtiny
Confin'd, and enjayl'd her, that ſeem'd ſo free,
Into a ſmall blew ſhell, the which a poor
Warm bird o'reſpread, and ſate ſtill evermore,
Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it ſelf a dore.

XIX.

OUt crept a ſparrow, this ſouls moving Inne,
On whoſe raw armes ſtiffe feathers now begin
As childrens teeth through gummes, to break with pain,
His fleſh is jelly yet, and his bones threds,
All a new downy mantle overſpreads.
A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late houſe, and the firſt hour ſpeaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat. Meat fit for men
His father ſteals for him, and ſo feeds then
One, that within a moneth, will beat him from his hen.

XX.

IN this worlds youth wiſe nature did make haſt,
Things ripened ſooner, and did longer laſt;
Already this hot cock in buſh and tree,
In field and tent o'rflutters his next hen,
He askes her not, who did ſo taſte, nor when,

Nor if his ſiſter or his neece ſhe be,
Nor doth ſhe pule for his inconſtancy
If in her ſight he change, nor doth refuſe
The next that cals; both liberty do uſe; (chuſe.
Where ſtore is of both kindes, both kindes may freely

XXI.

MEn, till they took laws which made freedome leſs,
Their daughters and their ſiſters did ingreſs,
Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill; 'twas not
So jolly, that it can moye this ſoul: Is
The body ſo free of his kindneſſes,
That ſelf-preſerving it hath now forgot,
And ſlackneth ſo the ſouls and bodies knot,
Which temperance ſtraitens; freely on his ſhe friends
He blood, and ſpirit, pith, and marrow ſpends,
Ill ſteward of himſelf, himſelf in three years ends.

XXII.

ELſe might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummy blood, which doth in Holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With fain'd cals, his nets, or enwrapping ſnare
The free inhabitants of the plyant ayre.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive
Askt not of roots, nor of cock-ſparrowes, leave:
Yet chuſeth he, though none of theſe he fears,
Pleaſantly three, then ſtraitned twenty years
To live, and to encreaſe his race himſelf outwears.

XXIII.

XXIII.

THis coale with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The ſoul from her too active organs fled
T' a brook; a female fiſhes ſandy Roe
With the males jelly, newly leav'ned was,
For they had intertouch'd as they did paſſe,
And one of thoſe ſmall bodies, fitted ſo,
This ſoul inform'd, and able it to row
It ſelf with finny oares, which ſhe did fit,
Her ſcales ſeem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fiſh, but by no name you could call it.

XXIV.

WHen goodly, like a ſhip in her full trim,
A Swan, ſo white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteneſſe, but himſelf to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fiſh catch'd:
It mov'd with ſtate, as if to look upon
Low things it ſcorn'd, and yet before that one
Could think he ſought it, he had ſwallowed cleare
This, and much ſuch, and unblam'd, devour'd there
All, but who too ſwift, too great, or well armed were.

XXV.

NOw ſwome a priſon in a priſon put,
And now this Soul in double walls was ſhut,
Till melted with the Swans digeſtive fire,
She left her houſe the fiſh, and vapor'd forth;
Fate not affording bodies of more worth

For

For her as yet, bids her again retire
T' another fish, to any new desire
Made a new prey; For, he that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, is sure gone,
Weakness invites, but silence feasts oppression.

XXVI.

PAce with the native stream, this fish doth keep,
And journies with her towards the glassie deep,
But oft retarded, once with a hidden net
Though with great windowes, (for when need first taught
These tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought
As now, with curious greedines to let
None scape, but few, and fit for use to get,)
As, in this trap, a ravenous Pike was tane,
Who, though himself distrest, would fain have slain
This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII.

HEre by her smalnesse she two deaths or'past,
Once innocence scap'd, and left the oppressor fast;
The net through-swome, she keeps the liquid path,
And whether she leap up sometimes to breath
And suck in ayre, or find it underneath,
Or working parts like mills, or limbecks hath
To make the water thinne, and ayre like faith
Cares not, but safe the Place she's come unto
Where fresh, with salt waves meet, and what to doe
She knows not, but between both makes a boord or two.

XXVIII.

SO farre from hiding her gueſts, water is,
That ſhe ſhows them in bigger quantities
Then they are. Thus her doubtful of her way,
For game and not for hunger a ſea Pie
Spied through this traiterous ſpectacle, from high,
The ſeely fiſh where it diſputing lay,
And t'end her doubts and her, bears her away,
Exalted ſhe's but to the exalters good.
(As are by great ones, men which lowly ſtood,)
It's rais'd to be the Raiſers inſtrument and food.

XXIX.

IS any kinde ſubject to rape like fiſh?
Ill unto man they neither doe, nor wiſh,
Fiſhers they kill not, nor with noiſe awake,
They doe not hunt, nor ſtrive to make a prey
Of beaſts, nor their young ſonnes to bear away;
Fowles they purſue not, nor do undertake
To ſpoyl the neſts induſtrious birds do make;
Yet them all theſe unkinde kindes feed upon,
To kill them is an occupation,
And laws make Faſts, and Lents for their deſtruction.

XXX.

A Sudden ſtiffe land-wind in that ſelf hour
To ſea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
The fiſh; he cares not, for with eaſe he flies,
Fat gluttonies beſt orator: at laſt
So long he hath flowen, and hath flowen ſo faſt,

That

That leagues o'rpaſt at ſea, now tyr'd he lies,
And with his prey, that till then lauguiſht dies:
The ſouls no longer foes, two wayes did erre,
The fiſh I follow, and keep no Calender
Of the other: he lives yet in ſome great Officer.

XXXI.

INto an embryon fiſh, our Soul is thrown,
And in due time thrown out again, and grown
To ſuch vaſtneſs, as if unmanacled
From *Greece*, *Morea* were, and that by ſome
Earthquake unrooted, looſe *Morea* ſwome,
Or ſeas from *Africks* body had ſevered
And torn the hopeful Promontories head;
This fiſh would ſeem theſe, and when all hopes faile,
A great ſhip overſet, or without ſail (whale.
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this

XXXII.

AT every ſtroke his brazen finnes do take.
More circles in the broken ſea they make
Then cannons voyces, when the ayre they tear:
His ribbes are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark that blunts beſt ſteel, is thunder-proof,
Swimme in him ſwallow'd Dolphins without fear,
And feel no ſides, as if his vaſt womb were
Some Inland ſea, and ever as he went
He ſpouted rivers up, as if he meant
To joyn our ſeas, with ſeas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

HE hunts not fiſh, but as an officer,
Stayes in his Court, at his own net, and there
All ſuitors of all ſorts themſelves enthrall;
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulfe-like throat ſuckes every thing
That paſſeth near. Fiſh chaſeth fiſh, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall;
O might not States of more equalitie
Conſiſt? and is it of neceſſity
That thouſand guiltleſs ſmals, to make one great muſt die?

XXXIV.

NOw drinks he up ſeas, and he eats up flocks,
He juſtles Ilands, and he ſhakes firm rocks.
Now in a roomful houſe this ſoul doth float,
And like a Prince ſhe ſends her faculties
To all her limbs, diſtant as Provinces.
The Sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
Parched, ſince firſt launch'd forth his living boat,
'Tis greateſt now and to deſtruction
Neareſt; There's no pauſe at perfection,
Greatneſſe a period hath, but hath no ſtation.

XXXV.

TWo little fiſhes, whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themſelves by his death: they did not eat
His fleſh, nor ſuck thoſe oyls, which thence outſtreat,

Con-

Conſpir'd againſt him, and it might undo
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fiſhes were, and could not ſpeak.
How ſhall a Tyrant wiſe ſtrong projects break,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

XXXVI.

THe flaild-finn'd Threſher, and ſteel-beak'd Sword-fiſh
Onely attempt to do, what all do wiſh.
The Threaſher backs him: and to beat begins;
The ſluggard Whale yeelds to oppreſſion,
And t'hide himſelf from ſhame and danger, down
Begins to ſink; the ſword-fiſh upward ſpins,
And gores him with his beak; his ſtaffe-like finnes
So well the one, his ſword the other plies,
That now a ſcoffe, and prey, this tyrant dies,
And (his own doſe) feeds with himſelf all companies.

XXXVII.

WHo will revenge his death? or who will call
Thoſe to account, that thought and wrought his fall?
The heirs of ſlain kings, we ſee are often ſo
Tranſported with the joy of what they get,
That they, revenge and obſequies forget,
Nor will againſt ſuch men the people goe,
Becauſe he's now dead, to whom they ſhould ſhow
Love in that act. Some kings by vice being grown
So needy of ſubjects love, that of their own
They think they loſe, if love be to the dead Prince ſhown.

XXXVIII.

THis Soul now free from priſon, and paſſion,
Hath yet a little indignation
That ſo ſmall hammers ſhould ſo ſoon down beat

So

So great a caſtle. And having for her houſe
Got the ſtrait cloyſter of a wretched mouſe
(As baſeſt men, that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy ought, do farre more hate the great
Than they, who good repos'd eſtates poſſeſſe)
This Soul, late taught that great things might by leſſe
Be ſlain, to gallant miſchief doth her ſelf addreſſe.

XXXIX.

NAtures great maſter-piece, an Elephant,
The onely harmeleſſe great thing; the giant
Of beaſts; who thought none had, to make him wiſe,
But to be juſt, and thankful, loth t' offend
(Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend)
Himſelf he up-props, on himſelf relies,
And foe to none; ſuſpects no enemies,
Still ſleeping ſtood; vext not his fantaſie
Black dreams, like an unbent bow careleſly
His ſinewy Proboſcis did remiſly lie.

XL.

IN which as in a gallery this mouſe
Walk'd and ſurvey'd the rooms of this vaſt houſe,
And to the brain, the ſouls bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole town
Clean undermin'd the ſlain beaſt tumbled down,
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy ſent
To kill, not ſcape; for onely he that meant
To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,
And thus he made his foe, his prey and tombe:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

XLI

XLI.

NExt, hous'd this Soul a Wolves yet unborn whelp
Till the beſt midwife, Nature gave it help
To iſſue. It could kill, as ſoon as goe:
Abel, as white, and mild as his ſheep were,
(Who, in that trade, of Church and Kingdomes, there
Was the firſt type) was ſtill infeſted ſo,
With this wolfe, that it bred his loſs and woe;
And yet his bitch, his ſentinell, attends
The flock ſo near, ſo well warns and defends,
That the wolfe (hopeleſſe elſe) to corrupt her intends.

XLII.

HE took a courſe, which ſince, ſucceſfully,
Great men have often taken, to eſpie
The counſels, or to break the plots of foes,
To *Abels* tent he ſtealeth in the dark,
On whoſe skirts the bitch ſlept; ere ſhe could bark,
Attach'd her with ſtrait gripes, yet he call'd thoſe
Embracements of love, to loves work he goes,
Where deeds move more then words, nor doth ſhe ſhow,
Nor much reſiſt, nor needs he ſtraighten ſo
His prey, for, were ſhe looſe, ſhe would not bark nor go.

XLIII.

HE hath ingag'd her; his, ſhe wholly bides:
Who not her own, none others ſecrets hides.
If to the flock he come, and *Abel* there,
She faines hoarſe barkings, but ſhe biteth not,
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.

At

At laſt a trap, of which ſome every where
Abel had plac'd, ends all his loſs, and fear,
By the wolves death; and now juſt time it was
That a quick ſoul ſhould give life to that maſs
Of blood in *Abels* bitch, and thither this did paſs.

XLIV.

SOme have their wives, their ſiſters ſome begot;
But in the lives of Emperours you ſhall not
Read of a luſt, the which may equal this;
This wolf begot himſelf, and finiſhed
What he began alive, when he was dead.
Son to himſelf, and father too, he is
A ridling luſt, for which Schoolmen would miſs
A proper name. The whelp of both theſe lay
In *Abels* tent, and with ſoft Moaba,
His ſiſter, being young, it us'd to ſport and play.

XLV.

HE ſoon for her too harſh, and churliſh grew;
And *Abel* (the dam dead) would uſe this new
For the field, being of two kinds thus made,
He, as his dam, from ſheep drove wolves away,
And as his Sire, he made them his own prey.
Five years he liv'd, and couzened with his trade;
Then hopeleſs that his faults were hid, betrayd
Himſelf by flight, and by all followed,
From dogs, a wolf, from wolves a dog he fled;
And like a ſpie to both ſides falſe, he periſhed.

XLVI.

IT quickned next, a toyful Ape, and ſo
Gameſome it was, that it might freely go
From tent to tent, and with the children play,

His organs now ſo like theirs he doth find,
That why he cannot laugh and ſpeak his mind,
He wonders. Much with all, moſt he doth ſtay
With *Adams* fift daughter *Siphateeia*,
Doth gaze on her, and where ſhe paſſeth, paſs,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the graſs,
And wiſeſt of that kind, the firſt true lover was.

XLVII.

HE was the firſt that more deſir'd to have
One than another; firſt that ere did crave
Love by mute ſignes, and had no power to ſpeak;
Firſt that could make love faces, or could do
The valters ſomberſalts, or us'd to wooe
With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break
To make his Miſtreſs merry; or to wreak
Her anger on himſelf. Sins againſt kind
They eaſily do, that can let feed their mind find.
With outward beauty, beauty they in boyes and beaſts do

XLVIII.

BY this miſled, too low things men have prov'd,
And too high; beaſts and Angels have been lov'd;
This Ape, though elſe through-vain, in this was wiſe,
He reach'd at things to high, but open way
There was, and he knew not ſhe would ſay nay;
His toyes prevail not, likelier means he tries,
He gazeth on her face with tear-ſhot eyes,
And up lifts ſubtly with his ruſſet paw
Her kidskin apron without fear of awe
Of nature, nature hath no goal, though ſhe hath law.

XLIX

XLIX.

FIrſt ſhe was ſilly, and knew not what he meant,
That virtue, by his touches chaf't and ſpent,
Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite,
She knew not firſt, nor cares not what he doth,
And willing half and more, more then half wroth,
She neither puls nor puſhes, but out-right
Now cries, and now repents; when *Thelemite*
Her brother, entred, and a great ſtone threw
After the Ape, who, thus prevented flew.
This houſe thus batter'd down, the ſoul poſſeſt a new.

L.

AND whether by this change ſhe loſe or win
ſhe comes out next, where th'Ape would have gon in.
Adam and *Eve* had migled blouds, and now
Like Chymiques equal fires, her temperate womb
Had ſtew'd and form'd it: and part did become
A ſpungie liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit, on a high hils brow,
Life-keeping moyſture unto every part,
Part hardned it ſelf to a thicker heart,
Whoſe buſie furnaces lifes ſpirits do impart.

LI.

ANother part became the Well of ſenſe,
The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence,
Thoſe ſinew ſtrings which do our bodies tie,
Are ravel'd out, and faſt there by one end,
Did this Soul limbs, theſe limbs a ſoul attend,

And now they joyn'd, keeping ſome quality
Of every paſt ſhape; ſhe knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and luſt, and ils enough
To be a woman. *Themech* ſhe is now,
Siſter and wife to *Cain*, *Cain* that firſt did plow.

LII.

WHo ere thou beeſt that read'ſt this ſullen Writ
Which juſt ſo much courts thee; as thou doſt it,
Let me arreſt thy thoughts; wonder with me
Why plowing, building, ruling and the reſt,
Or moſt of thoſe arts, whence our lives are bleſt,
By curſed *Cains* race invented be,
And bleſt *Seth* vext us with Aſtronomy.
There's nothing ſimply good, nor ill alone,
Of every quality compariſon
The only meaſure is, and judge Opinion.

The end of the Progreſs of the Soul.

28 MR 59

HOLY SONNETS,

La Corona.

1. DEign at my hands this crown of prayer and praiſe,
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou which of good, haſt, yea art treaſurie,
All changing unchang'd, Ancient of dayes,
But do not with a vile crown of frail bayes,
Reward my Muſes white ſinceritie,
But what thy thorny crown gain'd, that give me,
A crown of Glory, which doth flowre alwayes,

The

The ends crown our works, but thou crown'ſt our ends,
For at our ends begins our endleſs reſt,
The firſt laſt end now zealouſly poſſeſt,
With a ſtrong ſober thirſt, my ſoul attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

ANNUNTIATION.

2. *Salvation to all that will is nigh*;
That all, which alwayes is all every where,
Which cannot ſin, and yet all ſins muſt bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chuſe but die,
Loe, faithful Virgin, yeelds himſelf to lie
In priſon, in thy womb; and though he there
Can take no ſin, nor thou give, yet hee'll wear
Taken from thence, fleſh, which deaths force may trie,
Ere by the ſphears time was created thou
Waſt in his mind, who is thy Son, and Brother,
Whom thou conceiv'ſt conceived; yea thou art now
Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother,
Thou 'haſt light in dark, and ſhutt'ſt in little room,
Immenſity cloyſter'd in thy dear womb.

NATIVITIE.

3. *Immenſitie cloyſter'd in thy dear womb*
Now leaves his wel-belov'd impriſonment,
There he hath made himſelf to his intent
Weak enough, now into our world to come;
But oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inn no room?
Yet lay him in his ſtall, and from the Orient,
Starres, and wiſemen will travel to prevent
Th' effect of *Herods* jealous general doom.

Seeſt thou my Soul, with thy Faiths eye, how he
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee:
Kiſſe him, and with him into Egypt goe.
With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

TEMPLE.

4. *With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe,*
Joſeph turn back; ſee where your child doth ſit,
Blowing, yea blowing out thoſe ſparks of wit,
Which himſelf on the Doctors did beſtow;
The Word but lately could not ſpeak, and loe
It ſuddenly ſpeaks wonders: whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which ſhould be writ,
A ſhallow ſeeming child ſhould deeply know?
His Godhead was not ſoul to his manhood,
Nor had time mellowed him to this ripeneſs,
But as for one which hath a long task, 'tis good,
With the Sun to begin his buſineſs,
He in his ages morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

CRUCIFYING.

5. *By miracles exceeding power of man,*
He faith in ſome, envy in ſome begat,
For, what weak ſpirits admire, ambitious hate;
In both affections many to him ran,
But oh! the worſt are moſt, they will and can,
Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
Whoſe creature Fate is, now preſcribe a Fate,
Meaſuring ſelf-lifes infinite to ſpan,

Nay

Nay to an inch. Loe, where condemned he
Bears his own croſs, with pain, yet by and by
When it bears him, he muſt bear more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
And at thy death giving ſuch liberal dole,
Moiſt with one drop of thy blood, my dry ſoul.

RESURRECTION.

6. *Moiſt with one drop of thy blood, my dry ſoul,*
Shall (though ſhe now be in extreme degree
Too ſtony hard, and yet too fleſhly) be
Freed by that drop, from being ſtarv'd, hard or foul,
And life by this death abled ſhall controll
Death, whom thy death ſlue, nor ſhall to me
Fear of firſt or laſt death bring miſerie,
If in thy life book my name thou inroul,
Fleſh in that long ſleep is not putrified,
But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas;
Nor can by other means be glorified.
May then ſins ſleep and death ſoon from me paſs,
That wak't from both, I again riſen may
Salute the laſt, and ever laſting day.

ASCENSIION.

7. *Salute the laſt, and ever laſting day.*
Joy at the upriſing of this Sunne, and Sonne,
Ye whoſe true tears, or tribulation
Have purely waſht or burnt your droſſie clay;
Behold the Higheſt parting hence away,
Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon,
Nor doth he by aſcending, ſhow alone,
But firſt he, and he firſt enters the way.

O ſtrong Ramm, which haſt batter'd heaven for me,
Mild Lamb, which with thy blood haſt mark'd the path;
Bright torch which ſhin'ſt, that I the way may ſee,
Oh, with thy own blood quench thy own juſt wrath,
And if thy holy Spirit my Muſe did raiſe,
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praiſe.

Holy Sonnets.

I.

THou haſt made me, and ſhall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haſte,
I run to death, and death meets me as faſt,
And all my pleaſures are like yeſterday,
I dare not move my dimme eyes any way;
Deſpair behind, and death before doth caſt
Such terrour, and my feeble fleſh doth waſte
By ſin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
Only thou art above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can look, I riſe again;
But our old ſubtle foe ſo tempteth me,
That not one hour my ſelf I can ſuſtain;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

AS due by many titles I reſigne
My ſelf to thee, O God. Firſt I was made
By thee, and for thee; and when I was decay'd,
Thy bloud bought that the which before was thine;
I am thy Son, made with thy ſelf to ſhine,
Thy ſervant, whoſe pains thou haſt ſtill repaid,
Thy Sheep, thine Image, and till I betray'd

My

My ſelf, a temple of thy ſpirit divine;
Why doth the devil then uſurp on me?
Why doth he ſteal, nay raviſh that's thy right?
Except thou riſe, and for thine own work fight,
Oh I ſhall ſoon deſpair, when I ſhall ſee
That thou lov'ſt mankind well, yet wilt not chooſe me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to loſe me.

III.

O Might thoſe ſighs and tears return again
Into my breaſt and eyes, which I have ſpent,
That I might in this holy diſcontent
Mourn with ſome fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain;
In mine Idolatry what ſhowrs of rain
Mine eyes did waſte? what griefs my heart did rent?
That ſufferance was my ſin I now repent,
'Cauſe I did ſuffer I muſt ſuffer pain.
Th'hydroptick drunkard, and night-ſcouting thief,
The itchy Lecher, and ſelf-tickling proud
Have the remembrance of paſt joyes, for relief
Of coming ills. To (poor) me is allow'd
No eaſe, for long, yet vehement grief hath been
Th'effect and cauſe, the puniſhment and ſin.

IV.

O H my black Soul now thou art ſummoned
By ſickneſs, deaths herald and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treaſon, and durſt not turn to whence he is fled,
Or like a thief, which till deaths doom be read,
Wiſheth himſelf delivered from priſon;
But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wiſheth that ſtill he might be impriſoned;
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canſt not lack;

But

But who ſhall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh make thy ſelf with holy mourning black,
And red with bluſhing as thou art with ſin;
Or waſh thee in Chriſts bloud, which hath this might
That being red, it dies red ſouls to white.

V.

I Am a little world made cunningly
Of Elements, and an Angelike ſpright,
But black ſin hath betraid to endleſs night
My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts muſt die.
You which beyond that heaven which was moſt high,
Have found new ſpheares, and of new land can write,
Pour new ſeas in mine eyes, that ſo he might
Drown my world with my weeping earneſtly,
Or waſh it if it muſt be drown'd no more:
But oh it muſt be burnt, alas the fire
Of luſt and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler, Let their flames retire,
And burn me oh Lord, with a fierie zeal
Of thee and thy houſe, which doth in eating heale.

VI.

THis is my playes laſt ſcene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimages laſt mile; and my race
Idly, yet quickly run, hath this laſt pace,
My ſpans laſt inch, my minutes laſteſt point,
And gluttonous death will inſtantly unjoynt
My body and ſoul, and I ſhall ſleep a ſpace,
But my ever-waking part ſhall ſee that face,
Whoſe fear already ſhakes my every joynt:
Then, as my ſoul, to heaven her firſt ſeat, takes flight,
And earth-born body in the earth ſhall dwell,

So

So, fall my ſins, that all may have their right,
To where they are bred, and would preſs me to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the fleſh, the devil.

VII.

AT the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and ariſe, ariſe
From death, you numberleſs infinities
Of ſouls, and to your ſcattered bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire ſhall overthrow,
All whom warr, death, age, agues tyrannies,
Deſpair, law chance hath ſlain, and you whoſe eyes
Shall behold God, and never taſte deaths woe;
But let them ſleep, Lord, and me mourn a ſpace,
For, if above all theſe my ſins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this holy ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou had'ſt ſeal'd my pardon, with my blood.

VIII.

IF faithful ſouls be alike glorifi'd
As Angels, then my fathers ſoul doth ſee,
And adds this even to full felicitie,
That valiantly I hels wide mouth o'reſtride:
But if our minds to theſe ſouls be deſcride,
By circumſtances and by ſignes that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How ſhall my minds white truth by them be tri'd?
They ſee Idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And ſtile blaſphemous Conjurers to call
On Jeſus name, and Phariſaicall
Diſſemblers fein devotion. Then turn

O penſive ſoul, to God, for he knows beſt
Thy grief for he put it into my breſt.

IX.

IF poyſonous Minerals, and if that tree,
Whoſe Fruit threw death on (elſe immortal) us
If lecherous Goats, if Serpents envious
Cannot be damn'd, alaſs, why ſhould I be?
Why ſhould intent or reaſon, born in me,
Make ſins, elſe equal, in me more hainous?
And mercy being eaſie and glorious
To God; in his ſtern wrath, why threatens he?
But who am I that dare diſpute with thee?
O God, oh! of thine onely worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my ſins black memory;
That thou remember them, ſome claim as debt,
I think it mercy if thou wilt forget.

X.

DEath be not proud, though ſome have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not ſo,
For, thoſe, whom thou think'ſt thou doſt overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canſt thou kill me.
From reſt and ſleep, which but thy picture be:
Much pleaſure then from thee, much more muſt flow,
And ſooneſt our beſt men with thee do goe,
Reſt of their bones, and ſouls delivery
Thou art ſlave to Fate, chance, Kings, and deſperate men,
And doſt with poyſon, warr and ſickneſs dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us ſleep as well,
And better than thy ſtroke; why ſwell'ſt thou then?
One ſhort ſleep paſt, we wake eternally,
And death ſhall be no more, death thou ſhalt die.

XI.

XI.

SPit in my face you Jews, and pierce my ſide,
Buffet, and ſcoffe, ſcourge, and crucifie me,
For I have ſinn'd, and ſinn'd, and only he,
Who could do no iniquity, hath dyed:
But by my death can not be ſatisfied
My ſinnes, which paſs the Jews impietie:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucifie him daily being now glorified.
O let me then his ſtrange love ſtill admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our puniſhment.
And *Jacob* came cloth'd in vile harſh attire,
But to ſupplant, and with gainful intent:
God cloth'd himſelf in vile mans fleſh, that ſo
He might be weak enough to ſuffer woe.

XII.

WHy are we by all creatures waited on?
Why do the prodigal elements ſupply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simpler, and further from corruption?
Why brook'ſt thou ignorant horſe, ſubjection?
Why doſt thou bull, and bore ſo ſeelily
Diſſemble weakneſs, and by one mans ſtroke die,
Whoſe whole kind you might ſwallow and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe is me, and worſe than you,
You have not ſinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth theſe things ſubdue,
But their Creator, whom ſin, nor nature tyed;
For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

XIII.

WHat if this present were the worlds last night?
Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwel,
The Picture of Christ crucifi'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright,
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light,
Bloud fils his frowns, which from his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my Idolatrie
I said to all my profane Mistresses,
Beautie, of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

BAtter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
As yet but knock, breath, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'rthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurpt Town, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end.
Reason your Viceroy in me, we should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue,
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy,
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthral me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV.

XV.

WIlt thou love God as he thee? then digeſt,
My Soul, this wholſome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
In heaven, doth make his temple in thy breſt,
The Father having begot a Son moſt bleſt,
And ſtill begetting, (for he ne'r begun)
Hath deign'd to chuſe thee by adoption,
Coheir to 'his glory, 'and Sabbaths endleſs reſt.
And as a robb'd man, which by ſearch doth find
His ſtoln ſtuffe ſold, muſt loſe or buy it again:
The Sun of glory came down, and was ſlain,
Us whom he 'had made, and Satan ſtole, to unbind.
'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
But, that God ſhould be made like man, much more.

XVI.

FAther, part of his double intereſt
Unto thy Kingdome, thy Son gives to me,
His joynture in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me his deaths conqueſt.
This Lamb, whoſe death, with life the world hath bleſt,
Was from the worlds beginning ſlain and he
Hath made two Wils, which with the Legacie
Of his and thy Kingdom, thy Sons inveſt:
Yet ſuch are theſe lawes, that men argue yet
Whether a man thoſe ſtatutes can fulfil;
None doth; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
Revive again what law and letter kill.
Thy lawes abridgement, and thy laſt command
Is all but love; O let this laſt Will ſtand!

On the bleſſed Virgin Mary.

IN that, O Queen of Queens, thy birth was free
From that which others doth of grace bereave,
When in their mothers womb they life receive,
God, as his ſole-born daughter loved thee.

To match thee like thy births nobility,
He thee his Spirit, for his ſpouſe did leave,
By whom thou didſt his only Son conceive,
And ſo waſt link'd to all the Trinity.

Ceaſe then, O Queens, that earthly Crowns do wear
To glory in the Pomp of earthly things;
If men ſuch high reſpects unto you bear,
Which daughters, wives, and mothers are of Kings,
What honour can unto that Queen be done
Who had your God for Father, Spouſe and Son?

The Croſs.

SInce Chriſt embrac'd the Croſs it ſelf, dare I
His image, th'image of his Croſs deny?
Would I have profit by the Sacrifice,
And dare the choſen Altar to deſpiſe?
It bore all other ſins, but is it fit
That it ſhould bear the ſin of ſcorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he flie his pains, who there did die?
From me, no Pulpit, nor miſgrounded law,
Nor ſcandal taken ſhall this Croſs with-draw,
It ſhall not, for it cannot; for, the loſs
Of this Croſs, were to me another Croſs;
Better were worſe, for no affliction
No Croſs is ſo extreme, as to have none:

Who

Who can blot out the Croſs, which th' inſtrument 321 b
Of God dew'd on me in the Sacrament?
Who can deny me power, and liberty
To ſtretch mine arms, and mine own Croſs to be?
Swim, and at every ſtroke thou art thy Croſs.
The maſt and yard make one, where ſeas do toſs;
Look down, thou ſpieſt our croſſes in ſmall things;
Look up, thou ſeeſt birds rais'd on croſſed wings;
All the Globes frame, and ſphears, is nothing elſe
But the Meridians croſſing Parallels.
Material croſſes then, good phyſick be,
But yet ſpiritual have chief dignity.
Theſe for extracted chymique medicine ſerve,
And cure much better, and as well preſerve;
Then are you your own Phyſick, or need none,
When ſtill'd or purged by tribulation:
For when that croſs ungrudg'd, unto you ſticks,
Then are you to your ſelf, a Crucifix.
As perchance carvers do not faces make,
But that away which hid them there, do take:
Let Croſſes, ſo, take what hid Chriſt in thee,
And be his Image, or not his, but he.
But, as oft, Alchymiſts do Coyners prove,
So may a ſelf-diſpiſing, get ſelf-love.
And then, as worſt ſurfets of beſt meats be,
So is pride, iſſued from humility,
For 'tis no child, but monſter; therefore Croſs
Your joy in croſſes, elſe, 'tis double loſs,
And croſs thy ſenſes, elſe both they, and thou
Muſt periſh ſoon, and to deſtruction bow.
For if th' eye ſee good objects and will take
No croſs from bad, we cannot ſcape a ſnake.
So with harſh, hard, ſowr, ſtinking, croſs the reſt,
Make them indifferent; all, nothing beſt.

But moſt the eye needs croſſing, that can rome
And move: To th' others objects muſt come home,
And croſs thy heart: for that in man alone
Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
Croſs thoſe detorſions, when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
And as the brain through bony walls doth vent
By Sutures, which a Croſſes form preſent:
So when thy brain works, e're thou utter it,
Croſs and correct concupiſcence of wit.
Be covetous of croſſes, let none fall.
Croſs no man elſe, but croſs thy ſelf in all.
Then doth the croſs of Chriſt work faithfully
Within our hearts, when we love harmleſly
The Croſſes pictures much, and with more care
That croſſes children, which our croſſes are.

Pſalm 137.

I.

BY Euphrates flowry ſide
We did bide,
From dear Juda far abſented,
Tearing the air with our cries,
And our eyes,
With their ſtreams his ſtream augmented.

II.

When poor Sions doleful ſtate,
Deſolate;
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,

And the Temple ſpoil'd, which we
Near ſhould ſee,
To our mirthleſs mindes we call'd.

III.

Our mute harpes, untun'd, unſtrung,
Up we hung
On green willows near beſide us,
Where, we ſitting all forlorn;
Thus, in ſcorn,
Our proud Spoylers 'gan deride us,

IV.

Come, ſad captives, leave your moans,
And your groans
Under Sions ruines bury;
Tune your harps, and ſing us layes
In the praiſe
Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.

Can, ah, can we leave our moans?
And our groans
Under Sions ruines bury?
Can we in this Land ſing Layes
In the praiſe
Of our God, and here be merry?

VI.

No; dear Sion, if I yet
Do forget

Thine affliction miserable,
Let my nimble joynts become
Stiffe and numm
To touch warbling harp unable.

VII.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
Let it still
To my parched roof be glewed,
If in either harp or voice
I rejoyce,
Till thy joyes shall be renewed.

VIII.

Lord, curse Edoms traiterous kinde,
Bear in minde
In our ruines how they revell'd.
Sack, kill, burn, they cry'd out still,
Sack burn, kill,
Down with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.

And, thou Babel, when the tyde
Of thy pride
Now a flowing, grows to turning;
Victor now, shall then be thrall,
And shall fall
To as low an ebb of mourning.

X.

Happy he who shall thee waste,
As thou hast

Us, without all mercy, waſted,
And ſhall make thee taſte and ſee
What poor we
By thy means have ſeen and taſted.

XI.

Happy, who, thy tender barnes
From the armes
Of their wailing mothers tearing,
'Gainſt the walls ſhall daſh their bones,
Ruthleſs ſtones
With their brains and blood beſmearing.

Reſurrection imperfect.

SLeep, ſleep old Sun, thou canſt not have repaſt
As yet, the wound thou took'ſt on friday laſt;
Sleep then, and reſt: the world may bear thy ſtay,
A better Sun roſe before thee to day,
Who, not content to 'enlighten all that dwell
On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,
And made the dark fires languiſh in that vale,
As at thy preſence here, our fires grow pale,
Whoſe body having walk'd on earth, and now
Haſting to Heaven, would, that he might allow
Himſelf unto all ſtations, and fill all,
For theſe three daies become a mineral;
He was all gold when he lay down, but roſe
All tincture, and doth not alone diſpoſe
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make even ſinful fleſh like his.

Had one of thoſe, whoſe credulous piety
Thought, that a Soul one might diſcern and ſee,
Go from a body, 'at this ſepulcher been,
And iſſuing from the ſheet, this body ſeen,
He would have juſtly thought this body a ſoul,
If, not of any man, yet of the whole.

Deſunt cætera.

To Sir Robert Carr.

SIR,

I Preſume you rather trie what you can do in me, than what I can do in verſe; you know my uttermoſt when it was beſt, and even then I did beſt, when I had leaſt truth for my ſubjects. In this preſent caſe there is ſo much truth as it defeats all Poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of me, ſmother it, and be that the ſacrifice. If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have imbraced the obligation with more alacrity; But I thank you that you would command me that which I was loath to do, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poor friend and
ſervant in Chriſt Jeſus

I. D.

An

An hymn to the Saints, and to Marqueſs Hamylton.

WHether that ſoul which now comes up to you
Fill any former rank, or make a new,
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it ſelf, and order more
Than was in heaven till now; (for may not he
Be ſo, if every ſeveral Angel be
A kinde alone) What ever order grow
Greater by him in heaven, we do not ſo;
One of your orders grows by his acceſs;
But, by his loſs grow all our orders leſs;
The name of Father, Maſter, Friend, the name
Of Subject and of Prince, in one is lame;
Fair mirth is dampt, and converſation black,
The Houſhold widow'd, and the Garter ſlack;
The Chappel wants an ear, Councel a tongue;
Story a theame, and Muſick lacks a ſong.
Bleſt order that hath him, the loſs of him
Gangreen'd all Orders here; all loſt a limb:
Never made body ſuch haſte to confeſs
What a ſoul was; all former comelineſs
Fled, in a minute, when the ſoul was gone,
And having loſt that beauty, would have none:
So fell our Monaſteries, in an inſtant grown
Not to leſs houſes, but to heaps of ſtone;
So ſent his body that fair form it wore
Unto the ſphear of forms, and doth (before
His ſoul ſhall fill up his ſepulchral ſtone,)
Anticipate a Reſurrection;

For, as it is his fame, now his ſoul is here,
So, in the form thereof his bodie's there,
And if, fair ſoul, not with firſt *Innocents*
Thy ſtation be, but with the *Penitents*
(And who ſhall dare to ask then when I am
Dy'd ſcarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
Whether that colour, which is ſcarlet then,
Were black or white before in eies of men?)
When thou remembreſt what ſins thou didſt find
Amongſt thoſe many friends now left behind,
And ſeeſt ſuch ſinners as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, let it be
Thy wiſh to wiſh all there, to wiſh them clean;
Wiſh *him* a *David*, *her* a *Magdalen*.

The Annuntiation and Paſſion.

TAmely frail fleſh, abſtain to day;
My ſoul eates twice, Chriſt hither and away,
She ſees him man, ſo like God made in this,
That of them both a circle embleme is,
Whoſe firſt and laſt concurr; this doubtful day
Of feaſt or faſt, Chriſt came, and went away.
She ſees him nothing twice at once, who 'is all;
She ſees a Cedar plant it ſelf, and fall.
Her Maker put to making, and the head
Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead;
She ſees at once, the Virgin mother ſtay
Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha.
Sad and rejoyc'd ſhee's ſeen at once, and ſeen
At almoſt fifty, and at ſcarce fifteen
At once a ſon is promis'd her, and gone,
Gabriel gives Chriſt to her, He her to *John*.

Not fully a mother, She's in Orbitie,
At once Receiver and the Legacie;
All this and all between, this day hath ſhown,
Th' Abridgment of Chriſt's ſtory, which makes one
(As in plain Maps, the furtheſt Weſt is Eaſt)
Of th' Angels *Ave*, and *conſummatum eſt.*
How well the Church, Gods Court of Faculties,
Deales in, ſometimes, and ſeldom joyning theſe.
As by the ſelf-fix'd Pole we never do
Direct our courſe, but the next ſtar thereto,
Which ſhows where th' other is, and which we ſay
(Becauſe it ſtrayes not farr) doth never ſtray:
So God by his Church, neareſt to him, we know,
And ſtand firm, if we by her motion goe;
His Spirit, and his fiery Pillar doth
Lead, and his Church, as cloud, to one end both.
This Church by letting thoſe feaſts joyn, hath ſhown
Death and conception in mankinde are one
Or 'twas in him the ſame humility,
That he would be a man and leave to be:
Or as creation he hath made, as God.
With the laſt judgment, but one period,
His imitating Spouſe would joyn in one
Manhoods extreems: he ſhall come, he is gone:
Or, as though one blood drop which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have ſerv'd, he yet ſhed all;
So though the leaſt of his pains, deeds, or words,
Would buſie a life, ſhe all this day affords.
This treaſure then, in groſs, my ſoul up-lay,
And in my life retail it every day.

Good

Goodfriday, 1613. riding Westward.

LEt mans Soul be a Sphear, and then, in this,
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
And as the other Sphears, by being grown
Subject to forraign motion, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleasure or business, so, our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
Hence is 't, that I am carried towards the West,
This day, when my souls form bends to the East,
There I should see a Sun by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget.
But that Christ on his Cross, did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees Gods face, that is self-life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made his own Lieutenant Nature shrink,
It made his footstool crack, and the Sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,
And tune all sphears at once, pierc'd with those holes?
Could I behold that endless height which is
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of his,
Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worn
By God, for his apparel, ragg'd, and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
On his distressed mother cast mine eye,

Who

Who was Gods partner here, and furniſh'd thus
Half of that ſacrifice which ranſom'd us?
Though theſe things as I ride be from mine eye,
They're preſent yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and thou look'ſt towards me,
O Saviour, as thou hangſt upon the tree;
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger, puniſh me,
Burn off my ruſt, and my deformity,
Reſtore thine Image, ſo much by thy grace,
That thou maiſt know me, and I'll turn my face.

THE LITANIE.

I.

The FATHER:

FAther of Heaven, and him, by whom
It, and us for it, and all elſe, for us
Thou mad'ſt and govern'ſt ever, come,
And re-create me, now grown ruinous:
My heart is by dejection clay,
And by ſelf-murder, red.
From this red earth, O Father, purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new faſhioned
I may riſe up from death, before I'm dead.

II.

II.

The SON.

O Son of God, who seeing two things,
Sin, and Death crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one tryedst with what stings
The other could thine heritage invade;
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucified again,
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be by applying so thy pain,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slain.

III.

The HOLY GHOST.

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
Am, but of mud walls, and condensed dust,
And being sacrilegiously
Half wasted with youths fires, of pride and lust,
Must with new storms be weather beate;
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout sad tears intend; and let
(Though this glass Lanthorn, flesh, do suffer maim,)
Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same.

IV.

The TRINITY.

O Blessed glorious Trinity,
Bones to philosophy, but milk to faith,
Which, as wise serpents diversly
Most slipperiness, yet most entanglings hath,

As you diſtinguiſh'd undiſtinct,
By power, love, knowledg be,
Give me ſuch ſelf different inſtinct,
Of theſe let all me elemented be,
Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbred three.

V.

The Virgin MARY.

For that fair bleſſed Mother-maid,
Whoſe fleſh redeem'd us, That ſhe Cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradiſe, and made
One claim for innocence, and diſſeiz'd ſin,
Whoſe womb was a ſtrange heav'n, for there
God cloath'd himſelf, and grew,
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
Our helps, ſo are her prayers; nor can ſhe ſue
In vain, who hath ſuch titles unto you.

VI.

The Angels.

And ſince this life our nonage is,
And we in Wardſhip to thine Angels be,
Native in heavens Palaces,
Where we ſhall be but denizen'd by thee,
As th' earth conceiving by the Sun,
Yeelds fair diverſity,
Yet never knows what courſe that light doth run;
So let me ſtudy that mine actions be
Worthy their ſight, though blind in how they ſee.

VII.

VII.
The Patriarchs.

And let thy Patriarchs Deſire
(Thoſe great Grandfathers of thy church, which ſaw
More in the cloud, than we in fire,
Whom Nature clear'd more, than us grace and law,
And now in heaven ſtill pray, that we
May uſe our new helps right,)
Be ſatisfy'd and fructifie in me.
Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
Nor Faith by reaſon added, loſe her ſight.

VIII.
The Prophets.

Thy Eagle-ſighted Prophets too,
(Which were thy Churches Organs, and did ſound
That harmony which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Thoſe heavenly Poets which did ſee
Thy will, and it expreſs
In rythmique feet) in common pray for me,
That I by them excuſe not my exceſs
In ſeeking ſecrets, or Poetiqueneſs.

IX.
The Apoſtles.

And thy illuſtrious Zodiack
Of twelve Apoſtles, which ingirt this All,
(From whom whoſoever do not take
Their light, to dark deep pits, thrown down do fall)

As

As through their prayers thou haſt let me know
That their books are divine;
May they pray ſtill, and be heard, that I go
Th' old broad way in applying; O decline
Mé, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X.
The Martyrs.

And ſince thou ſo deſirouſly
Did'ſt long to die; that long before thou couldſt,
And long ſince thou no more couldſt dy,
Thou in thy ſcatter'd myſtique body wouldſt
In *Abel* dy, and ever ſince
In thine; let their blood come
To beg for us, a diſcreet patience
Of death, or of worſe life; for, oh, to ſome
Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdome.

XI.
The Confeſſors.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A Virgin Squadron of white Confeſſors,
Whoſe bloods betroth'd, not married were;
Tender'd, not taken by thoſe Raviſhers:
They know, and pray, that we may know;
In every Chriſtian
Hourly tempeſtuous perſecutions grow,
Tentations martyr us alive; A man
Is to himſelf a Diocleſian.

XII.

The Virgins.

The cold white ſnowy Nunnery,
Which, as thy Mother, their high Abbeſs, ſent
Their bodies back again to thee,
As thou hadſt lent them, clean and innocent,
Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
That or thy Church or I
Should keep as they, our firſt integritie;
Divorce thou ſin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaſte widowhead Virginity.

XIII.

The Doctors.

The ſacred Academ above
Of Doctors, whoſe pains have unclaſp'd, and taught
Both books of life to us (for love
To know the Scripture tells us, we are wrote
In thy other book) pray for us there,
That what they have miſdone
Or miſ-ſaid, we to that may not adhere,
Their zeal may be our ſin. Lord let us run
Mean waies, and call them ſtars, but not the Sun.

XIV.

And whil'ſt this univerſal Quire,
That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none bé loſt, which coſt thee dear,

Prayes

Prayes ceaſleſsly, and thou hearken too 337
(Since to be gracious
Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
Hear this prayer Lord, O Lord deliver us
From truſting in thoſe prayers, though powr'd out thus.

XV.

From being anxious, or ſecure,
Dead clouds of ſadneſs, or light ſquibs of mirth,
From thinking, that great courts immure
All or no happineſs, or that this earth
Is onely for our priſon fram'd,
Or that thou art covetous
To them whom thou loveſt or that they are maim'd
From reaching this worlds ſweets, who ſeek thee thus,
With all their might, Good Lord deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger, to be good,
From owning thee yeſterdaies tears to day,
From truſting ſo much to thy blood,
That in that hope, we wound our ſouls away,
From bribing thee with Almes, to excuſe
Some ſin more burdenous,
From light affecting, in religion, news,
From thinking us all ſoul, neglecting thus
Our mutual duties, Lord deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivence, or ſlack company,

From measuring ill by vitious,
Neglecting to choak sins spawn, Vanity,
From indiscreet humility
Which might be scandalous,
And cast reproach on Christianity;
From being spies, or to spies pervious,
From thirst, or scorn of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us through thy descent
Into the Virgin, whose womb was a place
Of middle kind, and thou being sent
To ungracious us, staid'st at her full of grace;
And through thy poor birth, where first thou
Glorified'st Poverty,
And yet soon after riches didst allow,
By accepting Kings gifts in th' Epiphany,
Deliver, and make us, to both wayes free.

XIX.

And through that bitter agony,
Which still is th' agony of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee,
And interrupted evennes, with fits;
And through thy free confession,
Though thereby they were then
Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have gone,
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when
We may not, and we may blind unjust men.

XX.

Through thy submitting all, to blows
Thy face, thy robes to spoil, thy fame to scorn,

All

All wayes, which rage, or Juſtice knows,
And by which thou couldſt ſhew, that thou waſt born,
And through thy gallant humbleneſs
Which thou in death didſt ſhow,
Dying before thy ſoul they could expreſs,
Deliver us from death, by dying ſo,
To this world, ere this world do bid us go.

XXI.

When ſenſes, which thy ſouldiers are,
We arm againſt thee, and they fight for ſin:
When want, ſent but to tame, doth war,
And work deſpair a breach to enter in:
When plenty, God's Image, and ſeal,
Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it ſhould reveal:
When we are mov'd to ſeem religious
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

XXII.

In Churches when th' infirmity
Of him which ſpeakes, diminiſhes the Word,
When Magiſtrates do miſ-apply
To us, as we judg, lay or ghoſtly ſword,
When plague, which is thine Angel, raigns,
Or wars, thy Champions, ſway,
When Hereſie, thy ſecond deluge, gains;
In th' hour of death, the Eve of laſt judgment day
Deliver us from the ſiniſter way,

XXIII.

Hear us, O hear us Lord; to thee
A ſinner is more muſick when he prayes,
Then ſphears, or Angels praiſes be,
In Panegyrick Allelujaes;
Hear us, for till thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to ſay.
Thine ear to our ſighs, tears, thoughts gives voice and word.
O thou, who Satan heard'ſt in *Jobs* ſick day,
Hear thy ſelf now, for thou in us doſt pray.

XXIV.

That we may change to evenneſs
This intermitting aguiſh Pietie,
That ſnatching cramps of wickedneſs
And Apoplexies of faſt ſin, may die;
That Muſick of thy promiſes,
Not threats in Thunder may
Awaken us to our juſt offices;
What in thy book, thou doſt, or creatures ſay,
That we may hear, Lord hear us when we pray.

XXV.

That our ears ſickneſs me may cure,
And rectifie thoſe Labyrinths aright,
That we by hearkning, not procure
Our praiſe, nor others diſpraiſe ſo invite,
That we get not a ſlipperineſs
And ſenſleſly decline,
From hearing bold wits jeaſt at Kings exceſſe,

To'ad-

To'admit the like of Majeſtie divine,
That we may lock our ears, Lord open thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the Magiſtrate,
Which to give us, and make us phyſick, doth
Our vices often aggravate,
That Preachers taxing ſin, before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men
Which will, if we ſtarve, dine
When they do moſt accuſe us, may ſee then
Us to amendment hear them; thee decline;
That we may open our ears, Lord lock thine.

XXVII.

That learning, thine Ambaſſadour,
From thine alleageance we never tempt,
That beauty, Paradiſes flower
For Phyſick made, from poyſon be exempt,
That wit, born apt, high good to do,
By dwelling lazily
On Natures nothing be not nothing too,
That our affections kill us not, nor die,
Hear us, weak ecchoes, O thou ear, and crie.

XXVIII.

Son of God hear us, and ſince thou
by taking our blood, oweſt it us again,
Gain to thy ſelf and us allow;
And let not both us and thy ſelf be ſlain.

O Lamb of God, which tookſt our ſin
Which could not ſtick to thee,
O let it not return to us again,
But Patient and Phyſitian being free,
As ſin is nothing, let it no where be.

Upon the tranſlation of the Pſalms by Sir Philip Sydney, *and the Counteſs of* Pembrook *his Siſter.*

ETernal God, (for whom who ever dare
Seek new expreſſions, do the Circle ſquare,
And thruſt into ſtrait corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerleſs and infinite)
I would but bleſs thy Name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
Fix we our praiſes therefore on this one,
That as thy bleſſed Spirit fell upon
Theſe Pſalms firſt Author in a cloven tongue,
(For 'twas a double power by which he ſung
The higheſt matter in the nobleſt form;)
So thou haſt cleft that Spirit, to perform
That work again, and ſhed it, here, upon
Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one;
A brother and a Siſter, made by thee
The Organ, where thou art the Harmony,
Two that make one *John Baptiſts* holy voice;
And who that Pſalm, *Now let the Iſles rejoyce*,
Have both tranſlated, and apply'd it too,
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They ſhew us Ilanders our joy, our King,
They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to ſing.

Make

Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and ſphears;
The firſt, Heaven, hath a ſong, but no man hears;
The ſphears have Muſick, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danc'd than ſung;
But our third Quire, to which the firſt gives ear,
(For Angels learn by what the Church does here)
This Quire hath all. The Organiſt is he
Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we:
The ſongs are theſe, which heavens high holy Muſe
Whiſper'd to *David*, *David* to the Jews:
And *Davids* Succeſſors in holy zeal,
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal
To us ſo ſweetly and ſincerely too,
That I muſt not rejoyce as I would do
When I behold that theſe Pſalms are become
So well attyr'd abroad, ſo ill at home,
So well in Chambers, in thy Church ſo ill,
As I can ſcarce call that reform'd until
This be reform'd; Would a whole State preſent
A leſſer gift than ſome one man hath ſent?
And ſhall our Church, unto our Spouſe and King
More hoarſe, more harſh than any other, ſing?
For *that* we pray, we praiſe thy name for *this*,
Which, by thy *Moſes* and this *Miriam*, is
Already done; and as thoſe Pſalms we call
(Though ſome have other Authors) *David's* all:
So though ſome have, ſome may ſome Pſalms tranſlate
We thy *Sydnean* Pſalms ſhall celebrate,
And, till we come th' Extemporal ſong to ſing
(Learn'd the firſt hower, that we ſee the King,
Who hath tranſlated thoſe tranſlators) may
Theſe their ſweet learned labours, all the way
Be as our tuneing, that when hence we part
We may fall in with them, and ſing our part.

Ode.

1. VEngeance will ſit above our faults; but till
She there do ſit,
We ſee her not, nor *them*. Thus, blind, yet ſtill
We lead her way; and thus, whil'ſt we do ill,
We ſuffer it.

2. Unhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill:
Enough we labour under age, and care;
In number, th'errours of the laſt place, are
The greateſt ſtill.

3. Yet we, that ſhould the ill we now begin
As ſoon repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not our faults are not ſeen,
But paſt us, neither felt, but only in
The puniſhment.

4. But we know our ſelves leaſt; Mere outward ſhews
Our minds ſo ſtore,
That our ſouls, no more than our eyes diſcloſe
But form and colour. Only he who knows
Himſelf, knows more.

I. D.

To Mr. Tilman *after he had taken Orders.*

THou, whoſe diviner ſoul hath cauſ'd thee now.
To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,

Making

Making Lay-ſcornings of the Miniſtery,
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bringſt thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected ſince the vintage? Doſt thou find
New thoughts and ſtirrings in thee? and as Steel
Toucht with a Load-ſtone, doſt new motions feel?
Or, as a Ship after much pain and care,
For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware,
Haſt thou thus traffiqu'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with leſs time and pain?
Thou art the ſame materials, as before,
Only the ſtamp is changed, but no more.
And as new crowned Kings alter the face,
But not the monies ſubſtance; ſo hath grace
Chang'd only Gods old Image by Creation,
To Chriſts new ſtamp, at this thy Coronation;
Or, as we paint Angels with wings, becauſe
They bear Gods meſſage and proclaim his laws,
Since thou muſt do the like, and ſo muſt move,
Art thou new feather'd with cœleſtial love?
Dear, tell me where thy purchaſe lies, and ſhew
What thy advantage is above, below;
But if thy gainings do ſurmount expreſſion
Why doth the fooliſh world ſcorn that profeſſion,
Whoſe joyes paſſe ſpeech? Why do they think unfit
That Gentry ſhould joyn families with it?
As if their day were only to be ſpent
In dreſſing, Miſtreſſing and complement;
Alas poor joyes, but poorer men, whoſe truſt
Seems richly placed in ſublimed duſt!
(For, ſuch are cloaths and beauty, which though gay,
Are, at the beſt, but of ſublimed clay)
Let then the world thy calling diſreſpect,
But go thou on, and pity their neglect.

What

What function is so noble as to be
Embassadour to God, and destiny?
To open life, to give kingdomes to more
Than Kings give dignities; to keep heavens door?
Maries prerogative was to bear Christ, so
'Tis preachers to convey him; for they do
As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speak;
And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.
If then th' Astronomers, whereas they spy
A new-found Star, their opticks magnifie,
How brave are those, who with their Engine, can
Bring man to heaven, and heaven again to man?
These are thy titles and preheminences,
In whom must meet Gods graces, mens offences,
And so the heavens which beget all things here,
And the earth our mother, which these things doth bear,
Both these in thee are in thy calling knit,
And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.

A Hymn to Christ, at the Authors last going into Germany.

IN what torn ship soever I embark;
That ship shall be my embleme of thy Ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood;
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,
And all whom I love here, and who love me;

When

When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my ſins and thee.
As the trees ſap doth ſeek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but thee, th' Eternal root
Of true love I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion doſt controul
The amorouſneſs of an harmonious Soul,
But thou wouldſt have that love thy ſelf: as thou
Art jealous, Lord, ſo I am jealous now,
Thou lov'ſt not; till from loving more, thou free
My ſoul: Who ever gives, takes liberty:
Oh, if thou car'ſt not whom I love,
Alas, thou lov'ſt not me.

Seal then this bill of my Divorce to All,
On whom thoſe fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry thoſe loves, which in youth ſcattered be
On Face, Wit, Hopes (falſe miſtreſſes) to thee.
Churches are beſt for Prayer, that have leaſt light:
To ſee God only, I go out of ſight:
And to ſcape ſtormy daies, I chuſe
An everlaſting night.

On the Sacrament.

HE was the Word that ſpake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.

The

The Lamentations of Jeremy, *for the most part according to* Tremellius.

CHAP. I.

1. HOw sits this City, late most populous
Thus solitary, and like a widow thus?
Ampleſt of Nations, Queen of Provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is.

2. Still in the night she weeps, and her tears fall:
Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.

3. Unto great bondage, and afflictions,
Juda is captive led; those Nations
With whom she dwells, no place of rest afford,
In straights she meets her Persecutors sword.

4. Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her wayes
Mourn, because none come to her solemn dayes.
Her Priests do groan, her maids are comfortless,
And shee's unto her self a bitterness.

5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at Peace,
Because when her transgressions did increase,
The Lord strook her with sadness: Th' enemie
Doth drive her children to captivitie.

6. From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,
Like hearts which seek for Pasture, and find none
Her Princes are: and now before the foe
Which still pursues them, without strength they goe.

7. Now

7 Now in their days of Tears, *Jeruſalem*
(Her men ſlain by the foe, none ſuccouring them)
Remembers what of old ſhe eſteemed moſt,
Whiles her foes laugh at her, for what ſhe hath loſt.

8. *Jeruſalem* hath ſinn'd, therefore is ſhe
Remov'd, as women in uncleanneſs be;
Who honour'd, ſcorn her, for her foulneſs they
Have ſeen; her ſelf doth groan, and turn away.

9. Her foulneſs in her skirts was ſeen, yet ſhe
Remembred not her end; miraculouſly
Therefore ſhe fell, none comforting: Behold
O Lord my affliction, for the foe grows bold.

10. Upon all things where her delight hath been,
The foe hath ſtretch'd his hand, for ſhe hath ſeen
Heathen, whom thou command'ſt, ſhould not do ſo,
Into her holy Sanctuary go.

11. And all her people groan and ſeek for bread;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleaſure lay:
How cheap I'am grown, O Lord, behold, and weigh.

12. All this concerns not you, who paſs by me,
O ſee, and mark if any ſorrow be
Like to my ſorrow, which Jehovah hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath?

13. That fire, which by himſelf is governed
He hath caſt from heaven on my bones, and ſpred
A net before my feet, and me o'rthrown,
And made me languiſh all the day alone.

14. His

14. His hands hath of my sins framed a yoke
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength: The Lord unto those enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15. He under foot hath troden in my sight
My strong men, he did company accite
To break my young men, he the winepress hath
Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.

16. For these things do I weep, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; For he which should be nigh
To comfort me, is now departed farr;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.

17. There's none, though *Sion* do stretch out her hand,
To comfort her, it is the Lords command
That *Jacobs* foes girt him, *Jerusalem*
Is as an unclean woman amongst them.

18. But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
I have rebell'd against his holy will;
O hear all people, and my sorrow see,
My maids, my young men in captivity.

19. I called for my *lovers* then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my Priests, and Elders lay
Dead in the City, for they sought for meat
Which should refresh their souls, and none could get.

20. Because I am in straits, *Jehovah* see
My heart o'turn'd, my bowels muddy be,
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within doth wast.

21. Of all which here I mourn, none comforts me,
My foes have heard my grief, and glad they be,
That thou haſt done it; But thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I ſuffer, ſo ſhall they.

22. Let all their wickedneſs appear to thee,
Doe unto them, as thou haſt done to me,
For all my ſins: The fights which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is ſad.

CHAP. II.

1. HOw over Sions daughter hath God hung
His wraths thick cloud? and from heaven hath flung
To earth the beauty of Iſrael, and hath
Forgot his foot-ſtool in the day of wrath?

2. The Lord unſparingly hath ſwallowed
All *Jacobs* dwellings, and demoliſhed
To ground the ſtrength of *Juda*, and prophan'd
The Princes of the Kingdom, and the Land.

3. In heat of wrath the horn of Iſrael he
Hath clean cut off, and left the enemy
Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,
But is towards *Jacob*, All-devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
His right-hand was in poſture of a foe,
To kill what *Sions* daughter did deſire,
Gainſt whom his wrath, he powred forth, like fire.

5. For like an enemy *Jehova* is,
Devouring *Iſrael*, and his Palaces,

Destroying holds, giving additions
To *Juda's* daughters lamentations.

6. Like to a Garden hedge he hath cast down
The place where was his Congregation,
And *Sions* Feasts and Sabbaths are forgot;
Her King, her Priest, his wrath regarded not.

7. The Lord forsakes his Altar, and detests
His Sanctuary, and in the foes hands rests
His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

8. The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
And level *Sions* walls unto the ground,
He draws not back his hand, which doth o'rturn
The wall, and Rampart, which together mourn.

9. The gates are sunk into the ground, and he
Hath broke the barre; their King and Princes be
Amongst the Heathen, without law, nor there
Unto the Prophets doth the Lord appear.

10. There *Sions Elders* on the ground are plac'd,
And silence keep; Dust on their heads they cast,
In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.

11. My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for misery,
That sucking children in the streets doe die.

12. When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where
Shall we have bread and drink; they fainted there,

And

And in the ſtreet like wounded perſons lay,
Till 'twixt their mothers breaſts they went away.

13. *Daughter Jeruſalem*; Oh what may be
A witneſs, or compariſon for thee?
Sion to eaſe thee, what ſhall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the Sea, what help can be?

4 For the vain fooliſh things thy Prophets ſought,
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might diſ-urn thy bondage: but for thee
Falſe burthens, and falſe cauſes they would ſee.

15. The paſſengers do clap their hands, and hiſs,
And wag their head at thee, and ſay, Is this
That city, which ſo many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfecteſt of all?

16. Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiſs,
And gnaſh their teeth, and ſay, Devour we this,
For this is certainly the day which we
Expected, and which now we finde, and ſee.

17. The Lord hath done that which he purpoſed,
Fulfill'd his word of old determined;
He hath thrown down, and not ſpar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him ſo.

18. But now, their hearts unto the Lord do call,
Therefore, O walls of *Sion*, let tears fall
Down like a river, day and night; take thee
No reſt, but let thine eye inceſſant be.

19. Ariſe, cry in the night, powr out thy ſins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;

Lift up thy hands to God, leſt children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the ſtreets do ly.

20. Behold, O Lord, conſider unto whom
Thou haſt done this; what ſhall the women come
To eat their children of a ſpan? ſhall thy
Prophet and Prieſt be ſlain in Sanctuary?

21. On ground in ſtreets the young and old do lye,
My virgins and young men by ſword do die;
Them in the day of thy wrath thou haſt ſlain,
Nothing did thee from killing them contain.

22. As to a ſolemn feaſt, all whom I fear'd
Thou call'ſt about me: when thy wrath appear'd,
None did remain or ſcape, for thoſe which I
Brought up, did periſh by mine enemy.

Chap. III.

I Am the man which have affliction ſeen,
Under the rod of Gods wrath having been.
2. He hath led me to darkneſs, not to light.
3. And againſt me all day, his hand doth fight.

4. He hath broke my bones, worn out my fleſh and skin,
5. Built up againſt me; and hath girt me in
With hemlock, and with labour, 6. and ſet me
In dark, as they who dead for ever be.

7. He hath hedg'd me leſt I ſcape, and added more
To my ſteel fetters, heavier than before.
8. When I cry out, he outſhuts my prayer: 9. And hath
Stopp'd with hewn ſtone my way, and turnd' my path.

10. And

10. And like a Lion hid in ſecrecy,
Or Bear which lies in wait, he was to me.
11. He ſtops my way, tears me, made deſolate,
12. And he makes me the mark he ſhooteth at.

13. He made the children of his Quiver paſs
Into my reins. 14. I with my people was
All the day long, a ſong and mockery.
15. He hath fill'd me with bitterneſs, and he

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He hath burſt
My teeth with ſtones, and covered me with duſt.
17. And thus my ſoul far off from peace was ſet,
And my proſperity I did forget.

18. My ſtrength, my hope (unto my ſelf I ſaid)
Which from the Lord ſhould come, is periſhed,
19. But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,

20. My Soul is humbled in remembring this;
21. My heart conſiders, therefore, hope there is,
22. 'Tis Gods great mercy we' are not utterly
Conſum'd, for his compaſſions do not die;

23. For every morning they renewed be,
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.
24. The Lord is, ſaith my Soul, my portion,
And therefore, in him will I hope alone.

25. The Lord is good to them, who on him rely,
And to the Soul that ſeeks him earneſtly.
26. It is both good to truſt, and to attend
The Lords ſalvation unto the end.

27. 'Tis good for one his yoak in youth to bear;
28. He ſits alone, and doth all ſpeech forbear,
Becauſe he hath born it. 29. And his mouth he laies
Deep in the duſt, yet then in hope he ſtayes.

30. He gives his cheeks to who ſo ever will
Strike him, and ſo he is reproched ſtill.
31. For, not for ever doth the Lord forſake,
32. But when he hath ſtruck with ſadneſs, he doth take

Compaſſion, as his mercy is infinite;
33. Nor is it with his heart, that he doth ſmite,
34. That underfoot the priſoners ſtamped be;
35. That a mans right the Judg himſelf doth ſee

To be wrung from him. 36. That he ſubverted is
In his juſt cauſe, the Lord allows not this.
37. Who then will ſay, that ought doth come to paſs,
But that which by the Lord commanded was?

38. Both good and evil from his mouth proceeds;
39. Why then grieves any man for his miſdeeds?
40. Turn we to God, by trying out our ways;
41. To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraiſe.

42. We have rebell'd, and faln away from thee;
Thou pardon'ſt not; 43. Uſeſt no clemency;
Purſueſt us, killſt us, covereſt us with wrath,
44. Cover'ſt thy ſelf with clouds, that our prayer hath

No power to paſs. 45. And thou haſt made us fall
As refuſe, and off-ſcouring to them all.
46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Fear and a ſnare
With ruin, and with waſte upon us are.

48. With

48. With watry rivers doth mine eye oreflow
For ruin of my peoples daughters ſo;
49. Mine eye doth drop down tears inceſſantly,
50. Until the Lord look down from heaven to ſee.

51. And for my city daughters ſake, mine eye
Doth break mine heart. 52. Cauſleſs mine enemy
Like a bird chas'd me. 53. In a dungeon
They have ſhut my life, and caſt me on a ſtone.

54. Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am
Deſtroy'd; 55. I called, Lord, upon thy name
Out of the pit. 56. And thou my voice didſt hear;
Oh from my ſight, and cry, ſtop not thine ear.

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'ſt near
Unto me, and ſaidſt unto me, Do not fear.
58. Thou Lord, my ſouls cauſe handled haſt, and thou
Reſcueſt my life. 59. O Lord, do thou judge now.

(wrought;
Thou heardſt my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all they have
61. How they reproach'd, thou 'ſt heard, & what they
(thought,
62. What their lips uttered, which againſt me roſe,
And what was ever whiſper'd by my foes.

63. I am their ſong, whether they riſe or ſit.
64. Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,
65. Sorrow of heart, thy curſe. 66. And with thy might
Follow, and from under heaven deſtroy them quite.

Chap. IV.

HOw is the gold become ſo dimme? How is
Pureſt and fineſt gold thus chang'd to this?
The ſtones which were ſtones of the Sanctuary,
Scattered in corners of each ſtreet do lie.

2. The precious Sons of Sion, which ſhould be
Valued as pureſt Gold, how do we ſee
Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, ſtand,
Which are the work of a poor Potters hand.

3. Even the Sea-calfes draw their breaſts, and give
Suck to their young; my peoples daughters live,
By reaſon of the foes great cruelneſs,
As do the Owles in the vaſt wilderneſs.

4. And when the ſucking child doth ſtrive to draw,
His tongue for thirſt cleaves to his upper jaw.
And when for bread the little children cry,
There is no man that doth them ſatisfie.

5. They which before were delicately fed,
Now in the ſtreets forlorn have periſhed:
And they which ever were in ſcarlet cloath'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.

6. The daughters of my people have ſinned more,
Than did the town of Sodome ſin before;
Which being at once deſtroy'd there did remain
No hands amongſt them to vex them again.

7. But

7. But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was then the ſnow, and milk was not ſo white;
As carbuncles did their pure bodies ſhine,
And all their poliſh'dneſs was Saphirine.

8. They are darker now than blackneſs none can know
Them by the face, as through the ſtreet they goe:
For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,
And withered, is like to dry wood grown.

9. Better by ſword than famine 'tis to dy;
And better through-pierc'd, than through penury.
10. Women by nature pitiful, have eate
Their children (dreſt with their own hand) for meat.

11. *Jehovah* here fully accompliſh'd hath
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live
In the inhabitable world believe,
That any adverſary, any foe
Into *Jeruſalem* ſhould enter ſo.

13. For the Prieſts ſins, and Prophets, which have ſhed
Blood in the ſtreets and the juſt murthered:
14. Which when thoſe men whom they made blind did ſtray
Through the ſtreets, defiled by the way,

With blood, the which impoſſible it was
Their garment ſhould ſcape touching, as they paſs,
15. Would cry aloud, Depart defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not, and then

They fled, and ſtraid, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends, they ſhould not long dwell there:
16. For this they are ſcattered by Jehova's face
Who never will regard them more; No grace

Unto the old men ſhall their foe afford,
Nor, that they are Prieſts, redeem them from the ſword:
17. And we as yet for all theſe miſeries
Deſiring our vain help, conſume our eyes:

And ſuch a nation as cannot ſave,
We in deſire and ſpeculation have.
18. They hunt our ſteps, that in the ſtreets we fear
To go: our end is now approached near.

Our daies, accompliſht are, this the laſt day,
Eagles of heaven are not ſo ſwift as they
19. Which follow us, o'r mountains tops they flie
At us, and for us in the deſert lie.

20. The annointed Lord, breath of our noſtrils, he
Of whom we ſaid, under his ſhadow, we
Shall with more eaſe under the Heathen dwell,
Into the pit which theſe men digged, fell.

21. Rejoyce, O *Edoms daughter*, joyful be
Thou that inhabit'ſt *Uz*, for unto thee
This cup ſhall paſs, and thou with drunkenneſs
Shalt fill thy ſelf, and ſhew thy nakedneſs.

22. And then thy ſins, O *Sion*, ſhall be ſpent;
The Lord will not leave thee in baniſhment:
Thy ſins, O *Edoms daughter*, he will ſee,
And for them, pay thee with captivity.

CHAP.

Chap. V.

1. REmember, O Lord, what is faln on us;
See and mark, how we are reproached thus.
2. For unto ſtrangers our poſſeſſion
Is turn'd, our houſes unto Aliens gone.

Our mothers are become as widows, we
As Orphans all, and without Fathers be;
4. Waters which are our own, we drink and pay;
And upon our own wood a price they lay.

5. Our perſecutors on our necks do ſit,
They make us travail, and not intermit.
6. We ſtretch our hands unto th' Egytians
To get us bread; and to the Aſſyrians.

7. Our Fathers did theſe ſins, and are no more,
But we do bear the ſins they did before.
8. They are but ſervants, which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9. With danger of our life our bread we gat;
For in the wilderneſs the ſword did waite.
10. The tempeſts of this famine we liv'd in,
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skin.

11. In *Judas* cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and ſo women in *Sion* us'd.
12. The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.

13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare.
14. Elders the gates, youth did their ſongs forbear,
Gone was our joy; our dancings mournings were.

15. Now is the crown faln from our head; and woe
Be unto us, becauſe we have ſinned ſo.
16. For this our hearts do languiſh, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimneſs is.

17. Becauſe mount *Sion* deſolate doth lie,
And foxes, there do go at liberty:
18. But thou, O Lord art ever, and thy throne
From generation, to generation.

19. Why ſhouldſt thou forget us eternally?
Or leave us thus long in this miſery?
20. Reſtore us Lord, to thee; that ſo we may
Return, and as of old, renew our day.

21. For oughteſt thou, O Lord, deſpiſe us thus,
22. And to be utterly inrag'd at us?

Hymn to God, my God, in my ſickneſs.

SInce I am comming to that Holy room,
Where, with the Quire of Saints for evermore,
I ſhall be made thy Muſique, As I come
I tune the Inſtrument here at the door,
And what I muſt do then, think here before.

Whilſt my Phyſitians by their love are grown
Coſmographers, and I their Map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be ſhown That

That this is my South Weſt diſcovery
Per fretum febris, by theſe ſtraights to dy;

I joy, that in theſe ſtraits, I ſee my Weſt;
For, though thoſe currants yeeld, return to none,
What ſhall my Weſt hurt me? As Weſt and Eaſt
In all flat Maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the Reſurrection.

Is the Pacifique Sea my home; Or are
The Eaſtern riches? Is *Jeruſalem*?
Anyan, and *Magellan*, and *Gabraltare*,
All ſtraights, and none but ſtraights are ways to them,
Whether where *Japhet* dwelt, or *Cham* or *Sem*.

We think that *Paradiſe* and *Calvarie*,
Chriſts Croſs, and *Adams* tree, ſtood in one place;
Look Lord, and find both *Adams* met in me;
As the firſt *Adams* ſweat ſurrounds my face,
May the laſt Adams blood my ſoul embrace.

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive me Lord,
By theſe his thorns give me his other Crown;
And as to others ſouls I preach'd thy word,
Be this my Text, my ſermon to mine own,
Therefore that he may raiſe the Lord throws down.

A Hymn to God the Father.

I.

WIlt thou forgive that ſin where I begun,
Which was my ſin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that ſin, through which I run,
And do run ſtill, though ſtill I do deplore?
When thou haſt done, thou haſt not done,
For I have more.

II.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that ſin, which I have wonne
Others to ſin, and made my ſins their door?
Wilt thou forgive that ſin which I did ſhun
A year or two, but wallowed in, a ſcore?
When thou haſt done, thou haſt not done,
For I have more.

III.

I have a ſin of fear, that when I have ſpun
My laſt thred, I ſhall periſh on the ſhore;
But ſwear by thy ſelf, that at my death thy Son
Shall ſhine as he ſhines now, and heretofore;
And, having done That, thou haſt done,
I fear no more.

The end of the Divine Poems.

28 MR 59

To the Memory of my ever deſired Friend Doctor DONNE.

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'ſt flights, that is, like Thee,
Or t'have had too much merit, is not ſafe;
For, ſuch exceſſes find no Epitaph.
At common graves we have poetique eyes,
Can melt themſelves in eaſie Elegies,

Each

Each quill can drop his tributary verſe,
And pin it, like the Hatchments to the Hearſe:
But at Thine, Poem, or Inſcription,
(Rich ſoul of wit, and languague) we have none.
Indeed a ſilence does that tomb befit,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd invention juſtly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
Late her great Patron; Whoſe Prerogative
Maintain'd and cloath'd her ſo, as none alive
Muſt now preſume to keep her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dowr eſtate.
Or elſe that awful fire, which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now faln into thy Urn
Lives there, to fright rude Empericks from thence,
Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance.
Who ever writes of thee, and in a ſtile
Unworthy ſuch a Theme, does but revile
Thy precious Duſt, and wake a learned Spirit
Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit.
For, all a low pitcht fancie can deviſe,
Will prove, at beſt, but Hallow'd Injuries.
Thou like the dying Swan, didſt lately ſing
Thy mournful Dirge, in audience of the King;
When pale looks, and faint accents of thy breath
Preſented ſo to life, *that peece of death,*
That it was fear'd and propheſi'd by all,
Thou thither cam'ſt to preach thy Funerall.
O! hadſt Thou in an Elegiack Knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
And in thy High-Victorious Numbers beat
The ſolemn meaſure of thy greiv'd Retreat;
Thou might'ſt the Poets ſervice now have miſt
As well as then thou didſt prevent the Prieſt;

His laſt Sermon at Court

And

And never to the world beholding be
So much, as for an Epitaph for thee.
I do not like the office. Nor is't fit
Thou, who didſt lend our Age ſuch ſummes of wit,
Shouldſt now re-borrow from her banckrupt Mine,
That Ore to Bury thee, which once was Thine:
Rather ſtill leave us in thy debt; And know
(Exalted Soul) more glory 'tis to owe
Unto thy Hearſe, what we can never pay,
Then, with embaſed Coyn thoſe Rites, defray.
Commit we then Thee to thy ſelf: Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy own Fame
Leave Thee Executour; Since, but thy own,
No pen could do Thee juſtice, nor Bayes crown
Thy vaſt deſert: Save that, we nothing can
Depute, to be thy Aſhes Guardian.
So Jewellers no Art, or Metal truſt
To form the Diamond, but the Diamonds duſt.

H. K.

In obitum venerabilis viri *Johannis Donne*, ſacræ Theologiæ Doctoris, Eccleſiæ Cathedralis D. *Pauli*, nuper Decani; Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi colende Vir) obſervantiæ ergo Hæc ego.

COnquerar? ignavoque ſequar tua funera planctu?
Sed lacrymæ clauſiſtis iter: nec muta querelas
Lingua poteſt proferre pias: ignoſcite manes
Defuncti, & tacito ſinite indulgere dolori.
Sed ſcelus eſt tacuiſſe: cadant in mœſta lituræ
Verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe juſſis

Cœpta

Cæpta, nec officii contemnens pignora noſtri
Averſare tua non dignum laude Poetam.
O ſi Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuiſſet:
Inque meum à veſtro migraret pectore pectus
Muſa, repentinos tua noſceret urna furores.
Sed fruſtra, heu fruſtra hæc votis puerilibus opto:
Tecum abiit, ſummoque ſedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnaſſi & culmina vates
Deſperare jubet. Verum hac nolente coactos
Scribimus audaces numeros, & flebile carmen
Scribimus (O ſoli qui te dilexit) habendum.
Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina ſomnus
Clauſit? & immerito merguntur funere virtus,
Et pietas? & quæ poterant feciſſe beatum,
Cætera: ſed nec te poterant ſervare beatum.
Quo mihi doctrinam? quorſum impalleſcere chartis
Nocturnis juvat? & totidem olfeciſſe lucernas?
Decolor & longos ſtudiis deperdere Soles
Ut prius aggredior, longamque acceſſere famam.
Omnia ſed fruſtra: mihi dum, cunctiſque minatur
Exitium, crudele & inexorabile fatum.
Nam poſt te ſperare nihil decet: hoc mihi reſtat
Ut moriar, tenues fugiatque obſcurus in auras
Spiritus: O doctis ſaltem ſi cognitus umbris,
Illic te (venerande) iterum (venerande) videbo,
Et dulces audire ſonos, & verba diſerti
Oris, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces.
Queis ferus infernæ tacuiſſet janitor aulæ
Auditis: Niluſque minus ſtrepuiſſet: Arion
Cederet, & ſylvas qui poſt ſe traxerat Orpheus.
Eloquio ſic ille viros, ſic ille movere
Voceferos potuit; quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infeſtus non motus, ut illo
Hortante, & blando victus ſermone ſileret?

Sic

Sic oculos, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat,
Singula ſic decuere ſenem, ſic omnia. Vidi,
Audivi & ſtupui quoties orator in Æde
Paulina ſtetit, & mira gravitate levantes
Corda, oculoſque viros tenuit: dum Neſtoris ille
Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit myſteria plebi
Non conceſſa prius, nodum intellecta: revolvunt
Mirantes, taciteque arrectis auribus aſtant.
Mutatis mox ille modo, formaque loquendi
Triſtia pertractat: fatumque & flebile mortis
Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.
Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres,
Forſitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum ſtillat rorem; ætheris illo
Sic pater audito volvit ſuccumbere turbam,
Affectuſque ciere ſuos, & ponere notæ
Vocis ad arbitrium, divinæ oracula mentis
Dum narrat, roſtriſque potens dominatur in altis.
Quo feror? audaci & forſan pietate nocenti
In nimia ignoſcas vati, qui vatibus olim
Egregium decus, & tanto excellentior unus
Omnibus; inferior quanto eſt, & peſſimus impar
Laudibus hiſce, tibi qui nunc facit iſta Poeta.
Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi ſacra Poetæ
Deſinite: en fati certus, ſibi voce canora
Inferias præmiſit olor, cum Carolus Alba
(Ultima volventem & Cygnæa voce loquentem)
Nuper eum, turba, & magnatum audiret in Aula.
Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, tunc aſtitit illi
Aula frequens. Sola nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus eſca, pio malint niſi parcere: quidni
Incipiant & amare famem? Metuere Leones
Sic olim: ſacroſque artus violare Prophetæ,

Bellu-

Bellua non auſa eſt quanquam jejuna, ſitimque
Optaret nimis humano ſatiare cruore.
At non hæc de te ſperabimus; omnia carpit
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forſan metrico pede ſerpet ab inde:
Veſcere, & exhauſto ſatia te ſanguine. Jam nos
Adſumus; & poſt te cupiet quis vivere? Poſt te
Quis volet, aut poterit? nam poſt te vivere mors eſt.
Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras:
Suſtinet & tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce
Non feſtinanti æternum requieſcere turbæ.
Ipſa ſatis properat quæ neſcit parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occare videmus.
Quin nuſus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te
Quo Deus & quo dura volet natura ſequemur.
Depoſitum interea lapides ſervate fideles.
Fœlices illa queis Ædis parte locari
Qua jacet iſte datur. Forſan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturietque viro plenus teſtantia luctus
Verba: & carminibus quæ Donni *ſuggeret illi*
Spiritus, inſolitos teſtari voce calores
Incipiet (non ſic Pyrrha jactante calebat)
Mole ſub hac tegitur quicquid mortale relictum eſt
De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Ædi huic,
Formoſi pecoris paſtor, formoſior ipſe.
Ite igitur, digniſque illum celebrate loquelis,
Et quæ demuntur vitæ date tempora famæ.

Indignus tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum tuarum cultor religioſiſſimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.

On the Death of Dr. Donne.

I Cannot blame thoſe men, that knew thee well,
Yet dare not help the world to ring thy knell
In tunefull *Elegies*; there's not language known
Fit for thy mention, but 'twas firſt thy own;
The *Epitaphs* thou writſt have ſo bereft
Our tongue of wit there is no phanſie left
Enough to weep thee; what henceforth we ſee
Of Art or Nature, muſt reſult from thee.
There may perchance ſome buſie gathering friend
Steal from thy own works, and that, varied, lend,
Which thou beſtow'ſt on others, to thy Hearſe,
And ſo thou ſhalt live ſtill in thy own verſe;
He that ſhall venture farther, may commit
A pitied error, ſhew his zeal, not wit.
Fate hath done mankind wrong, virtue may aime
Reward of conſcience, never can, of fame,
Since her great trumpet's broke, could only give
Faith to the world, command it to believe.
He then muſt write, that would define thy parts:
Here lies the beſt Divinity, All the Arts.

Edw. Hyde.

On Doctor Donne, *by Doctor* C. B. *of* O.

HE that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And do it well, muſt firſt begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd ſo,
He muſt have wit to ſpare and to hurle down:
Enough, to keep the Gallants of the Town.

He

He muſt have learning plenty, both the Laws,
Civil, and Common, to judge any Cauſe;
Divinity great ſtore, above the reſt;
Not of the laſt Edition, but the beſt.
He muſt have Language, Travel, all the Arts;
Judgment to uſe; or elſe he wants thy parts.
He muſt have friends the higheſt, able to do;
Such as *Mæcenas*, and *Auguſtus* too;
He muſt have ſuch a ſickneſs, ſuch a death;
Or elſe his vain deſcriptions come beneath.
Who then ſhall write an Epitaph for thee,
He muſt be dead firſt, let it alone for me.

An Elegie upon the incomparable Dr. Donne.

ALL is not well when ſuch a one as I
Dare peep abroad, and write an *Elegie*;
When ſmaller *Starres* appear, and give their light,
Phœbus is gone to bed: were it not night,
And the world witleſs now that *Donne* is dead,
You ſooner ſhould have broke, than ſeen my head.
Dead did I ſay? forgive this *Injurie*
I do him and his worths *Infinitie*,
To ſay he is but dead; I dare averre
It better may be term'd, a *Maſſacre*,
Then *Sleep* or *Death*; See how the *Muſes* mourn
Upon their oaten *Reeds*, and from his *Urne*
Threaten the World with this *Calamitie*,
They ſhall have *Ballads*, but no *Poetry*.

Language lies ſpeechleſs; and *Divinitie*
Loſt ſuch a *Trump*, as even to *Extaſie*
Could charm the Soul, and had an *Influence*
To teach beſt *judgments*, and pleaſe dulleſt *Senſe*.

The *Court*, the *Church*, the *Univerſitie*,
Loſt, *Chaplain*, *Dean*, and *Doctor*, all theſe, Three.
It was his *Merit*, that his *Funeral*
Could cauſe a loſs ſo *great* and *general*.

If there be any Spirit can anſwer give
Of ſuch as hence depart to ſuch as live:
Speak, Doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to duſt, and feel the laws of Fate?
Me thinks, *Corruption*, *Worms*, what elſe is foul,
Should ſpare the *Temple* of ſo fair a *Soul*.
I could believe they do, but that I know
What inconvenience might hereafter grow:
Succeeding ages would *Idolatrize*,
And as his *Numbers*, ſo his *Reliques* prize.

If that Philoſopher, which did avow
The world to be but Motes, were living now:
He would affirm that th' *Atomes* of his mould
Were they in ſeveral bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of *Travellers*, *Divines*,
Of *Linguiſts*, *Poets*, ſith theſe ſeveral *lines*
In him concentred were, and flowing thence
Might fill again the worlds *Circumference*.
I could believe this too; and yet my faith
Not want a *Preſident*: The *Phœnix* hath
(And ſuch was he) a power to animate
Her aſhes, and her ſelf perpetuate.
But, buſy Soul, thou doſt not well to pry
Into theſe Secrets; *Grief* and *Jealouſie*,
The more they know, the further ſtill advance,
And find no way ſo ſafe as *Ignorance*.
Let this ſuffice thee, that his *Soul* which flew
A pitch of all admir'd, known but of few,

(Save

(Save thoſe of purer mould) is now tranſlated
From Earth to Heaven, and there *Conſtellated.*
For, if each *Prieſt* of God ſhine as a *Star*,
His *Glory* is as his *Gifts*, 'bove others far.

Hen. Valentine.

An Elegie upon Dr. Donne.

OUr *Donne* is dead; England ſhould mourn, may ſay
We had a man where language choſe to ſtay
And ſhew her graceful power. I would not praiſe
That and his vaſt wit (which in theſe vain daies
Make many proud) but as they ſerv'd to unlock
That Cabinet his mind; where ſuch a ſtock
Of knowledg was repos'd, as all lament
(Or ſhould) this general cauſe of diſcontent.
And I rejoyce I am not ſo ſevere,
But (as I write a line) to weep a tear
For his deceaſe; Such ſad extremities
May make ſuch men as I write Elegies.
And wonder not, for when a general loſs
Falls on a Nation, and they ſlight the croſs,
God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them
From ſtupefaction; witneſs my mild pen,
Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it muſt
Freely and boldly, for the cauſe is juſt.
Dull age, Oh I would ſpare thee, but th' art worſe,
Thou art not only dull, but haſt a curſe
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldſt thou
Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow
For thee and thine, ſucceſſively to pay
A ſad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth ſcatter *Poetry*, wherein
Was all Philoſophy? was every ſin,
Character'd in his *Satyrs*, Made ſo foul
That ſome have fear'd their ſhapes, and kept their ſoul
Safer by reading verſe? did he give *dayes*
Paſt Marble Monuments to thoſe, whoſe praiſe
He would perpetuate? Did he (I fear
The dull will doubt) theſe at his twentieth year?
But, more matur'd: did his full ſoul conceive,
And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave
A * *Crown of ſacred Sonnets*, fit to adorn
A dying Martyrs brow: or to be worne
On that bleſt head of *Mary Magdalen*,
After ſhe wip'd Chriſts feet, but not till then?
Did he (fit for ſuch penitents as ſhe
And he to uſe) leave us a *Litany*,
Which all devout men love, and ſure it ſhall,
As times grow better, grow more claſſicall?
Did he write *Hymns*, for piety, for wit,
Equal to thoſe, great, grave *Prudentius* writ?
Spake he, all *Languages*? knew he, all *Laws*?
The grounds and uſe of *Phyſick*; but becau e
'Twas mercenary, wav'd it? Went to ſee
The bleſſed place of *Chriſts nativitie*?
Did he return and preach him? preach him ſo
As ſince *S. Paul* none did, none could? Thoſe know,
(Such as were bleſt to hear him) this is truth.
Did he confirm thy aged? convert thy youth?
Did he theſe wonders? Ar 's this dear loſs
Mourn'd by ſo few? (few for ſo great a croſs.)
But ſure the ſilent are ambitious all
To be *Cloſe Mourners* at his Funerall;
If not; in common pity they forbear
By repetitions to renew our care;

* *La corona.*

Or,

Or, knowing, grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, conſumes
Man irreparably, (as poyſon'd fumes
Do waſte the brain make ſilence a ſafe way
To inlarge the Soul from theſe wals, mud, and clay
(Materials of this body) to remain
With *Donne* in heaven, where no promiſcuous pain
Leſſens the joy we have, for, with *him*, all
Are ſatisfi'd with *joyes eſſentiall.*
Dwell on this joy my thoughts; oh, do not call
Grief back, by thinking of his Funerall;
Forget he lov'd me; Waſt not my ſad years;
(Which haſt to *Davids* ſeventy,) fill'd with fears
And ſorrow for his death; Forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good mens hearts;
And, (for my firſt is daily paid for ſin)
Forget to pay my ſecond ſigh for him:
Forget his powerful preaching; and forget
I am his *Convert.* Oh my frailty! let
My fleſh be no more heard, it will obtrude
This Lethargy: ſo ſhould my gratitude,
My flows of gratitude ſhould ſo be broke:
Which can no more be, than *Donne's* virtues ſpoke
By any but himſelf, for which cauſe, I,
Write no *Encomium*, but this *Elegie.*
Which, as a free-will-offring, I here give
Fame, and the world, and parting with it grieve,
I want abilities fit to ſet forth
A monument, great as *Donnes* matchleſs worth.

Elegie on D. D.

NOw, by one year, time and our frailty have
Leſſened our firſt confuſion, ſince the Grave

Clos'd thy dear Aſhes, and the tears which flow
In theſe have no ſprings, but of ſolid woe:
Or they are drops which cold amazement froze
At thy deceaſe, and will not thaw in Proſe:
All ſtreams of verſe which ſhall lament that day,
Do truly to the Ocean tribute pay;
But they have loſt their ſaltneſs, which the eye
In recompence of wit, ſtrives to reply:
Paſſions exceſs for thee we need not fear,
Since firſt by thee our paſſions hallowed were;
Thou mad'ſt our ſorrows, which before had bin
Onely for the Succeſs, ſorrows for ſin,
We owe thee all thoſe tears, now thou art dead,
Which we ſhed not, which for our ſelves we ſhed.
Nor didſt thou only conſecrate our tears,
Give a religious tincture to our fears;
But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didſt from gladneſs ſeparate offence:
All mindes at once ſuckt grace from thee, as where
(The curſe revok'd) the nations had one ear.
Pious diſſector: they one hour did treat
The thouſand mazes of the hearts deceit:
Thou didſt purſue our lov'd and ſubtle ſin,
Through all the foldings we had wrapt it in;
And in thine own large mind finding the way
By which our ſelves we from our ſelves convey,
Didſt in us, narrow models, know the ſame
Angels, though darker, in our meaner frame.
How ſhort of praiſe is this? My Muſe, alas,
Climes weakly to that truth which none can paſs,
He that writes beſt, may only hope to leave
A Character of all he could conceive,
But none of thee, and with me muſt confeſs,
That fancy findes ſome check, from an exceſs

Of

Of merit moſt, of nothing, it hath ſpun,
And truth, as reaſons task and theam, doth ſhun.
She makes a fairer flight in emptineſs,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppreſs.
Reaſon again denies her ſcales, becauſe
Hers are but ſcales, ſhe judges by the laws
Of weak compariſon, thy vertue ſlights
Her feeble Beam, and her unequal Weights.
What prodigie of wit and piety
Hath ſhe elſe known, by which to meaſure thee?
Great ſoul: we can no more the worthineſs
Of what you were, than what you are, expreſs.

Sidney Godolphin.

On Dr. John Donne, *late Dean of Saint* Pauls, London.

LOng ſince this task of tears from you was due,
Long ſince, O Poets, he did die to you,
Or left you dead, when wit and he took flight
On divine wings, and ſoar'd out of your ſight.
Preachers, 'tis you muſt weep; The wit he taught
You do enjoy; the Rebels which he brought
From ancient diſcord, Giant faculties,
And now no more religions enemies;
Honeſt to knowing, unto vertuous ſweet,
Witty to good, and learned to diſcreet,
He reconcil'd, and bid the Uſurper goe;
Dulneſs to vice, religion ought to flow;
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not baniſh, but tranſplanted it,
Taught it his place and uſe, and brought it home
To Piety, which it doth beſt become;

He

He ſhew'd us how for ſins we ought to ſigh,
And how to ſing Chriſts Epithalamy:
The Altars had his fires, and there he ſpoke
Incenſe of loves, and fancies holy ſmoak:
Religion thus inrich'd, the people train'd,
And God from dull vice had the faſhion gain'd.
The firſt effects ſprung in the giddy mind
Of flaſhy youth, and thirſt of women-kind,
By colours lead, and drawn to a purſuit,
Now once again by beauty of the fruit,
As if their longings too muſt ſet us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleaſure ſuch a dreſs,
Have you known crimes ſo ſhap'd? or lovelineſs
Such as his lips did cloth religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty paſſing ſin?
Corrupted nature ſorrow'd when ſhe ſtood
So near the danger of becoming good,
And wiſh'd our ſo inconſtant ears exempt
From piety that had ſuch power to tempt:
Did not his ſacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? The law, taught to ſmile,
Penſion'd our vanity, and man grew well
Through the ſame frailty by the which he fell.
O the ſick ſtate of man! health doth not pleaſe
Our taſtes, but in the ſhape of the diſeaſe.
Thriftleſs is charity, coward patience,
Juſtice is cruel, mercy want of ſenſe.
What means our Nature to barr virtue place,
If ſhe do come in her own cloaths and face?
Is good a pill, we dare not chaw to know,
Senſe the ſouls ſervant, doth it keep us ſo
As we might ſtarve for good, unleſs it firſt
Do leave a pawn of reliſh in the guſt?

Or

Or have we to ſalvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmitie?
Who treats with us muſt our affections move
To th' good we flie by thoſe ſweets which we love,
Muſt ſeek our palats, and with their delight
To gain our deeds, muſt bribe our appetite.
Theſe trains he knew, and laying nets to ſave,
Temptingly ſugred all the health he gave.
But, where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the World, now the loud Organ may
Appear, the better voyce is fled to have
A thouſand times the ſweetneſs which it gave:
I cannot ſay how many thouſand ſpirits
The ſingle happineſs this ſoul inherits,
Damns in the other World, ſouls whom no croſs
O'th ſenſe afflicts, but only of the loſs.
Whom ignorance would half ſave, all whoſe pain
Is not in what they feel, but others gain,
Self-executing wretched ſpirits, who
Carrying their guilt, tranſport their envy too.
But thoſe high joyes which his wits youngeſt flame,
Would hurt to chuſe, ſhall not we hurt to name?
Verſe ſtatues, are all robbers, all we make
Of monument, thus doth not give but take,
As Sails which Seamen to a forewind fit,
By a reſiſtance goe along with it,
So pens grow while they leſſen fame ſo left;
A weak aſſiſtance is a kind of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his tears upon,
Muſt weep here if he have ambition.

J. Chudleigh.

An

An Elegy upon the Dean of Pauls, Dr. John Donne, *by M.* Thomas Cary.

CAn we not force from widowed Poetry,
Now thou art dead (great *Donne*) one Elegy
To crown thy Hearſe? Why yet dare we not truſt
Though with unkneaded dow-bak'd proſe thy duſt.
Such as the unciſor'd Churchman from the flowr
Of fading Rhetorique, ſhort-liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the ſand that meaſures it, ſhould lay
Upon thy Aſhes on the funeral day?
Have we no voice, no tune? Did'ſt thou diſpenſe
Through all our language, both the words and ſenſe?
'Tis a ſad truth; The Pulpit may her plain
And ſober Chriſtian precepts ſtill retain,
Doctrines it may, and wholeſome uſes frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures; But the flame
Of thy brave ſoul, that ſhot ſuch heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darkneſs bright,
Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
Did through the eye the melting heart diſtill,
And the deep knowledg of dark truths ſo teach,
As ſenſe might judg what fanſie could not reach,
Muſt be deſir'd for ever. So the fire,
That fills with ſpirit and heat the Delphique quire,
Which kindled firſt by the Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quencht now in thy death;
The Muſes garden with Pedantique weeds
Or'ſpred, was purg'd by thee; The lazy ſeeds
Of ſervil imitation thrown away;
And freſh invention planted, Thou didſt pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
Licentious thefts, that make Poetique rage,

A Mimique fury, when our ſouls muſt be
Poſſeſt, or with Anacreons Extaſie,
Or Pindars, not their own; The ſubtle cheat
Of ſhe Exchanges, and the jugling feat
Of two-edg'd words, or whatſoever wrong
By ours was done the Greek or Latine tongue,
Thou hadſt redeem'd, and open'd us a Mine
Of rich and pregnant phanſie, drawn a line
Of maſculine expreſſion which had good
Old Orpheus ſeen, Or all the ancient brood
Our ſuperſtitious fools admire, and hold
Their lead more precious, than thy burniſh'd Gold,
Thou hadſt been their Exchequer, and no more
They each in others duſt, had rak'd for Ore.
Thou ſhall yeeld no precedence, but of time,
And the blinde Fate of language, whoſe tun'd chime
More charms the outward ſenſe; yet thou maiſt claim
From ſo great diſadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit,
Our ſtubborn language bends, made onely fit
With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about
Thy Giant phanſie, which had prov'd too ſtout
For their ſoft melting Phraſes, As in time
They had the ſtart, ſo did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year;
And left the rifled fields, beſides the fear
To touch their Harveſt, yet from thoſe bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy onely hands
(And that thy ſmalleſt work) have gleaned more
Than all thoſe times, and tongues could reap before.
But thou art gone, and thy ſtrict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in Poetry.
They will repeal the goodly exil'd train
Of gods and goddeſſes, which in thy juſt raign

Were

Were baniſh'd nobler Poems, now, with theſe
The ſilenc'd tales to'th' Metamorphoſes
Shall ſtuffe their lines, and ſwell the windy page,
Till Verſe refin'd by thee, in this laſt Age,
Turn ballad rhyme; Or thoſe old Idols be
Ador'd again, with new Apoſtaſie.
Oh, pardon me, that break with untun'd verſe
The reverend ſilence that attends thy herſe,
Whoſe awful ſolemn murmures were to thee
More than theſe faint lines, a loud Elegie,
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whoſe influence
Grown feeble, in theſe panting numbers lies
Gaſping ſhort-winded Accents, and ſo dies:
So doth the ſwiftly turning wheel not ſtand
In th'inſtant we withdraw the moving hand;
But ſome ſmall time maintains a faint weak courſe
By virtue of the firſt impulſive force;
And ſo whil'ſt I caſt on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,
And ſpit diſdain till, the devouring flaſhes
Suck all the moiſture up, then turn to aſhes.
I will not draw the envy to engroſs
All thy perfections, or weep all our loſs;
Thoſe are too numerous for an Elegie,
And this too great to be expreſt by me.
Though every pen ſhould ſhare a diſtinct part,
Yet art thou theme enough to trie all Art.
Let others carve the reſt, it ſhall ſuffice
I on thy Tomb this Epitaph inciſe.

Here lies a King, that rul'd as he thought fit
The univerſal Monarchy of wit;
Here lie two Flamens, and both thoſe, the beſt,
Apollo's firſt, at laſt, the true Gods Prieſt.

An Elegie on Dr. Donne: *by Sir* Lucius Cary.

POets attend, the Elegie I ſing
Both of a double named Prieſt and King:
Inſtead of Coats, and Pennons, bring your verſe,
For you muſt be chief mourners at his Hearſe,
A Tomb your Muſe muſt to his Fame ſupply,
No other Monuments can never die?
And as he was a twofold Prieſt; in youth,
Apollo's; afterwards the voice of Truth,
Gods Conduit pipe for grace, who choſe him for
His extraordinary Embaſſador:
So let his Liegers with the Poets joyne,
Both having ſhares, both muſt in grief combine:
Whil'ſt *Johnſon* forceth with his Elegie
Tears from a grief-unknowing Scythians eye,
(Like *Moſes* at whoſe ſtroke the waters guſht
From forth the Rock, and like a torrent ruſht.)
Let *Lawd* his Funeral Sermon preach, and ſhow
Thoſe virtues, dull eyes were not apt to know
Nor leave that piercing Theme, till it appears
To be Good-friday by the Churches Tears.
Yet make not grief too long oppreſs our Powers,
Leſt that his Funeral Sermon ſhould prove ours.
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life diſpenſe,
Preacher and Orator diſcharg'd both parts,
With pleaſure for our ſenſe, health for our hearts,
And the firſt ſuch (though a long ſtudied Art
Tell us our ſoul is all in every part,)
None was ſo marble, but whil'ſt him he hears,
His Soul ſo long dwelt only in his ears,

An

And from thence (with the fierceneſs of a flood
Bearing down vice) victual'd with that bleſt food
Their hearts; His ſeed in none could fail to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them ſo:
No Druggiſt of the Soul, beſtow'd on all
So Catholikely a curing Cordial.
Nor only in the Pulpit dwelt his ſtore,
His words work'd much, but his example more,
That preach'd on worky dayes his Poetry
It ſelf was oftentimes Divinity,
Thoſe Anthems (almoſt ſecond Pſalms) he writ
To make us know the Croſs, and value it,
(Although we ow that reverence to that name
We ſhould not need warmth from an under-flame.)
Creates a fire in us ſo near extreme
That we would dy for, and upon this theam.
Next, his ſo pious Litany, which none can
But count Divine, except a Puritan,
And that but for the name, nor this, nor thoſe
Want any thing of Sermons, but the Proſe,
Experience makes us ſee that many a one
Owes to his Countrey his Religion;
And in another, would as ſtrongly grow,
Had but his nurſe and mother taught him ſo;
Not he the ballaſt on his judgment hung;
Nor did his preconceit do either wrong;
He labour'd to exclude what ever ſin
By time or careleſneſs had entred in;
Winnow'd the chaff from wheat, but yet was loath
A too hot zeal ſhould force him, burn them both;
Nor would allow of that ſo ignorant gall,
Which to ſave blotting often would blot all;
Nor did thoſe barbarous opinions own,
To think the Organs ſin, and faction, none.

Nor

Nor was there expectation to gain grace
From forth his Sermons only, but his face;
So primitive a look, ſuch gravity
With humbleneſs, and both with Piety;
So mild was *Moſes* countenance, when he pray'd
For them whoſe Sataniſm his power gainſaid;
And ſuch his gravity, when all Gods band
Receiv'd his word (through him) at ſecond hand,
Which joyn'd did flames of more devotion move
Than ever Argive Helens could of love.
Now to conclude, I muſt my reaſon bring,
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,
That Kingdom the Philoſophers believ'd
To excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd
By fear of loſs (that being ſuch a Prey
No ſtronger than ones ſelf can force away)
The Kingdom of ones ſelf, this he enjoy'd,
And his authority ſo well imploy'd,
That never any could before become
So great a Monarck in ſo ſmall a room;
He conquer'd rebel paſſions, rul'd them ſo,
As under-ſphears by the firſt Mover goe;
Baniſht ſo far their working, that we can
But know he had ſome, for we knew him man.
Then let his laſt excuſe his firſt extreams:
His age ſaw viſions, though his youth dream'd dreams.

On Dr. Donnes *death: by Mr.* Mayne *of Chriſt-Church in Oxford.*

WHo ſhall preſume to mourn thee, *Donne*, unleſs
He could his tears in thy expreſſions dreſs,
And teach his grief, that reverence of thy Hearſe,
To weep lines learned, as thy Anniverſe,
A Poem of that worth, whoſe every tear
Deſerves the title of a ſeveral year;
Indeed ſo far above it's Reader, good,
That we are thought wits, when 'tis underſtood,
There that bleſt maid to dy, who now ſhould grieve
After thy ſorrow, 'twere her loſs to live;
And her fair vertues in anothers line,
Would faintly drawn, which are made ſaints in thine:
Hadſt thou been ſhallower, and not writ ſo high,
Or leſt ſome new way for our pen, or eye,
To ſhed a funeral tear, perchance thy Tomb
Had not been ſpeechleſs, or our Muſes dumb;
But now we dare not write, but muſt conceal
Thy Epitaph, leſt we be thought to ſteal;
For, who hath read thee, and diſcerns thy worth,
That will not ſay, thy careleſs hours brought forth
Fancies beyond our ſtudies, and thy play
Was happier, than our ſerious time of day?
So learned was thy chance; thy haſte had wit,
And matter from thy pen flow'd raſhly fit,
What was thy recreation turns our brain,
Our rack and paleneſs, is thy weakeſt ſtrain.
And when we moſt come near thee, 'tis our bliſs.
To imitate thee, where thou doſt amiſs.

Her

Here light your Muſe, you that do onely think,
And write, and are juſt Poets, as you drink,
In whoſe weak fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,
Juſt as your reckonings riſe, that we may know
In your whole carriage of your work, that here
This flaſh you wrote in Wine, and that in Beer;
This is to tap your Muſe, which running long
Writes flat, and takes our ear not half ſo ſtrong;
Poor ſuburb wits, who, if you want your cup,
Or if a Lord recover, are blown up,
Could you but reach this hight, you ſhould not need
To make, each meal, a project ere you feed,
Nor walk in reliques cloathes ſo old and bare,
As if left off to you from *Ennius* were,
Nor ſhould your love, in verſe, call Miſtriſs, thoſe,
Who are mine hoſteſs, or your whores in proſe;
From this Muſe learn to Court, whoſe power could move
A Cloyſtred coldneſs, or a Veſtal love,
And would convey ſuch errants to their ear,
That Ladies knew no ods, to grant and hear.
But I do wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praiſe
Is written only for thy younger daies.
I am not grown up, for thy riper parts,
Then ſhould I praiſe thee, through the Tongues and Arts,
And have that deep Divinity to know,
What myſteries did from thy preaching flow,
Who with thy words could charm thy audience,
That at thy Sermons, ear was all our ſenſe;
Yet have I ſeen thee in the Pulpit ſtand,
Where we might take notes from thy look and hand;
And from thy ſpeaking action bear away
More Sermon, than ſome teachers uſe to ſay.
Such was thy carriage, and thy geſture ſuch,
As could divide the heart, and conſcience touch:

Thy motion did confute, and we might ſee
An errour vanquiſh'd by delivery,
Not like our Sons of Zeal, who to reform
Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit ſtorm,
And beat the Cuſhion into worſe eſtate,
Then if they did conclude it reprobate,
Who can out-pray the glaſs, then lay about
Till all predeſtination be run out.
And from the point ſuch tedious uſes draw,
Their repetitions would make Goſpel, Law.
No, in ſuch temper would thy Sermons flow,
So well did Doctrine, and thy language ſhow,
And had that holy fear, as, hearing thee,
The Court would mend, and a good Chriſtian be.
And Ladies though unhandſome, out of grace,
Would hear thee in their unbought looks and face.
More I could write, but let this crown thine Urn;
We cannot hope the like till thou return.

Upon Mr. J. Donne, *and his Poems.*

WHo dares ſay thou art dead, when he doth ſee
(Unburied yet) this living part of thee?
This part to thy being gives freſh flame,
And though th'art *Donne*, yet will preſerve thy name.
Thy fleſh (whoſe channels left their crimſon hew
And whey-like ran at laſt (in a pale blew)
May ſhew thee mortal, a dead Palſey may
Seiſe on't, and quickly turn it into clay;
Which like the Indian earth, ſhall riſe refin'd:
But this great Spirit thou haſt left behind,
This Soul of Verſe in its firſt pure eſtate)
Shall live for all the world to imitate.

But

But not come near; for in thy phanſies flight,
Thou doſt not ſtoop unto the vulgar ſight,
But hovering highly in the air of Wit,
Holdſt ſuch a pitch, that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object that the Spring
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
T' adorn Earths face, thou ſweetly didſt contrive
To beauties elements, and thence derive
Unſpotted Lillies white; which thou didſt ſet
Hand in hand with the vein-like Violet,
Making them ſoft, and warm, and by thy power,
Couldſt give both life and ſenſe unto a flower.
The Cheries thou haſt made to ſpeak, will be
Sweeter unto the taſte, than from the tree,
And (ſpight of winter ſtorms) amidſt the ſnow
Thou oft haſt made the bluſhing Roſe to grow.
The Sea nymphs, that the watry caverns keep,
Have ſent their Pearles and Rubies from the deep
To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they drew
More luſtre to them, than where firſt they grew.
All minerals (that earths full womb doth hold
Promiſcuouſly) thou couldſt convert to gold,
And with thy flaming raptures ſo refine,
That it was much more pure than in the Mine.
The lights that guild the night, if thou didſt ſay,
They look like eyes, thoſe did out-ſhine the day;
For there would be more vertue in ſuch ſpels,
Than in Meridians or croſs Parallels:
What ever was of worth in this great Frame,
That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,
It was thy theam for Beauty; Thou didſt ſee,
Woman was this fair worlds Epitome.
Thy nimble *ſatyrs* too, and every ſtrain
(With nervy ſtrength) that iſſued from thy brain,

Will loſe the glory of their own clear bayes,
If they admit of any others praiſe.
But thy diviner Poems (whoſe clear fire
Purges all droſs away) ſhall by a Quire
Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be ſet
(Where fleſh and blood could ne'r attain to yet)
There pureſt Spirits ſing ſuch ſacred Layes,
In Panegyrique Hallelujaes.

Arth. Wilſon.

Epitaph upon Dr. Donne, *by* Endy. Porter.

THis decent Urn a ſad inſcription wears,
Of *Donnes* departure from us, to the ſpheres;
And the dumb ſtone with ſilence ſeems to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Expreſt, A cauſe to make all joy to ceaſe,
And never let our ſorrows more take eaſe:
For now it is impoſſible to finde
One fraught with vertues, to inrich a mind.
But why ſhould death, with a promiſcuous hand
At one rude ſtroke impoveriſh a land?
Thou ſtrict Attorney unto ſtricter Fate,
Didſt thou confiſcate his life out of hate
To his rare Parts? Or didſt thou throw thy dart,
With envious hand, at ſome plebeian heart;
And he with pious vertue ſtept between
To ſave that ſtroke, and ſo was kill'd unſeen
By thee? O 'twas his goodneſs ſo to do,
Which humane kindneſs never reacht unto.
Thus the hard laws of death were ſatisfi'd,
And he left us like Orphan friends and dy'd.

Now

Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,
Whoſe ſpeech ſhall ſend repentant ſighs, and tears?
Or tell me, if a purer Virgin die,
Who ſhall hereafter write her Elegy?
Poets be ſilent, let your numbers ſleep,
For he is gone that did all fancy keep;
Time hath no Soul, but his exalted verſe;
Which with amazements, we may now rehearſe,

In Memory of Dr. Donne, *by Mr.* R. B.

Donne dead? 'Tis here reported true, though I
Ne'r yet ſo much deſir'd to hear a ly,
'Tis too too true, for ſo we find it ſtill,
Good news are often falſe, but ſeldome, ill:
But muſt poor fame tell us his fatal day,
And ſhall we know his death the common way?
Me thinks ſome Comet bright ſhould have foretold
The death of ſuch a man, for though of old
'Tis held, that Comets Princes deaths foretell,
Why ſhould not his have needed one as well?
Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongſt whom he reign'd
High as a Prince, and as great ſtate maintain'd?
Yet wants he not his ſign, for we have ſeen
A dearth, the like to which hath never been,
Treading on harveſt heels, which doth preſage,
The dearth of wit and learning, which this age
Shall find, now he is gone; for though there be
Much grain in ſhew, none brought it forth as he;
Or men are miſers, or if true want raiſes
The dearth, than more that dearth *Donnes* plenty praiſes.
Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
And poeſie, (paſt raviſhing of ſenſe)

He

He had a magazine, wherein ſuch ſtore
Was laid up, as might hundreds ſerve of poor.
But he is gone, O how will his deſire
Torture all thoſe that warm'd them by his fire?
Methinks I ſee him in the Pulpit ſtanding,
Not eares or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding,
Where we that heard him, to our ſelves did fain
Golden Chryſoſtome was yet alive again;
And never were we wearied, till we ſaw
His hour (and but an hour) to end did draw.
How did he ſhame the doctrine-men, and uſe,
With helps to boot, for men to bear th' abuſe
Of their tir'd patience, and indure th' expence
Of time, O ſpent in hearkning to non-ſenſe,
With marks alſo enough whereby to know,
The ſpeaker is a zealous dunce, or ſo.
'Tis true, they quitted him, to their poor power,
They humm'd againſt him; and with face moſt ſowr
Call'd him a ſtrong lin'd man, a Macaroon,
And no way fit to ſpeak to clouted ſhoon,
As fine words [truly] as you would deſire,
But [verily] but a bad edifier.
Thus did theſe beetles ſlight in him that good,
They could not ſee, and much leſs, underſtood.
But we may ſay, when we compare the ſtuff
Both brought. He was a candle, they the ſnuff.
Well Wiſdom's of her children juſtifi'd,
Let therefore theſe poor fellows ſtand aſide:
Nor, though of learning he deſerv'd ſo highly,
Would I his book ſhould ſave him; rather ſlily
I ſhould adviſe his Clergy not to pray,
Though of the leanedſt ſort methinks that they
Of the ſame trade are judges not ſo fit,
There's no ſuch emulation as of wit;

Of

Of ſuch, the Envy might as much perchance
Wrong him, and more, than th' others ignorance.
It was his Fate I know't to be envy'd
As much by Clerks, as lay-men magnifi'd;
And why? but 'cauſe he came late in the day,
And yet his penny earn'd, and had as they.
No more of this, leſt ſome ſhould ſay, that I
Am ſtraid to Satyre, meaning Elegy.
No, no, had *Donne* need to be judg'd or try'd,
A Jury I would ſummon on his ſide,
That had no ſides, nor factions; paſt the touch
Of all exceptions, freed from Paſſion, ſuch
As not to fear nor flatter, e'r were bred,
Theſe would I bring though called from the dead:
Southhampton, Hambleton, Pembrook, Dorſets Earls,
Huntinton, Bedfords Counteſſes (the Pearls
Once of each ſex) If theſe ſuffice not, I
Ten *Decem tales* have of ſtanders by:
All which, for *Donne*, would ſuch a verdict give,
As can belong to none, that now doth live.
But what do I? A diminution 'tis
To ſpeak of him in verſe, ſo ſhort of his,
Whereof he was the maſter; All indeed
Compar'd with him, pip'd on an oaten reed:
O that you had but one 'mongſt all your brothers
Could write for him as he hath done for others?
(Poets I ſpeak to) When I ſee't, I'l ſay,
My ey-ſight betters, as my ears decay;
Mean time a quarrel I ſhall ever have
Againſt theſe doughty keepers from the grave,
Who uſe, it ſeems, their old Authority,
When (verſes men immortal make) they cry:
Which had it been a *Recipe* true try'd,
Probatum eſſet, DONNE had never dy'd.

For

For me, if e'r I had leaſt ſparke at all
Of that which they Poetique fire do call,
Here I confeſs it fetched from his hearth,
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This onely a poor flaſh, a lightning is
Before my Muſes death, as after his.
Farewel (fair ſoul) and deign receive from me
This Type of that devotion I ow thee,
From whom (while living) as by voice and pen
I learned more than from a thouſand men:
So by thy death, am of one doubt releas'd,
And now beleeve that miracles are ceas'd.

Epitaph.

HEre lies *Dean Donne*, Enough; Thoſe words alone
Shew him as fully, as if all the ſtone
His Church of *Pauls* contains, were through inſcrib'd,
Or all the walkers there, to ſpeak him, brib'd.
None can miſtake him, for one ſuch as he
Donne, Dean, or Man, more none ſhall ever ſee.
Not man? No, though unto a Sun each eye
Were turn'd, the whole earth ſo to over-ſpy.
A bold brave word; Yet ſuch brave Spirits as knew
His Spirit, will ſay, it is leſs bold than true.

News

News from the very Country.

THat it is a Frippery of Courtiers, Merchants and others, which have been in faſhion, and are very near worn out. That Juſtices of Peace have the ſelling of underwoods, but the Lords have the great falls. The Jeſuites are like Apricocks, heretofore, here and there one ſuccour'd in a great mans houſe, and coſt dear; now you may have them for nothing in every cottage. That every great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that devours vertues and leſs vices. That it is wholeſomeſt getting a ſtomack by walking on your own ground: and the thriftieſt laying of it at anothers Table. That debtors are in *London* cloſe priſoners, and here have the liberty of the houſe. That *Atheiſts* in affliction, like blinde beggers, are forced to ask, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two ſuch Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Weſtminſter Hall*. That onely Chriſtmaſs Lords know their ends. That women are not ſo tender fruit, but that they do as well, and bear as well upon beds, as plaſhed againſt walls. That our Carts are never worſe imployed than when they are waited upon by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haires in horſe tailes, concur in one root of beauty and ſtrength; but being pluckt out one by one, ſerve only for ſpringes and ſnares. That both want and abundance, equally advance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and ſtones are both good caſting for an Hawk. That I am ſure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, becauſe we do not all eat thereof. That our beſt three-pil'd miſ-

miſchief comes from beyond the Sea, and rides poſt through the Countrey, but his errand is to Court. The next to no wife and children, your own are the beſt paſtime, anothers wife and your children worſe, your wife and anothers children worſt. That States-men hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Favorites courſe her, and are ever in view. That intemperance is not ſo unwholeſom here: for none ever ſaw Sparrow ſick of the Pox: that here is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is becauſe here are no ſecrets: that Court motions are up and down, ours circular; theirs like ſquibs cannot ſtay at the higheſt, nor return to the place which they roſe from, but vaniſh and wear out in the way: Ours like Mill wheels, buſie without changing place; they have peremptory fortunes; we viciſſitudes.

J. D.

Amiciſſimo, & meritiſſimo BEN. JOHNSON.
In Vulponem.

Quod arte auſus es hic tua, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Conſulti, veteres ſequi æmularierque,
O omnes ſaperemus ad ſalutem.
His ſed ſunt veteres araneoſi;
Tam nemo veterum eſt ſequutor, ut tu
Illos quod ſequeris novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuique prima
Libri canitie induantur hora:
Nam chartis pueritia eſt neganda,
Naſcunturque ſenes, oportet, illi
Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.

Priſcis,

Priſcis, ingenium facit. laborque
Te parem; hos ſuperes, ut & futuros,
Ex noſtra vitioſitate ſumas,
Qua priſcos ſuperamus, & futuros.

J. D.

ÆVum ſortiti ſumus quo plane indoctis nihil turpius, plene doctis nihil rarius. Tam omnes in literis aliquid ſciunt, tam nemo omnia. Mediâ igitur plerumque itur via, & ad evitandum ignorantiæ turpitudinem & legendi faſtidium. Ars una eſt omnibus ut reliquas ſcire videri poſſint. Inde Epitomis, paradoxis, & pruritibus exorbitantium ingeniorum delectantur. Hinc tam ſunt in pretio Lullius, Gemma, Sebundus, Empiricus, Trithemius, Agrippa, Eraſmus, Ramus, & Hæretici. Satis enim ſibi videntur ſcire ignava ingenia ſi aliorum ſcientiam imperfectam eſſe probabiliter poſſint demonſtrare. Sed nimis invidiæ ſubeſt, & ſe prodit aerea hæc, procax & tuberoſa ſcientia. Tibi generoſior, celerior, candidior, & minus ſpeculatoribus literarum obnoxiæ via ſubeunda eſt. Et quia per occupationes Aulæ, qua degis, naturales, tibi vacare literis non licet (nam poſt ſomnum non niſi poſt decimam ex more excutiendum, poſt veſtes diei, loco, affectibus proprias indutas, poſt faciem ſpeculo compoſitam, & quo quis cachinno, ſuperciliove excipiendus ſit reſolutionem, poſt epulas luſuſque, quota pars vitæ literis, animoque excolendo relinquitur?) & tamen doctus videri non dedignaris ut aliquando habeas quo eleganter & appoſite canes Regios, conſeruos tuos poſſis laudare, & quamvis ſcire qua alii ſciunt non poteris, ſaltem ſcire valeas quæ illi neſciunt; hac ex conſilio meo via progredieris.

Relictis authoribus quos vocant Claſſicos Academicis & pædagogis terendis, enitere per omnes quibus ignorantiam fatere ſecure poteris libros aliis inventu difficiles exquirere. Nec in

callo-

colloquiis quid ex autoribus vulgo notis afferas, ſed ex iſtis; ut ita quæ dicis aut tua videri poſſint, ſi nomina taceas, aut ſi minus digna ſint, & authoritate egeant, novos authores cum reverentia tui audiant illi, qui omnia ſcire ſibi ante viſi ſunt. Hunc ergo catalogum ad uſum tuum exaravi, ut his paratis libris, in omni pene ſcientia, ſi non magis, ſaltem aliter doctus, quam cæteri, ſubito proſilias.

Catalogus Librorum.

1. *Nicolai Hill Angli, de ſexu & Hermaphroditate dignoſcenda in Atomis: Idem de eorum Anatomia, & obſtetricatione in partubus humatis, cui annectitur ars conficiendorum ignis vaſorum, & inſtrumentorum ad hæc omnia proprio rum, per conterraneum, & ſynchronon ſuum Magiſtrum Plat.*

2. *Æmulus Moyſis. Ars conſervandi veſtimenta ultra quadraginta annos, autore Topcliffo Anglic: poſtillata per Jac. Stonehouſe, Anglic: qui eodem idiomate edidit tractatum,* To keep clothes near the faſhion.

3. *Ars exſcribendi omnia ea quæ verò ad idem dicuntur in Joanne Foxe in ambitu denarii, autore P. Bale.*

4. *Chimæram prædicari de Antichriſto, autore Sorboniſta Anonymo.*

5. *Galatinus, Judæos ubiquitarios eſſe, quia nuſquam ſunt.*

6. *Librum Tobiæ eſſe canonicum. Ubi ex Rabbinis & ſecretioribus Theologis numerantur pili caudæ ejus canis, ex quorum varia retortione, & invicem conjunctione conficiuntur literæ, ex quibus mirificà verba conſiſtunt. Autore Franciſco Georgio Veneto.*

7. *Pax in Hieruſalem, ſive conciliatio flagrantiſſimi diſſidii inter Rabbi Simeon Kimchi, & Onkelos, utrum caro humana*

mana ex carne ſuilla comeſta (quod avertat deus) concreta in reſurrectione removebitur, annihilabitur, aut purificabitur, per illuminatiſſimum Doctorem Reuchlinum.

8. Pythagoras Judæo-Chriſtianus, Numerum 99 & 66 verſo folio eſſe eundem, per ſuper-ſeraphicum Jo. Picum.

9. Quidlibet ex quolibet; Or the art of decyphering and finding ſome treaſon in any intercepted letter, by Philips.

10. Joh. Harringtoni Hercules, ſive de modo quo evacuabatur à facibus Arca Noæ.

11. Crede quod habes & habes. Criterium Antiquitatum lib. magnus de minimis à Walt. Copo dictatus, & ab uxore exſcriptus, & ab amanuenſi ſuo Johan: Povy latinitate donatus.

12. Subſalvator; in quo illuminatus, ſed parum illuminans Hugo Broughton incredibiliter docet linguam Hebraicam eſſe de eſſentia ſalutis, & ſua præcepta de eſſentia.

13. M. Lutherus de abbreviatione orationis Dominicæ.

14. Manipulus quercuum, ſive ars comprehendendi tranſcendentia. Autore Raim. Sebundo.

15. Oceanus Aulicus, ſive Pyramis ſive coloſſus, ſive Abyſſus ingeniorum: ubi per 60000 literas à Milordis omnium nationum ad evitandam oſtentationem vulgaribus ſemper linguis datas & acceptas, traditur quicquid tradi poteſt de Dentiſcalpiis & unguium reduviis. Collectæ ſunt & in unum corpus reductæ, ſinguliſque autoribus dedicatæ per Io: Florio Stalo, Anglum, eorum quæ in hoc libro continentur capita habentur primis 70 paginis; Diplomata regum cum eorum titulis & approbationes inquiſitorum 107 ſequentibus, poemata in laudes Autorum 97. libro proximo.

16. Juſtitia Angliæ vacationis, Io. Davis. De Arte Anagrammatum veriſimiliter conficiendorum, & ſententiolis annulis inſcribendis.

17. Tractatuli aliquot adjectitii, libris Pancirolli; libro de rebus

rebus perditis, additur de virtute, & de libertate populi quod à Capellano quodam Io: Cadi inchoatum à Buchanano perfectum est, libro de rebus inventis, additur de morbo multinomino per Tho. Thorney Anglice: & post latine per Tho. Campianum, & de uxoratione post vota per Carolostadium.

18. *Bonaventura de particula Non à decalogo adimendo, & Symbolo Apostolorum adjiciendo.*

19. *De militibus Apocryphis per Edw. Prinne lib. unus, per Edw. Chute paulo amplior factus.*

20. *De navigabilitate aquarum supercœlestium, & utrum ibi an apud nos navis in firmamento in judicio sit appulsura, Io. Dee, Autore.*

21. *Manuale justiciariorum, continens plurimas confessiones veneficarum Manwoddo judicii exhibitas, & ab illo abstergendis postea natibus, & evacuationibus adhibitas; nunc à servulis suis redemptæ, & in usum suum collectæ sunt à Io. Helo.*

22. *Æquilibrium. Tom. 2. Sive ars acquiescendi in Controversiis. Primus modus dicitur simplex, quia data controversia (utpote estne transubstantiatio) scribitur sic, & non, variis sed æqualibus chartulis, & trutinæ imponuntur, & ponderosiori adhærendum. Alius modus est compositus, quia data thesi ex una parte, datur etiam altera ex altera: ut Petrus sedet Romæ, & Joannes sedet Romæ, & etiam si æqualibus literis scribuntur, &c. ponderosiori adhærendum autore. Erasmo Roterdd.*

23. *Cardanus de nullibietate crepitus.*

24. *Edmundi Hobæi eructationes pomeridianæ, sive de univocis, utpote de prærogativa Regum, & chimæris, morbo Regio, & morbo Gallico, &c.*

25. *Ars Spiritualis inescandi mulieres, sive conciones subcingulares Egertoni.*

26. *De Pessario animato, & omni morbio fœminis danda per Magistrum Butler Cantabr.*

27. *Caput*

27. *Caput æneum Fran. Baconi: de Roberto primo Angliæ rege.*

28. *Cæpe advocatorum, sive ars plorandi in Judiciis, per eundem. Sesqui-barbarus, sive de medietate linguæ.*

29. *De Gurgite diametrali à Polo ad Polum, per centrum navigabile sine pyxide per Andr. Thevet.*

30. *Quinteſſentia inferni; sive camera privata infernalis, ubi tractatur de loco quinto ab Homero, Virgilio, Dante, cæteriſque papiſticis prætermiſſo, ubi Reges præter damni pœnas, & ſenſus, recordatione præteritorum cruciantur.*

31. *Encomium Doctoris Shaw Capellani Richardi 3. per Doct. Barlow.*

32. *Quid non? sive confutatio omnium errorum tam in Theologia quam in aliis ſcientiis, artibuſque mechanicis, præteritorum, præſentium & futurorum, omnium hominum mortuorum, ſuperſtitum, naſcendorumque; una nocte poſt cœnam confecta per D. Sutcliffe.*

33. *De Epiſcopabilitate puritani. Dr. Robinſon.*

34. *Tarltonus de privilegiis Parliamenti.*

In Sacram Anchoram Piſcatoris *G. Herbert.*

QVod Crux nequibat fixa Clavique additi,
(Tenere Chriſtum ſcilicet, ne aſcenderet)
Tuive Chriſtum devocans facundia
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abunde eſt tibi, niſi certæ Anchoræ
Addas ſigillum: nempe Symbolum ſuæ
Tibi debet Unda & terra certitudinis.

Quondam feſſus Amor loquens Amato,
Tot & tanta loquens amica, ſcripſit:
Tandem & feſſa manus, dedit ſigillum.

Suavis erat, qui ſcripta, dolens, lacerando recludi,
Sanctius in Regno Magni credebat Amoris
(In quo fas nihil eſt rumpi) donare ſigillum.

Munde fluas fugiaſque licet, nos noſtraque fixi:
Deridet motus ſancta catena tuos.

Although

ALthough the Croſs could not Chriſt here detain,
Though nail'd unto 't, but he aſcends again,
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him ſtill,
But onely while thou ſpeak'ſt; This Anchor will.
Nor canſt thou be content, unleſs thou to
This certain Anchor add a Seal, and ſo
The Water, and the Earth both unto thee
Do owe the ſymbole of their certainty.

When Love being weary made an end
Of kind Expreſſions to his friend,
He writ; when's hand could write no more,
He gave the Seal, and ſo left o're.

How ſweet a friend was he, who being griev'd
His letters were broke rudely up, believ'd
'Twas more ſecure in great Loves Common-weal
(Where nothing ſhould be broke) to adde a Seal.

Let the world reel, we and all ours ſtand ſure,
This holy Cable's of all ſtorms ſecure.

To Mr. *George Herbert*, with one of my Seal, of the Anchor and Chriſt.

Qui prius aſſuetus Serpentum faſce Tabellas
Signare, (hæc noſtræ ſymbola parva Domus)
Adſcitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmate, nanciſcor ſtemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux primo quæ fronte impreſſa lavacro,
Finibus extenſis, anchora facta patet.
Anchoræ in effigiem, Crux tandem deſinit ipſam,
Anchora ſit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Chriſto vegetatur ab ipſo
Crux, & ab Affixo, eſt Anchora facta, Jeſu.
Nec Natalitiis penitus ſerpentibus orbor,
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Qua ſapiens, Dos eſt; Qua terram lambit & ambit,
Peſtis; At in noſtra ſit Medicina Cruce,
Serpens; fixa Cruci ſi ſit Natura; Crucique
Affixo, nobis, Gratia tota fluat.
Omnia cum Crux ſint, Crux Anchora fixa, ſigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc, quam Catechiſmus erit.
Mitto, nec exigua, exigua ſub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiæ, & munera, Vota, preces.
Plura tibi accumulet, ſanctus cognominis, Ille
Regia qui flavo Dona ſigillat Equo.

J. D.

A ſheaf of Snakes uſed heretofore to be my Seal, *The Creſt of our Poor family.*

ADopted in Gods Family, and ſo
Our old Coat loſt, unto new arms I go.
The Croſs (my ſeal at Baptiſm) ſpred below,
Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow.
Croſſes grow Anchors; Bear, as thou ſhouldſt do
Thy Croſs, and that Croſs grows an Anchor too.
But he that makes our Croſſes Anchors thus,
Is Chriſt, who there is crucifi'd for us.
Yet may I, with this, my firſt Serpents hold,
God gives new bleſſings, and yet leaves the old;
The Serpent may, as wiſe, my pattern be;
My poiſon, as he feeds on duſt, that's me.
And as he rounds the Earth to murder ſure,
My death he is, but on the Croſs, my cure.
Crucifie nature then, and then implore
All Grace from him, cruicfied there before;
When all is Croſs, and that Croſs Anchor grown,
This Seal's a Catechiſm, not a Seal alone.
Under that little Seal great gifts I ſend,
Works, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
And may that Saint which rides in our great Seal,
To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal.

UT primum per literas, eo quo ſolent ordine, à vobis, Ampliſſime, eaque Amplitudine Digniſſime Antiſtes, Reverendiſſimique Patres, ad nos dimanantes, nobis innotuit; Potentiſſimum, ſimul & conſultiſſimum Regem, etſi à Spiritu ſancto, ſpiritu conſilii, in ſemet abunde repletum, ſuorum tamen conſilio, in ſolenni Ordinum Conventu uti non dedignatum eſſe; habui & ego, etſi in antro deliteſcens, nec in fulgore omnino, parum in aprico verſatus, hujus tamen roris guttulas meas, & Gomerulum meum, (ſi ita diminuere liceat) hujus Mannæ; ſenſum partemque meam, ejus qua univerſum regnum perfuſum eſt, lætitiæ. Vere enim mihi videre viſus ſum exemplar ipſum, quod vidit Patriarcha Jacob, Deum innixum ſcalæ & Angelos aſcendentes & deſcendentes, cum videam eum, qui inter eos ſummus eſt, de quibus Deus dixit, Vos Dii eſtis, non ita ſui contentum eſſe, nec ita in ſemet acquieſcere, (quo tamen uno contenti, & in quo ſolo acquieſcimus libenter omnes) quin & in hanc ſcalam innitatur, in qua illa quæ à vobis Eccleſiæ proceribus, in nos deſcendit, influentia, & is qui a nobis, ad vos aſcendit, Odor quietis, Deſcenſum Aſcenſumque Angelorum poſſit imitari. Quid enim non licet nobis, nobis jam ſpondere, tam fœliciter auſpicatis ut non ex aliis, quam ipſa cœleſti Columba, avibus, divinationem ſtatuamus, omnia harmonice, ſummaque cum concordia tranſigenda, cum videamus Deum cœleſtem, terreſtremque Deum, ita in unum coaleſcere, ut quemadmodum nec Deus ipſe ita Unus eſſe voluerit, ut non etiam ſit Trinus, ita nec

Rex

Rex ſummus ſibi ita voluit inniti, ut non & tres ordines bona ſua cum venia, accerſituque convenirent? Vidit Deus opt. Max. in principio Lucem bonum, & bonam terram, ſolem bonum, & bonum Mare, ſingula bona, ſed cum uno intuitu omnia complexus eſt, vidit omnia valde bona. Vidit & ille, qui ejus apud nos vices gerit, quæ in Corde ſuo diffuſa eſt, lucem bonam, quæ ab iis, qui ei à Conſiliis ſunt, & qui à Concionibus, inſeruntur, ſingula bona; Et cum jam per eum coadunata ſint omnia, cum jam, ſicut de exercitibus Iſraeliticis ſæpe uſurpatum, Omnes ſicut unus vir exiverunt, ita & nos ſicut os unum, una anima convenimus, viderit, (precamur) videbit (ominamur) omnia valde bona Hujus cum ego benigni roris guttulas meas, & almæ hujus Mannæ Gomerulum meum mihimet pollicerer, ut aut in umbra familiari, ea quæ hoc in loco tranſigenda eſſent, precibus promovere, aut quæ acta erant, præſentia mea, ſuffragioque teſtari poſſem, nec amplius memet ingerere, ingenua iſta ſpe, & pollicitatione non injuſta, dejectum me video, Oneri, veribus meis impari, & importuno, repente ſuppoſitum, & à litore, ubi omnibus adprecando, & ſanioribus annuendo, ſatis officio meo feciſſe putari poſſem, in arenam, in æſtum maris jam protruſum, proloquendi & præloquendi, Conciliandi & Conſulendi, Colligendi & Referendi, Argumentandi & Arguendi, aliaque peragendi, tot & tanta, ut ſepoſitis, penituſque neglectis, quæ à corpore imbecilli, fractis viribus, & valetudine perquam incommoda, etiam in oculos veſtros, catervatim ſe injiciunt, excuſationibus & argumentis, (libens enim ea prætereo, cum miſera ſit eloquentia, quæ non ex aliis topicis, quam miſeria ipſa hauriatur) cum mihi ad eos qui in animi dotibus poſiti ſunt, defectus, propalandos neceſſario deveniendum ſit, in congerendis quæ in excuſationem conferri poſſent, non longius diſcurrendum, non amplius diſquirendum ſit, quam candide profiteri, me ab

hoc munere rite præſtando tam longe abeſſe, ut quantum abſuerim, ipſe neſciam: Tam non valere, hoc in munere, aliis ſatisfacere, ut nec mihimet dicere ipſe valeam, in quibus verſetur, præſtarive poſſet hæc ſatisfactio: Tam non ſpondere, facturum me quod exigat, ut & ignorem plane, penitus, quid exigat. Canos iſtos non dicent iſtæ excuſationes? Sed & ipſe Moſes, dierum jam plenus, totoque, quod ipſe in pſalmo ſtatuit humanæ vitæ ſtadio, eoque longiſſimo, octoginta annorum, jam decurſo, incircumciſa labia profeſſus eſt, & urſit; nec infantilis ætatis erat, cum ſe puerum & infantem profiteretur Jeremias. Ideo autem eorum excuſationes non admiſit Deus, quia qui potis erat ſolus, omnia ſe reſarturum, in ſe ſumpſit. Si nec meas admitti fas ſit, nec patiatur mos, & conſuetudinis improba tyrannis, ut id fiat, quod fecit erga Moſen, & Jeremiam Deus, faciatis, Oro, quo valetis, modo erga nos, RR. RR. ut id operetur in vobis patientia veſtro, quod in illis operata eſt potentia Dei, ut benignitate veſtra freti, ad omne opus quantumvis arduum, ſancta fortitudine, & alacritate pia nos accingamus. Etſi enim non egeant. Davide tempora noſtra, cum in nos nullus exurgat Goliah, (nec enim hæreſes a nobis debellandæ, nec ſchiſmata occurrunt reſarcienda, quod vigilantiæ veſtræ, ſolicitudinique unice debet Eccleſia) & quamvis in hoc me ſoler, Deum qui numeroſum Gedeonis exercitum, domum remiſit, ut in paucioribus Victoriam reportaret, poſſe etiam & in me, homine inexercito, exercitatis tot Athletis, ſtrenuiſque viris relictis, opus ſuum perficere: Tamen cum ſatis ſciam, ſicut & libri à captu lectorum, ita & opera ab animis recipientium, ſua fata habere, rogandæ ſunt Reverendiſſimæ Paternitates veſtræ, ut meminiſſe dignentur, imbecilliores ſtellas, à benigno fortiorum aſpectu, reddi fortiores, molitioneſque noſtras, à radiis veſtris vegetari, & in ſinu veſtro animari Embryones noſtros. Et ſi intempeſtivum ſit jam orare, ut à me hoc eximatur

tur Onus, oremus Patrem in filio Jeſu, ut per Spiritum ſanctum, Onus commune leve faciat, ut ſingulis noſtrum panem ſuum quotidianum impertiatur, ita ut, nec officioſe nimis maturando, nec nimis ſcrupuloſe retardando, ad gloriam Dei, ad Eccleſiæ bonum, ad utilitatem Reip. ad ſolamen pientiſſimi principis, opus diei ſemper in die ſuo peragatur. Amen.

Tranſlated out of *Gazæus, Vota Amico facta. fol.* 160.

GOD grant thee thine own wiſh, and grant thee mine,
Thou, who doſt, beſt friend, in beſt things out-ſhine;
May thy ſoul, ever chearful, ne'r know cares,
Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs.
Nor thy hand, ever open, know baſe holds,
Nor thy purſe, ever plump, know pleits, or folds.
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a falſe thing,
Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling.
Nor thy works, ever equal, know diſguiſe,
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies.
Nor thy prayers, know low objects, ſtil Divine;
God grant thee thine own wiſh, and grant thee mine.

To Lucy, Countess Of Bedford, with M. Donnes Satyres.

Lucy, you brightneſs of our Sphear, who are
Life of the *Muſes* day, their morning Star!
If works (not th' Authors) their own grace ſhould look
Whoſe poems would not wiſh to be your book?
But theſe, deſir'd by you, the makers ends
Crown with their own. Rare Poems ask rare friends.
Yet, *Satyres*, ſince the moſt of mankind be
Their unavoided ſubject, feweſt ſee:
For none 'ere took that pleaſure in ſins ſenſe,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They, then, that living where the matter is bred,
Dare for theſe Poems, yet, both ask, and read,
And like them too; muſt needfully, though few,
Be of the beſt: and mongſt thoſe beſt are you;
Lucy, you brightneſs of our Sphear, who are
The *Muſes* evening, as their morning-ſtar.

Ben. Jon.

To

To John Donne.

WHo ſhall doubt, *Donne*, where I a *Poet* be,
When I dare ſend my *Epigrammes* to thee?
That ſo alone canſt judg, ſo 'alone make:
And, in thy cenſures, evenly doſt take
As free ſimplicity, to diſ-avow,
As thou haſt beſt authority, t' allow.
Read all I ſend: and, if I finde but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better ſtone,
My title's ſeal'd. Thoſe that for claps do write,
Let punees, porters, players praiſe delight,
And, till they burſt, their backs, like aſſes load;
A man ſhould ſeek great glory, and not broad.

Ben. Jon.

THe heavens rejoyce in motion why, ſhould I
Abjure my ſo much lov'd variety,
And not with many youth and lov'd divide?
Pleaſure is none, if not diverſifi'd
The ſun that ſitting in the chair of light
Sheds flame into what elſe ſoever doth ſeem bright,
Is not contented at one Sign to Inne,
But ends his year and with a new beginnes.
All things do willingly in change delight,
The fruitful mother of our appetite;

Rivers

Rivers the clearer and more pleaſing are,
Where their fair ſpreading ſtreams run wide and clear;
And a dead lake that no ſtrange bark doth greet,
Corrupts it ſelf and what doth live in it.
Let no man tell me ſuch a one is fair,
And worthy all alone my love to ſhare.
Nature in her hath done the liberal part
Of a kind miſtreſs, and imploy'd her art
To make her love able, and I aver
Him not humane that would turn back from her:
I love her well, and would, if need were, dye
To do her ſervice. But follows it that I
Muſt ſerve her only, when I may have choice?
The law is hard, and ſhall not have my voice.
The laſt I ſaw in all extreames is fair,
And holds me in the Sun-beams of her hair;
Her nymph-like features ſuch agreements have
That I could venture with her to the grave:
Another's brown I like her not the worſe,
Her tongue is ſoft, and takes me with diſcourſe:
Others, for that they well diſcended were,
Do in my love obtain as large a ſhare;
And though they be not fair, tis much with me
To win their love only for their degree.
And though I fail of my required ends,
The attempt is glorious and it ſelf commends.
How happy were our Syres in ancient time,
Who held plurality of loves no crime?
With them it was accounted charity
To ſtir up race of all indifferently;
Kindreds were not exempted from the bands;
Which with the Perſians ſtill in uſage ſtands.
Women were then no ſooner asked than won,
And what they did was honeſt and well done,

For

But ſince this little honour hath been us'd,
Our weak credulity hath been abus'd;
The golden laws of nature are repeald,
Which our firſt Fathers in ſuch reverence held;
Our liberty revers'd and Charter's gone,
And we made ſervants to opinion,
A monſter in no certain ſhape attir'd,
And whoſe original is much deſir'd,
Formleſs at firſt, but growing on its faſhions,
And doth preſcribe manners and laws to nations.
Here love receiv'd immedicable harms,
And was diſpoiled of his daring arms,
A greater want than is his daring eyes,
He loſt thoſe awful wings with which he flies;
His ſinewy bow, and thoſe immortal darts
Wherewith he is wont to bruiſe reſiſting hearts;
Onely ſome few ſtrong in themſelves and free
Retain the ſeeds of antient liberty,
Following that part of love although depreſt,
And make a throne for him within their breſt,
In ſpight of modern cenſures him avowing
Their Soveraign, all ſervice him allowing.
Amongſt which troop although I am the leaſt,
Yet equal in perfection with the beſt,
I glory in ſubjection of his hand,
Nor ever did decline his leaſt command:
For in what ever form the meſſage came
My heart did open and receive the ſame:
But time will in his courſe a point diſcry
When I this loved ſervice muſt deny.
For our allegiance temporary is,
With firmer age returns our liberties.
What time in years and judgment we repos'd
Shall not ſo eaſily be to change diſpos'd

Nor

Nor to the art of ſeveral eyes obeying,
But beauty with true worth ſecurely weighing,
Which being found aſſembled in ſome one
Wee'l leave her ever, and love her alone.

HE that cannot chuſe but love,
And ſtrives againſt it ſtill,
Never ſhall my fancy move;
For he loves againſt his will;
Nor he which is all his own,
And cannot pleaſure chuſe,
When I am caught he can be gone,
And when he liſt refuſe.
Nor he that loves none but fair,
For ſuch by all are ſought;
Nor he that can for foul ones care,
For his Judgment then is nought:
Nor he that hath wit, for he
Will make me his jeſt or ſlave
Nor a fool for when others,——
He can neither——
Nor he that ſtill his Miſtreſs prays,
For ſhe is thrall'd therefore:
Nor he that payes, not, for he ſays
Within ſhe's worth no more.
Is there then no kind of men
Whom I may freely prove?
I will vent that humour then
In mine own ſelf love.

28 MR 59

The End.